The Boston Weekly Globe.

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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

Rigorous Economy Urgently Recommended.

Arguments in Favor of a Revision of the Tariff.

Internal Taxation and Its Many Evils Described.

Civil Service Reform and Political Assessments.

Cheap Postage and Various Other Suggestions.

The important points of the President's message are as follows:

Our intercourse with other powers has continued to be of the most friendly character. The arrest of citizens of the United States in Ireland under recent British legislation has led to an extended correspondence with Great Britain, which has practically manifested a disposition to respect our rights by the release of the arrested parties.

The supervision and control of any inter-oceanic canal across the American isthmus has been a subject of conference, which time will be more powerful than discussion in settling.

This government has urged upon Russia the suppression of the proscription which the Hebrew race has suffered in that country. No American citizen has been subjected to arrest or injury there, and there is reason to believe that Russia will soon be able to secure toleration for all faiths within her borders.

The protection of trade-marks, patented articles, and the rights of manufacturing firms and corporations by treaties is receiving the attention which it merits.

The protection of sub-marine cables is under consideration by an international conference at Paris. Believing that it is clearly the true policy of this government to favor the neutralization of this means of intercourse, I requested our minister to France to attend the convention as a delegate.

In view of the frequent occurrence of conferences for the consideration of important matters of common interest to civilized nations, I respectfully suggest that the executive be invested by Congress with discretionary power to send delegates to such conventions.

The immigration of paupers from Switzerland has been stopped. The act of August 3, 1882, providing for the return of foreign convicts should not be interpreted to affect the extradition of criminals on preferred charges of crime.

During the late disturbance in Egypt, the timely presence of American vessels served as a protection to the persons and property of many of our own citizens and of citizens of other countries, whose governments have expressed their thanks for this assistance.

The recent legislation restricting immigration of laborers from China has given rise to the question whether Chinese proceeding to or from another country may lawfully pass through our own. Construing the act of May 6, 1882, in connection with the treaty of November 17, 1880, the restriction would seem to be limited to Chinese immigrants coming to the United States as laborers and would not forbid a mere transit across our territory. I ask the attention of Congress to the subject for such action if any as may be deemed advisable.

Our Revenues.

It appears that ordinary revenues from all sources for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1882, were as follows:

Customs	$220,410,730 25
Internal revenue	146,497,595 45
Sales of public lands	4,753,140 37
Tax on circulation and deposits of national banks	8,956,794 45
Repayment of interest by Pacific railway companies	840,554 37
Sinking fund for Pacific railway companies	796,271 42
Customs' fees, fines, penalties, etc.	134,334,800 00
Fees, consular letters, patents and lands	263,899,097 00
Proceeds of sales of government property	31,495,985 00
Profits on coinage, bullion, deposits and assays	411,669,373 00
Indian trust funds	570,524,322 00
Deposits by individuals for surveying public lands	205,230,636 00
Revenues of the District of Columbia	171,517,641 00
Miscellaneous sources	338,344,548 00
Total ordinary receipts	$40,372,325,028 00

Expenditures.

The ordinary expenditures for the same period were:

Civil expenses	$18,042,386 42
Foreign intercourse	1,307,583 19
Indians	9,736,747 40
Pension	61,345,193 95
Military establishment, including river and harbor improvements and arsenal	43,570,494 19
Naval establishment, including vessels, machinery and improvements at navy yards	15,032,046 26
Miscellaneous expenditures, including public buildings, lighthouse and collecting the revenue	$34,539,237 50
District of Columbia	3,330,543 87
Interest on the public debt	71,077,206 79
Total	$257,981,439 57

Leaving a surplus revenue of $145,543,810 71, which with an amount drawn for the cash balance in the treasury of $20,737,694 84, making $166,281,505 55, was applied as follows:

Redemption of bonds for the sinking fund	$60,079,150 00
Fractional currency for the sinking fund	58,705 55
Loan of July and August, 1861	62,572,050 00
Loan of March, 1863	4,472,900 00
Funded loan of 1881	37,194,450 00
Loan of 1858	1,000 00
Loan of February, 1861	303,000 00
Five-twenties of 1862	2,100 00
Five-twenties of 1864	7,400 00
Five-twenties of 1865	6,500 00
Ten-forties of 1864	254,550 00
Consols of 1865	86,450 00
Consols of 1867	408,250 00
Consols of 1868	141,400 00
Oregon war debt	675,200 00
Old demand compound interest and other notes	18,350 00
Total	$166,281,505 55

Foreign Commerce.

The foreign commerce of the United States during the last fiscal year, including imports and exports of merchandise and specie, was as follows:

Exports, merchandise	$750,542,257
Specie	49,417,479
Total	$799,959,736
Imports, merchandise	$724,639,574
Specie	42,472,490
Total	$767,111,964
Excess of exports over imports of merchandise	$25,902,683

This excess is less than it has been before for any of the previous six years, as appears by the following table. Year ended June 30, excess of exports over imports of merchandise:

1876	$79,643,481	1880	$167,683,912
1877	151,152,094	1881	259,712,718
1878	257,814,234	1882	250,902,683
1879	264,661,666		

Tariff Revision.

The present tariff system is in many respects unjust. It makes unequal distributions both of its burdens and its benefits. The report of the tariff commission will contain such suggestions for statutory revision as will practically aid your action upon this important subject. The revenue from customs for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1879, amounted to $137,000,000. It has in the three succeeding years reached, first, $186,000,000, then $198,000,000, and finally $220,000,000. The income for the fiscal year which will end on June 30, 1883, will doubtless be considerably in excess of the sum last mentioned. If the tax on domestic spirits is to be retained, it is plain, therefore, that large reductions from the customs revenue are entirely feasible. While recommending this reduction, I am far from advising the abandonment of the policy of so discriminating in the adjustment of details as to afford aid and protection to domestic labor. But the present system should be so revised as to equalize the public burden among all classes and occupations. I recommend an enlargement of the free list so as to include within it the numerous articles which yield inconsiderable revenues, a simplification of the complex and inconsistent schedule of duties upon certain manufactures, particularly those of cotton, iron and steel, and a reduction of the duties upon those articles and upon sugar, molasses, silk and woollen goods. If a general revision of the tariff shall be found to be impracticable at this session, I hope that some of the more conspicuous inequalities of the present law may be corrected before your final adjournment. In view of a recent decision of the Supreme Court the necessity of amending the law by which the duties standard of color is adopted as the test of the saccharine strength of sugars is too obvious to require comment.

The sentiment of the country doubtless demands that the present excise tax shall be abolished as soon as such course can safely be pursued. It seems to me, however, for various reasons, so sweeping a measure as the total abolition of internal taxes would for the present be an unwise step.

Two of these reasons are deserving of special mention: First, it is by no means clear that even if the existing system of duties on imports is continued without modification, these duties alone will yield sufficient revenue for all the needs of the government. It is estimated that $100,000,000 will be required for pensions during the coming year, and it may be well doubted whether the maximum annual demand for that object has yet been reached. Uncertainty upon this question would alone justify, in my judgment, the retention for the present of that portion of the system of internal revenue which is least objectionable to the people. Second, a total abolition of the tax would almost inevitably prove a serious if not an insurmountable obstacle to a thorough revision of the tariff, and to any considerable reduction in import duties.

River and Harbor Bill.

The President says that the reasons which made him veto the river and harbor bill prompts him to express the hope that no similar measure will be deemed necessary during the present session. Such a measure, he continues, would now be open to a serious objection in addition to that which was lately urged upon your attention. I am informed by the secretary of war that the greater portion of the sum appropriated for the various items specified in that act remains unexpended. Of the new works which it authorized, expenses have been incurred upon two only, for which the total appropriation was $210,000. The present available balance is disclosed by the following table:

Amount of appropriation by act of August, 1882	$18,738,875
Amount of appropriation by act of June 19, 1882	10,000
Amount of appropriations for payments to J. B. Eads	304,000
Unexpended balance of former appropriations	4,738,263
Total	$23,791,138
Less amount drawn from treasury between July 1, 1882, and November 30, 1882	6,056,194
Total	$17,734,944

Robeson's Wrecks.

It appears by the secretary's report that the available navy of the United States consists of thirty-seven cruisers, fourteen single turretted monitors, built during the rebellion, a large number of smooth-bore guns and parrot rifles and eighty-seven rifle cannon. The cruising vessels should be gradually replaced by iron or steel ships, the monitors by modern-armored vessels and the armament by high-power rifled guns. The reconstruction of our navy, which was recommended in my last message, was begun by Congress authorizing in its recent act the construction of two large unarmored steel vessels of the character recommended by the late naval advisory board, and subject to the final approval of a new advisory board to be organized as provided by that act. I call your attention to the recommendation of the secretary of the board that authority be given to construct two more cruisers of smaller dimensions and one fleet despatch vessel, and that appropriations be made for high-power rifled cannon for the torpedo service and for other harbor defences, pending the consideration by Congress of the policy to be hereafter adopted.

In conducting the eight large navy yards and their expensive establishments the secretary advocates the reduction of expenditures therefor to the lowest possible amounts.

Chandler's Great Grab.

For the purpose of affording the officers and seamen of the navy opportunities for exercise and discipline in their profession under appropriate control and direction, the secretary advises that the lighthouse service and coast survey be transferred, as now organized, from the Treasury to the Navy Department; and he also suggests that a similar transfer may wisely be made of the cruising revenue vessels. Methods of reviving American shipbuilding and of restoring the United States flag in the ocean-carrying trade should receive the immediate attention of Congress. We have mechanical skill and abundant material for the manufacture of modern iron steamships in fair competition with our commercial rivals. Our disadvantage in building ships is the greater cost of labor and in sailing them, higher taxes and greater interest on capital, while the ocean highways are already monopolized by our formidable competitors. These obstacles should in some way be overcome, and for our rapid communication with foreign lands we should not continue to depend wholly upon vessels built in the yards of other countries and sailing under foreign flags.

Cheaper Postage Urged.

The gratifying exhibit made in the Post Office Department has led the Postmaster-General to various recommendations, of which only one—that to put under the department control the telegraph system of the country—I must withhold my concurrence. Regarding the measure introduced into Congress reducing letter postage to two cents per ounce, I am thoroughly persuaded that such a reduction would be for the best interests of the country. The domestic letter service has never been favorable, and is entitled, in view of the present and prospective income of the post office, to present relief. The history of postal legislation for forty years shows this. The deficiency in revenue by the proposed reduction would not exceed 7 per cent. of the expenditures, say $3,000,000. If Congress should approve these suggestions, it may be deemed desirable to supply to some extent the deficiency which must for a time result, by increasing the charge for carrying merchandise, which is now only sixteen cents per pound. But even without such an increase I am confident that the receipts under the diminished rates would equal the expenditures after the lapse of three or four years.

National Bankrupt Law.

I trust that some agreement may be reached, which will speedily enable Congress, with the concurrence of the executive, to afford the commercial community the benefits of a national bankrupt law.

The condition of the forests of the country, and the wasteful manner in which their destruction is taking place, give cause for serious apprehension. Their action in protecting the earth's surface, in modifying the extremes of climate, and in regulating and sustaining the flow of springs and streams is now well understood, and their importance in relation to the growth and prosperity of the country cannot be safely disregarded. They are fast disappearing before destructive fires and the legitimate requirements of our increasing population, and the total extinction cannot be long delayed unless better methods than now prevail shall be adopted for their protection and cultivation.

Civil Service Reform.

The communication which I made to Congress at its first session in December last contained a somewhat full statement of my sentiments in relation to the principles and rules which ought to govern appointments to public service. Since the suggestions were submitted for your consideration, there has been no legislation upon the subject, but there has meanwhile been an increase in the public interest in that subject, and the people of the country, apparently without distinction of party, have in various ways and upon frequent occasions, given expressions to their earnest wish for prompt and definite action. In my judgment such action should no longer be postponed. The civil list now comprises about 100,000 persons, far the larger part of whom must, under the terms of the Constitution, be selected by the President, either directly or through his own appointees. Whatever may be thought of the wisdom or expediency of changing the fundamental law in this regard, it is certain that much relief may be afforded, not only to the President and to the heads of the departments, but to senators and representatives in Congress, by discreet legislation. They would be protected in a great measure by the bill now pending before the Senate, or by any other which should embody its important features, from the pressure of personal importunity, and from the labor of examining conflicting claims and pretensions of candidates.

The term and tenure of office should be definite and stable, and neither should be regulated by zeal in the service of party or fidelity to the fortunes of an individual.

Political Assessments.

I declare my approval of such legislation as may be found necessary for supplementing the existing provisions of law in relation to political assessments. In July last, I authorized a public announcement that employes of the government should regard themselves as at liberty to exercise their pleasure in making or refusing to make political contributions, and that their action in that regard would in no manner affect their official status. In this announcement I acted upon the views which I had always maintained and still maintain, that a public officer should be as absolutely free as any other citizen to give or to withhold a contribution for the aid of the political party of his choice. It has, however, been urged, and doubtless not without foundation in fact, that by solicitation of superiors and by other modes such contributions have at times been obtained from persons whose only motive for giving has been the fear of what might befall them if they refused. It goes without saying that such contributions are not voluntary, and in my judgment their collection should be prohibited by law. A bill which will effectually suppress them will receive my cordial approval.

The report of the district commissioners indicates certain measures whose adoption would seem to be very desirable. I instance in particular those which will relate to arrears of taxes, to steam railroads, and to assessments of real property.

Among the questions which have been the topic of recent debate in the halls of Congress, none are of greater gravity than those relating to the ascertainment of the vote for presidential electors and the intendment of the Constitution in its provisions for devolving executive functions upon the Vice-President when the President suffers from inability to discharge the powers and duties of his office. I trust that no embarrassment may result from a failure to determine these questions before another national election. I trust that, under the inspiration of our great

THE LITTLE COMPTON MURDER.

How a Well-to-do Farmer of Rhode Island is Thought to Have Met His Death—Killed in a Lonely Spot.

FALL RIVER, December 3.—There is now no doubt that Albert Seabury, whose dead body was found Saturday on the beach in Little Compton, R. I., at a point where the Seaconet creek enters the Seaconet river, was murdered. When found he was lying on his right side. His face was terribly bruised, and he showed evident marks of violence about the head and neck. The circumstances, as narrated by the family and neighbors, are as follows: Mr. Seabury started from his house at about 7 o'clock Saturday morning with a yoke of oxen and cart to get a load of seaweed from the shore at the point above referred to. About 9 o'clock, as he had not returned to breakfast, Mrs. Seabury sent her son, a lad 16 years of age, to see why his father had not returned. The boy went down to the beach and found his father lying dead upon the shore, the body still warm and the head and face covered with blood. The body was found on the west side of the creek; the ox team and cart, loaded with seaweed, were on the east side. The body when found was within ten feet of the water, and Willie dragged his father's body up from where it lay, beyond the reach of the tide. He then ran to the house of Mr. John S. Almy, about one-eighth of a mile distant, for assistance. By the time Mr. Almy arrived on the scene the tide had come in and washed away all traces of a struggle on the sand, if there had been one. A coroner's jury was impanelled as quickly as possible. The coroner and jury viewed the remains as they lay upon the shore, and met again at Little Compton Commons, but up to the present time no arrests have been made and nothing done to secure the criminal.

The evidence as to who committed the deed is entirely as yet circumstantial, although the opinions of the neighbors all seem to point in one direction. Dr. Cowen, the physician summoned, expressed the opinion that death was caused by blows from some person unknown. The fork which was used by the murdered man in gathering seaweed, was found, stained with blood, sticking up in the sand a few feet from where the body lay.

At about 2 o'clock in the afternoon the body was taken to the home of the deceased, and Sunday morning a post-mortem examination was held by Drs. Cowen and White. The jaw was found to have been broken in two places, there was a severe gash under his right eye, his nose and face were badly disfigured, and it is thought his neck was broken.

As to the theory of the murder the following expressions of opinion have been obtained from the family and neighbors: It seems that for some time past there has been considerable hard feeling in regard to collecting seaweed on the shore of the Seaconet river. Forty years ago this question was brought before the courts, and the privilege was given to the abutters to claim all the seaweed above high water mark, and below that the privilege was granted to whoever might choose to gather it. The property on which Mr. Seabury was gathering seaweed belonging to a man named Ned Davis, and the family state that Mr. Davis has been heard to say that if he ever caught Seabury on his beach, one of them would have to be carried off the beach. Other expressions of the kind had been heard, and there was much ill-feeling between them. Davis was seen to leave the lane leading up from the beach to the main road by two persons about five or ten minutes before Willie Seabury started down the lane to look for his father.

The house of Henry Almy is nearest the beach, but in going for assistance, the boy Willie passed this house and ran up to Thomas Almy's, on the hill. Mr. Henry Almy was heard to say, as the neighbors were viewing the body, "This is what comes of stealing seaweed."

Seabury, the murdered man, was a well-to-do farmer, 53 years old, and leaves a wife and a large family.

MARRIED IN SPITE OF THEM.

How a Railroad Train Was Used to Overcome Objections to the Ceremony.

TRENTON, N. J., December 4.—William Sheehy's marriage to a South Trenton young lady of high social standing was announced to come off in St. John's Roman Catholic Church the other morning. The church was crowded with friends of both parties in anticipation of the event. When the groom made his appearance, however, his smiling countenance lengthened perceptibly as the pastor, Rev. Thaddeus Hogan, informed him that the ceremony could not go on. Objection to the marriage had been made by two women, who claimed to be friends of the bride, on the ground that Sheeny was already married. The latter appeared thunder-struck. The pastor told him he would have to disprove the statement before he could go on with the ceremony. Sheeny had formerly lived in Philadelphia, and it was stated that his alleged present wife was living there now. The priest who had been his pastor in Philadelphia had since removed to Burlington, this State. There was nothing left Sheeny to do but go to Burlington, see the priest in question, and get a certificate from him to the effect that he was a single man. The bridegroom, without a moment's hesitation, bade his bride that was to be a hasty farewell, jumped in a hack and was off to the Clinton street depot. The distance was half a mile, and he had less than five minutes in which to catch the train. If he missed it the consequences would be bad. By a rule in the parish a marriage ceremony is accompanied by a mass and the mass must be celebrated before noon. If Sheeny failed to get back from Burlington before noon the marriage would have to be postponed for another day, and he felt that under the circumstances delays were dangerous. He reached the station, however, in time to catch on to the rear platform of the Burlington train just as it was pulling out of the depot. Meanwhile there was excitement, anxiety and uncertainty among those back at the church. The curiosity of everybody was too much aroused for any one to leave until they heard of the result of the mission of the absent Sheeny. Opinion was about evenly divided as to the question of his guilt. After waiting about two hours, and just as the people were beginning to despair of his return, the groom expectant, about 11.40, was seen coming through Taylor street on a run. He had the desired certificate, and was in time to have the ceremony proceed. By noon himself and the bride were one, and the spectators were congratulating him on his pluck in overcoming obstacles.

DESTRUCTIVE STORM PREDICTED.

Letter of Professor Wiggins, Astronomer, to the President of the United States.

WASHINGTON, December 2.—The President has received a communication from Professor E. Stone Wiggins, LL. D., astronomer of the Canadian finance department, of which the following is a copy:

OTTAWA, November 27, 1882.

To His Excellency President Arthur, President of the United States, Washington:

May it please your excellency—On September 22 last I announced through the Canadian press that a great storm would occur in March next; that it would first be felt in the northern Pacific, would appear in the Gulf of Mexico on the night of the 9th, and, being deflected by the Rocky mountains, would cross this meridian from the west at noon of Sunday, March 11, 1883. No vessel, whatever her dimensions, will be safe out of harbor, and none of small tonnage can hope to survive the tidal wave and fury of this tempest. As the wind will blow from the southeast, the planetary force will be sufficient to submerge the low lands of the American coast, especially those bordering on the Gulf of Mexico and washed by the Gulf Stream, while the air currents for several hundred miles along the east side of the Rocky mountain range, owing to the great atmospheric pressure in those regions, will spread universal destruction. The New England States will also suffer severely from the wind and floods. No point outside of harbor in the whole area of the Atlantic, especially north of the equator, will be a place of safety, for this will be pre-eminently the greatest storm that has visited this continent since the days of your illustrious first president.

In view of this event, therefore, I take the great liberty of representing to your excellency the advisability of ordering all United States ships into safe harbors not later than the 5th of March till this storm be passed.

A Man Plunges His Head Into Molten Metal.

BUFFALO, December 2.—A man named Fox, employed at the Scoville Car-Wheel Works, attempted to commit suicide yesterday by plunging his head into a large pail of molten metal. His fellow-employes saw him kneel to put his head in and rescued him as quickly as possible, but not until both of his eyes were burned out and his scalp cooked to the skull, while his hands and face were also terribly burned.

Loss of a Schooner and Eight Lives.

PICTOU, N. S., December 2.—Schooner H. Folger, from Cleveland for Brockville with a cargo of coal, went ashore on Salmon Point reef Thursday night. Captain J. W. McDonald and eight men were all lost. Two bodies, one supposed to be that of the captain, washed ashore today. The Folger was a large three-masted schooner, built at Clayton, N. Y., and owned by Dennis & Ellis of Cape Vincent, N. Y.

SHOT BY MISTAKE.

A Real Tragedy Enacted Upon the Stage.

Frank Frayne Instantly Kills Miss Annie Von Behren

While Attempting to Shoot an Apple from Her Head.

CINCINNATI, O., December 4.—On Thursday, at the Coliseum Theatre, which has been opened but two weeks, Frank Frayne shot and killed Miss Annie Von Behren, a member of his company. The play was the well-known drama in Frayne's repertoire, "Si Slocum," and Miss Von Behren takes the part of Ruth Slocum. The theatre was crowded, as is usual on Thanksgiving matinees. The play had proceeded to the fourth act, where Marcum, the villain of the play, demands that Si shall shoot an apple from the head of Ruth, his wife, saying: "It must be with the backward shot." The usual preparations were made. Ruth took her position, a distance of thirty feet from Si. He turned his back to her, placed the rifle over his shoulder, took aim by means of the mirror, fired, and Miss Von Behren instantly fell without a word or groan. Frayne at once realized the dreadful truth, rushed to the fallen girl, and fell in a swoon with one arm over her body. The curtain was lowered, and Manager Fennessy announced that the injury was slight, but that the play would end without the fifth act. No one had seen any blood, and the people went out without knowing the extent of the tragedy. When Frayne recovered he appealed in the tenderest tones to Miss Von Behren to speak to him. A surgeon was brought, and the girl was borne to her dressing room where in fifteen minutes she died without having uttered a word or given a sign of consciousness. The ball had struck about two inches above the left eye about half an inch to the left of the median line. The body was left lying at the theatre. The members of the company seem overwhelmed with grief. Miss Von Behren had been doing her part for two years, and was a favorite. Frayne was immediately arrested. He was almost beside himself with grief. At the station-house, when the question was asked what charge should be placed against him, he said, "Make it the very worst you can." He wanted to stay in the police station. The rifle he used is a Stevens breech loader, twenty-two calibre and has been in use six years. He says the shot is perfectly safe with an ordinary marksman, as the apple is placed in a cap which raises it four inches above the head. In explanation of the accident he says that when he fired he heard the catch spring strike. The flash burned his shirt collar and he observed that the cartridge shell was partly blown out. There is a general condemnation of the recklessness shown in this mode of shooting and it is probable that this tragedy will lead to reform.

Frank Frayne was engaged to marry Miss Von Behren, who was a Brooklyn, N. Y., girl. He was released tonight on $3000 bail. He says he will never fire another shot.

FRAYNE ACQUITTED.

The Hearing at Cincinnati—The Decision Received with Applause.

CINCINNATI, O., December 2.—Frank J. Frayne, the actor, was charged in the Police Court today with manslaughter in shooting Anna Von Behren, Thursday last at the Coliseum Theatre, while attempting to shoot an apple from her head. He was acquitted of the charge, and the decision was greeted with loud applause. On the advice of his friends, Frank Frayne has reconsidered his decision to abandon the stage and will reappear Saturday night at Troy in "Mardo." He has removed the play of "Si Slocum" from his list, and has disposed of all the properties used in it. He has given away his rifles—one of them to Oliver Doud Byron, and the other to the police sergeant who arrested him.

MISS HATTON'S EXPERIENCE.

What a Former Member of Mr. Frayne's Troupe Has to Say About the Recent Shooting.

PHILADELPHIA, December 2.—The Times contains the following regarding the Frayne tragedy: "Miss Ella Hatton, who is a member of the company playing 'The Tourists' at the Walnut Street Theatre, was one of the three or four daring women who have performed the part of Lucy Slocum and permitted Mr. Frayne to do his feats of marksmanship at the risk of their lives. She said, when questioned last night by a reporter: 'I am surprised and shocked that such an accident should have occurred, as Mr. Frayne, although seemingly reckless, was really a very cautious man in these exhibitions of skill. I played one of the other parts in the piece for a while, until one day Mrs. Frayne, who was then doing Lucy, was taken ill and could not appear. I had seen enough of the man's steady and careful habits to volunteer to assume the part to help him out of his dilemma, and I continued to play it for weeks until his wife was able to resume her place. His principal feat was a shot made with the aid of a mirror attached to the stock of his rifle. The barrel was levelled over his right shoulder and his back was turned to me. He took his sight from the mirror and shattered an apple which rested on my head. My eyes were blinded with a handkerchief, and all I had to do was to stand perfectly still and avoid nervousness. I had enough confidence in his skill to do both, and we never had the slightest accident of any kind. He also shot a potato which I held in my hand,' she continued. 'This, to me, was really a more trying undertaking than the other, because my hand would shake, though never through fear, I can assure you,' said the young lady with a plucky emphasis. 'Miss Von Behren was, I believe, a near relative of Mr. Frayne's wife. Mrs. Frayne died in Chicago three years ago, leaving two children, a boy and girl. The boy, Freddie, a bright little fellow, has been appearing in the drama with his father. He can use a rifle with surprising expertness, and I think he, too, does some shooting in the course of the drama. I met Mr. Frayne about three weeks ago on the train while travelling through Ohio, and he told me this was the last season he intended to spend on the stage. He said he had made enough money to be able to settle down quietly, and for this purpose he had purchased a fruit farm in South Jersey'."

FRAYNE'S FATAL SHOT.

Sad Sequel to a Style of Business Which He First Introduced.

In speaking of the shooting of Miss Von Behren at Cincinnati, E. D. Davies, the well-known ventriloquist, said to a New York reporter: It seems strange that this style of drama was first introduced by the very man who killed Miss Von Behren. I think it was in 1869 that Frank Frayne began this shooting business. He came here from the West and was one of the cleverest shots I ever saw. After seeing a number of his exhibitions of skill I felt confident of his accuracy, so one night, while we were playing at the Jersey City Academy of Music, I took a tack and placed it on my finger. Then Frank took his rifle and fired. The bullet took the tack away as clean as if it had been knocked off with a stick.

Frayne's example was followed by a number of others, among whom was Monsieur Chalett, a clever ventriloquist, who was accustomed to shoot articles from his wife's head. Buffalo Bill also imitated Frayne and shot an apple from the head of a negro during the action of one of his plays. The Franklins, variety performers, also took up the business, Franklin shooting at an apple resting on his wife's head. Three years ago, while performing at Pawtucket, R. I., Mrs. Franklin was taken ill and a young girl attached to the company took her place. At the critical moment the girl faltered and the bullet entered her forehead in almost exactly the same spot as in the case of Miss Von Behren. The girl fell dead on the stage.

The fatal accident caused all the performers in that line to withdraw from the business except Frank Frayne. Buffalo Bill continues to give specimens of fancy shooting, but no longer attempts any feat in which a human life would be imperilled. The Austin brothers, who formerly shot objects from each other's hands in this country, are the only performers in Europe, where they now are, who indulge in this dangerous pastime.

A Romantic Double Suicide.

ALBANY, N. Y., December 3.—Last week Mr. D. Whitcomb, a business man of Cambridge, a summer resort in Northern New York, died mysteriously. Thanksgiving day Nellie Shaw, a beautiful young girl of 17, and a member of one of the best families of the county, died with the same symptoms. A post-mortem examination of Miss Shaw's body revealed the presence of corrosive mercury in the stomach. She had been associating for some time with Whitcomb, who was a divorced man, and the general belief is that both took their own lives by agreement, in view of the legal bar to their marriage.

Equal to the Emergency.

Some years ago Lorenzo Dow, the eccentric preacher, visited Monson, and with Elder Bennett conducted a Saturday evening prayer meeting. At the close of the meeting Mr. Dow gave out word that if any one wished him to preach on the morrow from any particular text, if they would hand it to him on a slip of paper as he entered the door of the Baptist church he would have that for the subject of his discourse. In the morning, as Mr. Drew entered the door, a paper was handed him, and entering the pulpit, after prayer and singing, he held up the paper to the audience, relating the circumstances of his receiving it, and noting that there was nothing on it; and from that he took his text. There was nothidg on the paper. "And God created the world and all therein out of nothing." Elderly people now living say it was a masterly effort and one long to be remembered.

A MYSTERIOUS TRAMP.

Is He Old Man Bender or the Exile From Worcester?—How a Stranger Imposed Upon the Authorities of Kibosh.

KIBOSH, Kan., December 4.—A tall, slim old man with gray side whiskers and a pious cast of countenance was found wandering about the streets here Wednesday in a deeply despondent mood, and was tenderly cared for at the calaboose until morning. When questioned by the town marshal, he replied in a singularly doleful strain, and it was some time before anything like a connected story could be elicited from him, as his mind seemed to be seriously affected by some great affliction. A reporter of the Kibosh Kickshaw at last succeeded in getting from him a partial account of his wanderings, and the marshal got his photograph for the calaboose visitors' album. The old man said he left Worcester, Mass., on the 8th inst. and had been travelling ever since, day and night. He struck out afoot and kept his back toward the morning for two days, avoiding the towns and back settlements as much as possible, and on the third day made some inquiries of a stranger whom he met on the road. The stranger informed him that he was in the State of New York and asked him if he didn't think 200,000 Democratic majority was glad tidings of great joy.

The old man became violently excited while relating this portion of his tale, and was

Quieted with Some Difficulty.

He went on to say that as soon as he heard this he boarded a train for the West and kept going until he brought up in Pennsylvania, and the first man he spoke to at the depot began talking politics at him again and jubilating over the election of a Democratic governor. This gave him a queer buzzing sensation in the head, and he escaped by catching on to a freight train that was passing and rode twenty-four hours on a brake-beam under the rear car, when he was spilled off and left lying in a ditch. When he learned from an Irish section boss that he was in Ohio, which State, he says, is full of Democrats, and the Democrats full of rum, he impressed a ricketty hand-car and pursued what he calls "his patriotic and statesmanlike course" in feverish haste until he telescoped with the end of a freight shed on a side track and broke his eyeglasses. When he recovered from the shock he found himself lying upon a platform and two or three men regarding him with evident sympathy, one of whom remarked, "That old machine you were on is busted up mighty nigh as bad as the Republican party, and it's a wonder you ain't hurt worse; but brace up, old man—we've got a Democratic governor here in Michigan, and you just drink a drop of this to his health."

The old man braced up suddenly and took to the woods. He could not give any clear account of his wanderings after that, but from his confused statements it is surmised that he passed through Indiana and Missouri at a breakneck speed under the impulse of his singular monomania, which seems to be an intense aversion to politics.

When asked why he left Massachusetts in such a singular manner, the old man began to weep, and in a querulous voice said "all the avenues of political honor and emolument

Had Been Closed to Him Forever,"

and he wanted to find some blissful state where wicked Democrats cease from troubling and a good old man can get a rest. He wanted to know where he was, and when the marshal told him he was in Kansas his mind seemed to give way entirely, and for ten minutes he gibbered incoherently about eternal principles and charged about the calaboose in a most violent manner, finally falling down in a fit. The reporter of the Kickshaw swears that the party is old man Bender; but after the hose had been turned on him he came to and confessed to the marshal confidentially that his name was G. Frisbie Hoar.

He was turned loose today, and the last seen of him he was headed for Indian Territory, where no Democats are. [The party referred to is evidently an impostor, who has succeeded in beating the Kibosh jail out of a night's lodging. Senator Hoar has not left Massachusetts, and we have it on the authority of his personal organ, the Journal, that his remarks concerning the perpetual closing of the avenues of political honor, etc., were intended in a purely Pickwickian sense.—ED. GLOBE.]

THE PENNSYLVANIA DWARFS

Believed to be the Smallest in the Country—Death of Little Minnie.

READING, Penn., November 27.—Peter B. Shearer, residing at Stonersville, this county, is the father of two children, both dwarfs and supposed to be among the smallest in the country. These children have for years attracted the attention of some of the best known medical men, and columns have been written about them in newspapers. The father is a tall, broad-shouldered blacksmith, and his wife a stout, hearty woman. One of the children died last evening. The little dwarfs occupied two cradles, each being about half the size of the ordinary cradle.

The eldest child, Hannah Verdilla Shearer, is in her 13th year, having reached 12 on the 31st of last month. She weighed two and three-quarter pounds when she was three weeks old. When 7 years old she weighed eleven pounds, and now she weighs about twenty pounds. She is blind and unable to talk or walk.

Anna Mineva, the one that has just died, weighed ten pounds when she was 6 years old. She was called Minnie by her parents. She had a pretty set of teeth, and laughed when in health at the music of the organ or at the call of her parents.

Mrs. Shearer was in her usual good health when the little dwarfs were born. Before the youngest child was born Mrs. Shearer had great sorrow owing to the death of two children. The little dwarfs had to be attended to like infants, but as a general thing they were lively and good tempered. Thousands of people visited the little ones and heard the strange story of their lives. Both had light, golden hair, pale faces, thin little arms and fingers, and milk-white teeth. Their sense of hearing was very sharp all their lives. When smiling, especially, the children were very intelligent looking.

When Dillie, the older child, was 8 years old, her hair was quite long. Her forehead recedes greatly and is the only unnatural formation. Her lips are prettily formed. The child grew in length but not in breadth, and when 8 years old was thirty inches tall, but she cannot stand alone, being perfectly helpless.

Minnie increased her weight about a half pound each year. It is believed the children did not wholly recognize their parents' voice. Minnie slept more during the day than in the night. During the hottest days of summer she was kept covered with feathers. Their food was tea, toast and light diet generally. The watchful care of the children and the nursing by the parents had much to do with prolonging the life of little Minnie.

AN ACCIDENTAL SUICIDE.

A Thirteen-Year-Old Boy Shoots Himself Through the Head While Gunning.

NEWBURYPORT, Mass., December 2.—This afternoon three lads were gunning at Salisbury Plains. One of them fired at a bird, and while another, John E. True, 13 years old, was looking after the bird, his gun went off accidentally, sending the charge through his head. His death was instantaneous.

Workingmen Thrown Out of Employment.

CHICAGO, December 4.—The North Chicago Rolling Mills shut down Thursday for want of work, throwing nearly 2000 men out of employment. The mills at South Chicago, belonging to this corporation, will continue to run, as rails can be made there $5 cheaper than on the North Side because of labor-saving machinery and other accommodations.

The steel mills at Joliet have also shut down until the 1st of January.

Singular Accident.

PLATTSBURG, N. Y., November 30.—This afternoon, while a construction train on the Delaware & Hudson road was unloading, a stone from a derrick erected on a platform car, which was standing on a bridge over the Saranac river, tipped the car into the river, instantly killing Hefferon of Troy, boss mason of the Delaware & Hudson road, and Patrick Murray of Cohoes. Two others were seriously injured.

A Woman Horsewhips a Deacon.

TOPEKA, Kan., December 3.—Mrs. Kate Kinsel, a pretty and dashing young woman, visited James Seery, a prominent business man, in his office, an agricultural warehouse, this afternoon, and gave him a severe thrashing with a horsewhip. She says he grossly insulted her yesterday at her residence. He is a deacon in the Congregationalist Church, and bears a good reputation. He says that no insult was intended, and that this is a scheme to blackmail him.

Death of Hon. Henry C. Murphy.

NEW YORK, December 4.—Hon. Henry C. Murphy, president of the Brooklyn Bridge Company, died of pneumonia Friday morning. He was 72 years old. He was mayor of Brooklyn in 1842 and a member of Congress in 1843. He was appointed by President Buchanan minister to the Hague. He was three times elected to the State Senate.

A Ten-Year-Old Lover's Suicide.

DAVENPORT, Ia., December 4.—Willie Bohle, aged 10 years, committed suicide last week by hanging himself to a rafter in his father's barn. A morbid and unrequited love for a neighbor's little girl is supposed to have been the cause of the child's act.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Prorogation of Parliament Until Next February.

Mr. Davitt Summoned to Appear Before the Queen's Bench.

France Jealous of England's Power in Egypt—Foreign Notes.

LONDON, December 2.—The lord chancellor, at the joint assemblage of Parliament today, read a letter from General Sir Garnet Wolseley, acknowledging his gratitude for the formal thanks tendered to him by Parliament for his services in Egypt.

The Queen's speech was then read. In it her majesty states that the relations of England with all foreign nations are at the present time cordial. The proposed commercial treaty with France had not been concluded, but there had been no falling off in the friendly intercourse and governmental dealings between the two countries; on the contrary, such an increase in international courtesies as had strengthened the bonds of friendship at present uniting them. The Queen then at length recites her thanks for the successful operations of the army in Egypt, asserting that that success had avoided other measures which were tending to disturb the tranquillity of the British possessions existing in the East. The growth of the revenues, although retarded, had suffered no diminution, either in the general receipts or the duties on intoxicating liquors. The distress and disturbed condition of affairs existing in Ireland were referred to with particular regret; that their outcome had been associations, but it was hoped that the great social improvement now noticeable in that country would continue under the new laws. The House was then prorogued to February 15 next.

The French Situation.

PARIS, November 30.—A widespread feeling of distrust exists at the present juncture throughout France. One effect of the Anarchist and Socialist movements and the dynamite scare was to create grave doubts as to the power of the republican government to maintain order. The meeting of the Chamber always produces some disquiet, and the prevailing want of confidence is increased and complicated by the recent alarming disclosures of M. Leon Say and by the reports respecting M. Grevy's health. The impression is very general that any sudden disturbance of the present very inimitable political equilibrium would result in political chaos, complicated by a financial crisis of the most perilous kind.

The National, a ministerial paper, in alluding to the Extreme Left, says: "That accursed party, through which the French republic and France are condemned to perish, has found means of reviving all the old insensate passions of hate and anger." Meanwhile public anxiety is growing apace as people realize the state of diversion and animosity of the Parliament. Manufacturers and tradesmen are distracted by the strikes and encouraged by demagogues.

The question of what would happen if President Grevy died is a chief topic of discussion. Most people regard that possible contingency with dismay. There is no doubt that the respect with which he is regarded by all classes of politicians causes him to be looked upon as a sheet anchor, which prevents the ship of state from drifting. Under the circumstances, the opinion is widely entertained that the government ought to revise the Constitution, and provide for the election of a vice-president to take M. Grevy's place in the event of his death. The Anarchists and Socialists are singularly active and daring in Paris. There is a strong feeling of insecurity largely developed, which would be greatly intensified were a serious political crisis to supervene.

The Curfew Law in Ireland and Its Effect.

DUBLIN, November 29.—The meeting of the Privy Council yesterday was the most protracted one ever held by that body since the Fenian scare in 1867. Earl Spencer, lord lieutenant, presided in person. It was resolved to proclaim the city under the operation of the curfew section of the repression act, which authorizes the police to arrest all suspicious persons found on the streets between an hour after sunset and an hour before sunrise. In the proclamation the citizens are informed that the powers granted by the curfew law will be used only against persons believed to be engaged in criminal designs.

The Freeman's Journal today, in commenting on the action of the Privy Council, says it believes that this step will intensify the evils already existing, and will injure credit, weaken confidence and paralyze trade. The Journal adds that it fears that the measure will have the tendency to embarrass workmen in the discharge of their labors, compel them to remain out after the hours named, and that the more timid of them will probably quit work entirely rather than take the chance of being arrested and lodged in jail. The loss of employment thus occasioned, together with that caused by the arrest and imprisonment of that class of workmen who are either indiscreet or bold enough to defy the law, the Journal says, will render the people desperate, and thereby form a source for recruits for the lawless element the police are now seeking to suppress.

The Spanish Left.

MADRID, December 1.—At a meeting of the senators and deputies constituting the Dynastic Left, held yesterday, Marshal Serrano deprecated any violent opposition to the government, and expressed the belief that the present Liberals would soon accept ideas favoring a reconstruction of the Liberal party on a broad basis, including all shades of liberalism. The Dynastic Left had been created to respond to the views of the sovereign, and must await the good will of the King, in return for which it gave assurances of unconditional loyalty. Resolutions were adopted declaring that Serrano should be recognized as the sole head of the party, and insisting upon the re-establishment of the Spanish constitution of 1869, with slight modifications, by act of Parliament, avoiding the constituent period. It was also agreed that Marshal Serrano should explain the programme of the party to the Senate.

Death of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

LONDON, December 3.—The archbishop of Canterbury is dead.

[The death of the Most Rev. Archibald Campbell Tait removes from the head of the Anglican church a primate whose influence, not languid in times of exciting ecclesiastical differences and religious movements, was most marked in that quiet supervision, control and direction of the vast interests confided to his care, as a crowning mark of recognition of a long life devoted to the service of the church. Indeed, it would be difficult to find, without careful analysis of character and position, any one of the predecessors of the late primate who filled the office with such rare tact and with so general acceptance, especially when it is borne in mind that he was a man of strong convictions. Seventy-one years of life, during fifty of which he had been prominent before the British public as an ecclesiastical leader, have just been closed.

American Pork in Germany.

BERLIN, December 1.—The following is the text of the ordinance presented in the Bundesrath yesterday forbidding the importation of American pork:

1. The importation from America of pigs, pork, bacon and sausages of all kinds is forbidden.
2. The chancellor is impowered to permit exceptions to the prohibitive rule, subject to the necessary measures of control.
3. The restrictive ordinance of June 25, 1880, in respect to the importation of American pork and sausages, is abolished.
4. The present ordinance comes into force thirty days after its promulgation.

The ordinance of June 25, 1880, only applied to minced pork and sausages, not to hams.

It is Rumored.

LIVERPOOL, December 2.—The Mercury states that reports are current that negotiations are in progress between England and the United States tending to the appointment of joint representatives to France in opposition to the latter's policy of adventure in Madagascar.

The Madagascar Trouble.

PARIS, December 1.—The Republique Francais (newspaper), in an article on the trouble in Madagascar, denies the statements made by Lord Granville to the effect that no treaty existed between France and Madagascar, and that France would be unable to take action without the co-operation of England.

Michael Davitt Summoned.

NEW YORK, December 2.—The New York Daily News has received the following despatch:

DUBLIN, December 2.—Michael Davitt has been summoned before the Court of Queen's Bench on Tuesday for his speech at Navan. He declares that he will not give bail, and he will undoubtedly go to prison.

Poole and Devine Held for Trial.

DUBLIN, November 29.—The investigation of the murder of Detective Cox was continued today. Poole, one of the men arrested yesterday, stated that he had nothing to do with the murder. He said he believed that the object of the men who assembled Saturday night was to murder him. Devine was an enemy of his. He did not know Dowling, the man who shot Cox. At the conclusion of the examination Poole and Devine were committed for trial and Ryan and Woodward were discharged.

Arabi is Sentenced to Death, But Has His

CAIRO, December 3.—Yesterday Lord Dufferin, at a meeting with Cherif and Riaz Pasha and Arabi's counsel, informed the Egyptian ministers that the process submitted to him of the case against Arabi completely failed to support the charges of incendiarism and pillage and that the English government decided he should be given an immediate trial on the charge of rebellion only. The court-martial met at 2 o'clock this morning, Reouf Pasha presiding. The counsel for the prosecution refused to appear on the ground that the trial would be a farce. The entire proceedings occupied but a few minutes. Arabi's counsel read his plea of guilty to the charge of rebellion, and the court then adjourned. On a reassembling this afternoon sentence of death was passed upon the rebel leader. This judgment was immediately commuted by the Khedive to exile. Arabi Pasha and the other leaders of the revolt will be permitted to choose a suitable retreat within the British empire.

Failed for Over £12,000,000.

ST. PETERSBURG, December 2.—The Municipal Bank of Skopin, in the province of Reazan, has failed for over £12,000,000, ruining the whole town, as well as hundreds of families elsewhere.

A Woman on the Gallows.

VIENNA, December 2.—A woman named Kathi, one of twenty-six women arrested several months ago for poisoning their husbands, was hanged yesterday. She confessed to having murdered two husbands. Four of the other women have been convicted.

THIRTEEN LIVES LOST.

A Steam Barge on Lake Michigan Burned—All Hands Drowned.

CHICAGO, December 3.—Thursday night the steam barge R. G. Peters, having in tow the sail barge A. W. Lucky, encountered a terrible storm in the middle of the lake off Milwaukee while bound from Chicago to Manistee for lumber. In the midst of the storm the Peters caught fire and burned like tinder. The line was burned off and the Lucky drifted, unable to render assistance to the crew of the Peters, who could be seen rushing around frantically trying to launch a boat. The Peters soon gave a lurch and went down. Captain John Larsen and crew, mostly Swedes, thirteen in all, perished. The sea was running frightfully high, and the crew of the Lucky were compelled to witness the terrible disaster without being able to render any assistance. The Lucky was disabled by the storm, but, with a piece of sail, finally arrived near Chicago, and was towed in last night. The Peters was owned by Sands of Milwaukee, and valued at $32,000.

SENTENCED TO TEN YEARS.

The President of Buffalo's Defunct Bank to Go to Prison.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., December 4.—Reuben Porter Lee of Buffalo has been convicted of the embezzlement from the First National Bank of which he was president. He became connected with the bank as a messenger boy when 15 years old, and became successively its book-keeper, teller, cashier and vice-president. He was elected president in January last, when the stock was worth 160, and in three months he so mismanaged its affairs that it became hopelessly insolvent. Herman J. Hall & Co., grain merchants, were the heaviest customers of the bank, which at times carried a line of discounts for that firm amounting to over $500,000. Of Hall & Co.'s paper, at one time $457,000 was unsecured. It was alleged that Lee was himself the company, and that the bank was wrecked by the transactions of the firm. Not only did Lee permit these unsecured discounts, but also discounted his own notes and those of his wife and father in large amounts, each exceeding 10 per cent. of the capital stock. Several of the directors retired, and Lee did not fill the vacancies, so that when the bank closed it had only two directors.

The jury convicted Lee on their first ballot, and he was sentenced to ten years in the Erie county penitentiary at Buffalo.

A FIGHT WITH TRAIN ROBBERS.

A Desperate Attempt to Plunder a Texas Express—A Sharp Conflict.

DALLAS, Texas, December 3.—When the north bound express on the Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe railroad stopped for water at Blum Station early Saturday morning, a daring but unsuccessful effort was made by a large gang of desperadoes to rob the train. Three men boarded the engine, presented revolvers at the engineer, and compelled him to pull out. After running two or three miles a torpedo, which had been placed on the track, exploded, as a signal to a half dozen confederates who emerged from the brush and attacked the train. The railroad officers had been expecting such an attempt for some weeks, and had made preparations to meet it. The guard stationed in the express car opened fire on the robbers with telling effect. The fire was returned, and about seventy-five shots were exchanged. The men on the engine having gone to the assistance of the others, the engineer threw the throttle wide open and the train flew northward, leaving the would-be robbers in the lurch. No one on the train was injured, but it is believed that several robbers were killed or wounded. There is an unofficial report that two of the band have been captured.

NOT CIDER, BUT A CORPSE.

The Horrible Discovery Made by Some Thirsty Express Clerks.

DAYTON, O., November 30.—Yesterday morning a large extra heavy whiskey barrel was left at the United States express office in this city by a man coming in a covered wagon, who had apparently driven in from the country. The clerks in the express office supposing the contents to be cider, inserted straws for the purpose of sampling, when they were horrified to find that the barrel contained the dead body of a man, partially decomposed. The direction on the barrel was "Dr. J. L. Cilley, care of Dr. Herman, 80 West Eighth street, Cincinnati, O." The Cincinnati police were instructed by telegraph to follow the barrel to its destination, which is supposed to be a Cincinnati medical college. The grave of J. G. Pollock, a wealthy farmer, who died about ten days ago, and whose case perplexed the physicians here, shows signs of having been disturbed. His widow refuses permission for any further investigation. Two gamblers who were absent from the city all last night, and who were seen this morning with fresh clay on their clothes, are suspected of the crime.

ATTEMPTED RETALIATION.

Great Excitement in Minneapolis Over the Action of the Mayor.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., December 4.—Great excitement prevailed here, last night, on account of the action of the Mayor in attempting arbitrary retaliation on the publishers of the Daily Tribune, for severely criticising his leaning towards gamblers. Before leaving for Washington a few days since the Mayor announced his intention to sue the Tribune for $50,000 for libel, and ordered the chief of police to arrest every man found working in the Tribune office after 12 o'clock Saturday night, in enforcement of the Sunday law. These orders certainly would have been carried out had not Acting Mayor Walsh countermanded them.

General Grant on General Porter.

NEW YORK, December 4.—A letter furnished the press from General Grant to Senator Cameron relative to the Fitz John Porter case, in which General Grant says: "I commenced reading up this case with the conviction that General Porter had been guilty as found by the court, but came out of the investigation with a thorough conviction that I and the public generally had done him a fearful injustice, and entirely satisfied that any intelligent man, or lawyer, who will throw aside prejudice and examine the case as I have done, will come to the same conclusion."

Matt Carpenter's Prophecy.

In 1869 the late Matt H. Carpenter predicted that not many years would elapse before there would be "practically but one telegraph company in the United States," and that railway consolidation, if allowed to go on unchecked, might sooner or later result in such a combination that a few magnates could "sit in Wall street with closed doors, and, by the light of a candle, direct the whole carrying trade of the continent." He was ably reviled and thoroughly ridiculed for this prophecy; but, like Galileo, he repeated it while his tormenters were busiest and strongest.

Death of a Centenarian.

Friday, at 14 Monument avenue, Bunker Hill district, Mrs. Johannah Sullivan died at the age of 100 years. She was born in Banharen, county Cork, Ire., and came to this city nearly sixty-five years ago, and, with the exception of a few years' residence at Old Concord and at Lowell, she had lived in Boston and Charlestown all the time since 1817. She was a woman of remarkable energy and vitality, and up to a short time before her death retained her faculties with astonishing clearness. She leaves four daughters.

AROUND THE FARM.

[BY OUR AGRICULTURAL EDITOR.]

FEEDING FARM STOCK.

The Farmer Must Learn by Actual Experience How to Feed.

In no department of agriculture is good judgment, practical experience and constant watchfulness more needed than in feeding the animals on the farm. Not only does each class of animals require different treatment, but no two individuals in a class being exactly alike, every animal must receive especial individual attention, if the best results are to be secured. One who has never given this subject attention would be surprised to learn the difference between good and bad feeding. One man will feed out a ton of hay to a herd of cattle in two weeks, while another man would feed the same herd three weeks with the same quantity of hay, and at the same time keep the cattle in as good, if not better condition. The fact that there is any difference between the stomach of a horse and that of a cow or ox is almost universally overlooked in feeding; so when the cattle are fed the horses are also fed; if the horses are fed four times a day it is supposed to be necessary to feed the cattle an equal number of times; and when it is decided that it is best not to feed the cattle but twice a day, it is, as a rule, decided to feed the horses the same number of times, thus overlooking the fact that the stomachs of the two are entirely different; that while the cow has an extra receptacle wherein to store away hay to be masticated at her pleasure, the horse has not; therefore, while the cow, if given what she can eat in the morning, can store up food enough to last a considerable portion of the day for mastication, the horse, having but a small stomach, if he is given more food than it can hold, the food is pressed beyond where it can be digested, and is therefore lost; while what is in the stomach digests long before the cow has masticated what she has stored away in her extra stomach; he thus becomes hungry before the cow does, and really needs to be fed sooner. The hog, like the horse,

Has no Extra Stomach to Store Away Food,

therefore, if fed but twice a day, and given what he will eat, he overloads his stomach, and if the food is not pushed beyond the point where it will digest the stomach is filled so full that a considerable portion of the food fails to come in contact with the lining of the stomach, and thus a very large proportion of the nutriment in the food is lost. Experiments prove that a hog thus fed wastes more than one-half of the meal given him. We have no doubt the same is true of the horse, when fed large quantities of hay and grain, and fed but twice a day. While animals that chew the cud should not be fed as often as those that do not, when they are fed they should be given what they will eat up clean. Cows do well on two feeds a day, but horses do better to feed three or four times. Cows fed but twice should be kept eating until they are well filled, while horses that are fed four times should not be given but a small quantity each time. By thus feeding the horse is kept on a much less amount of hay, and at the same time will be in a much healthier and better condition, because, the stomach not being overloaded, is kept in a better condition to digest all of the food given. The farmer has not only to learn by practical experience the best time to feed each animal, but he has also to learn the right proportion of each kind of food to be given. To feed economically, as well as judiciously, it is important to have a variety of food, for no animal will do as well fed on all one kind of food, though it be of the very best quality; a change improves the appetite as well as the health. This all farmers understand; therefore, most of them store up fodder of different kinds to be fed out during the winter: but how it is best to feed out each kind there is a great difference of opinion. While some farmers insist that it is best to feed hay and corn fodder uncut, others as strongly insist that it is best to cut both hay and fodder. There is another class who believe that the cut fodder should be wet before feeding; and still another class that are sure that it is best to steam all food that is given to cattle, though many doubt if the steamed food is healthy. Whatever method is practiced, it is important that

The Feeding Should Be Done at Regular Hours,

and that the quantity given to each animal should be in proportion to its wants. The overfeeding of an animal is productive of quite as much loss as it is not to feed enough; it results in the derangement of the digestive organs, the loss of appetite and finally the loss of flesh. An animal thus injured cannot be brought back to as good condition as can one that has grown poor by feeding half-rations. A hog that has once been overfed is rarely ever brought back to a good, healthy condition. In fattening hogs great care should be taken to never give them more than they will readily eat up clean. Whenever a hog fails to eat at once what is placed before him, it should be taken away. While it may not be as important to make other farm stock eat up clean all that is fed out, it is never good policy to permit food to lay before any animal after it has satisfied its appetite. We have always noticed that successful feeders of cattle are particular to clean out the cribs as soon as the cattle have done eating. The farmer who cannot attend to feeding the cattle himself should be careful to employ only such persons to do this work as are intelligent and perfectly reliable, as well as practically acquainted with the work; for it would be better economy to pay $2 a day for a man that knows how to feed stock well than to have a man work for nothing who has no clear conception as to how to feed cattle to the best advantage. The difference between good and bad feeding is more than one-half in the cost of the food, to say nothing of the condition of the animals. While some farmers we chance to know keep their cows in good condition on 16 pounds of hay and 4 quarts of meal a day each, others of our acquaintance keep their cows in no better condition, though they give each cow 30 pounds of hay and 6 quarts of meal a day. The reason of this is because one knows how it is best to feed while the other does not.—[The Ploughman.

THE DAIRY.

Equity in Dairying.

The introduction of cows especially bred for the dairy, with records that indicate great superiority for butter or cheese, causes a growing sentiment among farmers who possess such cows, and also those who feed with the view of increasing their butter or cheese product, that there should be a more accurate method of determining the value of milk than simply weighing it. Such an advanced step is called for in the interest of improvement in dairy stock, if nothing more, and the injustice of the present system is so apparent that in reality it needs no argument to point out the flagrant wrong of the paying of equal prices for milk in which analyses and tests show surprising variations. By weight, there is, and can be, no discrimination between two delivered quantities of milk at a factory. The one may be, and possibly is, rich in butter fats, and worth every cent the dairyman receives for it, and the other is almost wholly wanting, or at least notably deficient, in the qualities that made the other valuable, and yet the latter farmer has received the same price per pound for his milk as the other. The scales have said that they are equally valuable, but the test of manufacture says that a noticeable difference existed, and the man who furnished the good milk had to assist in making the other's good, an operation that does not have the merit of justice or even approach to equity about it. The old practice of guessing at the amount of milk delivered at the factory by noting the depth of inches of milk received, is not more inaccurate than the other, and yet this plan was quickly abandoned, and now when butter has become the great object and the thing for which the majority of factories are run, the fatty matters which the milk contain should be the base upon which to estimate the value of each patron's milk. No doubt can exist that

The Milk of Dairies Greatly Varies in Quality as Well as Quantity

for manufacturing purposes; and to take the milk of a hundred dairies, all at one price, is a matter of injustice to those who furnish a high grade of milk, and tends not only to discourage many reforms in dairying that would result as a natural sequence, but is, in fact, really a premium for poor, thin milk. The introduction of thoroughbred cows and high-bred grades, as hinted at in the beginning, is a sign that there must be a reform, or else associated dairying will take the form of private dairies, or the cream-gathering butter factories will become very popular. The idea of a farmer with a dairy of finely-bred cows noted for their butter production, pitting such a herd against a dairy of scrubs that live in a swamp pasture, at a fixed price of ten cents per gallon of ten pounds for each, is simply preposterous, and one can see at a glance that it is radically wrong. The discrimination is not wholly needed to protect the former, but is quite as necessary to assist him in his rights against his neighbor, who, with a well-bred dairy, is feeding in such a way, and with such foods, that while the milk may be excessive in quantity, it may also be correspondingly poor in quality—in fact, no better than that of the poor scrub cows with their swale diet, and worth no more per gallon. The example of famous butter cows, and cows of no value as such, is one that can be applied to the dairies as well; and to pay one man one dollar for one hundred pounds of milk, when it has an actual butter product of four or five pounds, and pay another man the same rate when his milk does not possess two pounds of butter, is paying too much money to the undeserving farmer. Leaving out the butter question,

The Standard of Cheese Cannot be Kept Up with Thin, Poor Milk,

for making a good cheese requires a milk proportionately valuable with that necessary to make a prime article of butter; though what salad oil may yet be induced to perform in making a high grade of cheese from very thin, blue skim-milk, is yet to be determined. Have we any remedy? It would at first glance seem not, but the cream-gathering butter factories have solved it by setting each man's dairy separate, and giving credit for exactly what cream he can raise in twenty-four hours; but creameries of this sort will not become general within a few decades, so even this leaves the problem unsettled. Uniform feeding is not practicable, nor can each farmer's milk be made up separately. The only remedy is to obtain by some expeditious means the butter-fat value of each dairy by a daily or weekly test, and thus arrive at a close approximation to the truth, which would be much better, and decidedly of greater justice, than to continue the present system. When this is put into practice, and a farmer is credited with the exact performance of his dairy, so that he can get the full benefit of his extra breeding, care, feeding and watchful attention, which alone can build up a dairy herd, we may expect to see a rapid advance made both in breeding and the selection of our dairy stock, and not until then. A sharp dividing line will have to be drawn between the two elements in our dairy industry; the one that tends to elevate and better both production and quality; and the other, which is actually a parasite upon the first, by placing upon the market an article that is not what it is represented to be, and thus creates not only a feeling of a present injustice, but also destroys and brings into disrepute an industry that might become, and should be, the pride of this country.—[Country Gentleman.

THE POULTRY YARD.

Fowls in Winter.

Purity and cleanliness are essential to the thrift and comfort of fowls, and are really necessities if the fowls are to be kept in health and profit. The quarters intended for winter confinement should be put in perfect order; the buildings should be thoroughly whitewashed; nest boxes and roosts given a good cleaning; missing panes of glass in the windows should be made good, and all cracked ones taken out and replaced by whole ones. By doing this at this season time and trouble are saved. Window panes should be thoroughly puttied and made tight and firm. They are less liable to break, and they stop the air currents that are dangerous to the health of fowls. The fowls now begin to feel the want of a cover to roost under, and their houses should be in order. The first cold weather is apt to give roup, which in some forms is difficult to cure. It is all very well for the fowls to roost out-of-doors in warm weather, but they should not be forced to do it. Let them choose for themselves. Fowls in a wild or natural state produce eggs only in the spring and early summer season, when nature has placed ready at hand all the requirements necessary. Our domesticated birds are required to produce eggs both in and out of season. We may keep our fowls well, and expend more money without stint for food and comfort in buildings and appointments, yet stop just short of the desired end.

Warm Houses, Fresh Water and Plenty of Food Are Necessities,

but there are other conditions to be complied with before the nests are filled with eggs. The production must be stimulated. November and December, as far as fresh eggs are concerned, might be termed the barren months. If the early-hatched pullets have been well fed and taken care of during the preceding months they will be ready to fill this vacuum. It is during the change from warm to cold that the fowls are so sorely tried. Fowls require substances containing lime. If fed on grains that contain it its absence in a natural form is not felt quite so much. Corn produces fat, while other grains go to make substances just as essential in another direction. Foods that supply albumen, as well as sulphurous extracts, are necessary for the perfection of the egg. Laying hens resort to lime and bones. Nature feels a need of these, as the drain of egg-production exhausts the supply, which must be renewed. In providing supplies for winter it is well to lay in some lime, in the shape of clam and oyster shells, and, to a certain extent, in ashes. Hens that are fed on whole corn alone are apt to lay soft-shelled eggs, since there is little lime found in this grain. This is particularly true where the fowls are old. Young hens have a more bountiful supply in the system, which has not yet been drawn on. This supply should be carefully kept up, as towards spring, when the fowls are laying plentifully, and the demand for hatching eggs comes in, the necessity is felt. A supply of shells at this time is found beneficial, without which egg-production will fall off greatly.

THE HOG.

The Cost of Pork Based Upon the Experience of Careful Feeders.

Mr. L. N. Bonham in a recent article in the Ohio Farmer comments upon the fact that the pork market is not based upon the cost of the production of pork, but upon the exigencies of short-sighted farmers, who, duped by the liberal prices offered at the opening of the packing season, hurry up the fattening of their porkers, only to find "that just about the time the majority have their hogs fat the market becomes dull and the prices decline. For a few weeks the farmers and shippers are caught between the millstones, and many of them crushed or badly squeezed." With regard to the actual cost of pork production, Mr. Bonham says: "We have examined the various tables and experiments put on record, and find that the general average of these careful feeders is about 10½ pounds of pork, live weight, to 56 pounds corn, or 1 pound of pork for every 5⅓ pounds of shelled corn. But as farmers usually feed the new corn unshelled, let us count 70 pounds to the bushel, which will give us 1 pound of pork, live weight, for every 6.95 pounds new ear corn. For convenience, say 7 pounds, which is sufficiently accurate for illustration. It follows then that

	per cwt
40-cent corn makes pork worth	$5 71
45-cent corn makes pork worth	6 43
50-cent corn makes park worth	7 15
55-cent corn makes pork worth	7 99
60-cent corn makes pork worth	8 53
65-cent corn makes pork worth	9 27
70-cent corn makes pork worth	10 00
75-cent corn makes pork worth	10 71
80-cent corn makes pork worth	11 43

"It must be borne in mind that more farmers will fail to make 10½ pounds per bushel than will go higher. It follows, then, that if new corn is to be worth fifty cents the careful farmer will have a good margin for feeding if he is fortunate enough to have his hogs get fat before the customary decline comes. Should he, however, strike a run of bad weather, or lose a few hogs from disease, he will be 'short' instead of 'long' on his margins, with pork at $7 25." This estimate of Mr. Bonham's—of 10½ pounds of pork to the bushel of corn fed—is based, be it remembered, upon the experiments of careful feeders. With good weather, good hogs, good corn, and good feeding, this average may be reached, and sometimes exceeded; but with the farmers who pay no attention to the improvement of their hogs, who "never begin feeding until they cannot live any longer upon the range of road, common, or woods," and who then feed in the mud and under full exposure to the storms of the winter, it is questionable if half this average is realized. Mr. Bonham concludes by saying: "Thousands of hogs will go to market this winter which net the farmer $1 per bushel for corn fed, while as many more will go yielding the farmer less than half that amount. While we farmers can not make the price of pork during the season, we have it in our power to so handle our crops and herds as to get the maximum price for our grain fed. But this means good breeding, as well as good feeding and good marketing."

SALT FOR STOCK.

An Inexpensive Relish.

Stock men of large experience appreciate the need of salt for stock, and usually make such provision that animals under their care are daily provided with this relish. There are, however, many farmers who look upon salt as a luxury enjoyed by their stock when placed within reach, but not necessary to their thrift or comfort. Observation and experience have proven to those who have given most attention to the subject that cattle require for best results the salt they crave. The French government at one time commissioned a number of practical and scientific men to investigate the subject of salt as a relish for stock and ascertain the quantity required for different animals. While only approximate figures could be arrived at in the numerous experiments made to settle this matter a scale was fixed upon by this commission as the minimum daily allowances for the different animals in ordinary condition. In this a working ox or a milch cow is allowed two ounces of salt per diem. Repeated trials appeared to prove that the amount specified produced in milch cows the greatest flow of milk. Oxen fed the same amount presented sleek coats, while others receiving no salt were rough, mangy and ill-conditioned. The scale in question allowed for fattening stall-fed oxen two and a half to four ounces of salt per day, and for fattening pigs from one to two ounces; for sheep, from one-half ounce to two-thirds of an ounce was allowed; one ounce was set down as the daily portion for horses and mules. The figures given above possess a practical value to feeders of stock, in that they represent the respective amounts best calculated to produce desirable results in the different animals named and give an idea of the amount required by each kind. On small farms with few animals salt can be dealt out in small quantities each day, but where herds and flocks are numerous, salt boxes and troughs become a necessity, and are in any case a convenient and economical arrangement. These troughs or boxes ought, of course, to be in sheltered places, and at points where animals can have daily access to them. Some should be placed at elevations to suit horses and cows, and others set within reach of sheep. A plan in favor in the far West, and which recommends itself on the ground of economy, is mixing salt and hardwood ashes in equal proportions, combined with a sufficient amount of water to make a solid lump or mass. These lumps are distributed in the trough, where, with diligent licking, each animal gets a small quantity, the belief being that they will take in this form no more than they really require. In addition to the fact that salt is necessary to the thrift of animals, a strong argument in its favor in localities where cattle and sheep are allowed extended runs during the day is that it proves a strong attraction, bringing them home at night without other incentive.—[The World.

IRON in a colorless state and Peuruvian bark, combined with well known aromatics, make Brown's Iron Bitters the best medicine known.

TEXAS OR SOUTHERN FEVER.

The Early and Apparent Signs.

The increased temperature of the animal is the first indication of the disease, and is frequently found to be as high and even higher than 106° before any other symptoms appear. This temperature is maintained for a time, but when the disease proves fatal it usually reaches its normal condition, or falls below it before death. The pulse may be hard or feeble, but in either case it is rapid, while the breathing is hurried and often labored. The early apparent signs are: The animal withdraws from the others, and takes on an appearance of fatigue. The eyes are staring, the head droops sometimes nearly to the ground, with dry nose and hot horns. The hair is rough, and there are frequent but often unsuccessful attempts to evacuate the bowels. The hind legs are drawn under the body, in a bracing position; the creature moves sluggishly, and inclines to lie down, especially if water is convenient, but seems to fear inability to rise again. As the disease progresses there is an appearance of paralysis, with a want of power to control many of the muscles, which gives a peculiar appearance to its movements. In this condition it seldom rises without help, and then only to stagger and fall again. Very often delirium appears, and there is an inclination to press the head against something hard. Contrary to what might be expected, the appetite remains good, although symptoms of disease are pronounced, but the food ceases to assimilate, and in a few days they appear thin, lank and lean. The dung is hard, sometimes bloody and slimy; the urine dark, and coagulates on being heated. The animal grows more listless, indifferent and unconscious, usually dying in a stupor, but sometimes in convulsions. When one recovers

The Improvement First Noticed

is a gradual disappearance of this languid listlessness, and a return to normal condition of the various parts, until in about two weeks it may be called well, but it will be a long time before the effects of the disease will have disappeared. This fever, under a dozen different names, is usually classed under the head of incurable maladies. The poison in the system—for poison it is generally believed to be—finds no antidote in the hundreds of remedies that have been used for it, and the only treatment that so far seems to have been worthy of notice is that given by Colonel Fiquet of Texas, as reported in the National Live Stock Journal for 1878, as follows: One tablespoonful of powdered charcoal and one teaspoonful of powdered ginger are given as soon as sickness is discovered; in one hour he gives one quart of marshmallow infusion, and one quart of chamomile tea. If the animal is not relieved in eight or ten hours, this is repeated. As the appetite returns he gives plenty of green food. Ninety-five per cent. of the cases so treated are said to recover. Therefore it may very properly be stated that Colonel Fiquet differed materially from the general idea—if, indeed, any idea relative to this disease of which so little is positively known, may be said to be general—inasmuch as he holds that it is due to digestive disarrangement; but whatever different theories may be held relative to it by the medical faculty and others, the stock raiser will be entirely willing to let them be discussed and not trouble himself about them as long as he has a remedy. But there are a great many facts in connection with this disease that are as curious as inexplicable. As long ago as 1814 it was stated that cattle

From a Certain District in South Carolina,

themselves in perfect health, would, when taken to Virginia, infect other cattle with which they came in contact with a disease which usually proved fatal. The precise limits of this district were not given, but it is supposed to be the region where the long-leafed pine grew. In 1867 Mr. Wilkinson of Athens, Ga., stated to the Department of Agriculture that cattle taken from the low country to one more elevated would constantly improve, while all with whom they came in contact would take a fever and die, and that this power of communicating disease would remain with them for some time after reaching elevated or cooler regions, but would in time disappear. The infected district seems to have gradually widened as cattle were driven from one section to another, but, curiously, the disease grew gradually milder, until, in ten or fifteen years after its introduction in new regions, it would seem to have disappeared, native cattle being seldom attacked by it, and when so, not often fatally. But these same cattle, taken to localities where it had never been known, would infect others to such extent that they would die by scores and hundreds. It may be remarked, however, that no matter what the date of the infection, the disease rarely showed itself before July, and that it rarely continues after two or three severe frosts have occurred. The question how the disease or contagion is transmitted has been discussed for years, and is not yet definitely settled. Diseased cattle, it is said, have been kept in the same stables with others without injury to the latter. Herds of Texan and native cattle have been kept in adjoining fields with only a fence between, and have drank from the same troughs without injury, while natives who grazed in the same field with the Texans were attacked with the fever and died. This would show that the germs of the disease were in the excrements; and if such be the case, Colonel Fiquet may be right in believing that the digestive organs are the original seat of the disease.—[The Sun.

SAVING BARN-YARD MANURES.

The Quality of Manure Depends Upon the Feed.

As the season is now at hand for accumulating manure for next season's use, a few suggestions will at least be timely; and if but a single one will lead to more care than heretofore in preventing the washing and leaching of those in the open yard, one of the unnecessary wastes on the farm will have been stopped, and some good accomplished. Any farmer whose barn-yard (in which the straw is stacked and stock is fed) is located on a steep slope, and the water from the roof of the barn is not conducted away by eave troughs, but rushes down through all parts of the yard and flows away to the nearest stream of water, colored and enriched with the most valuable part of the manure, may be a very neat farmer in many respects, but were it not for his clover sod, he would soon be compelled to "sell out and go West." A level barn-yard, with raised and water-tight sides, would add immensely to the value of the yard as a manure-making and saving device. Better that the water from the roofs and sheds be conveyed into a cistern for the use of stock and moistening manure in the yard, when necessary, than its unnecessary use should rob the manure of its soluble and most valuable elements. A much better plan, where barns are ample and sheds surround the open yard, and have eave-troughs to convey away the water that would otherwise wash away the wealth of the yard, is that of Mr. Von H., the owner of large estates in Bohemia, who obtains the most profitable results in the following way: "The manure is not removed from the stables or sheds in which the cattle are kept until it reaches the height of about five feet. The straw for the bedding is cut into lengths of about five inches, and thus

It More Readily Absorbs the Liquid Portion

and facilitates the distribution of the manure in the furrows. The entire mass is constantly compressed by the weight of the animals and thereby kept moist, while the air and consequent putrefaction are excluded, so that the air in the stable is never tainted by exhalations injurious to cattle. After about three months the manure is conveyed to the field, and is immediately covered in the furrow. It then quickly decomposes, yielding all its strength to the soil, being fully double its usual value." With the exception that the wheat or other straw is not cut, this method has been and is practiced to considerable extent in western New York with the most desirable results. This method is not suited to the horse stable, as the manure would be likely to heat and become fire-fanged and spoiled. This heating tendency of horse manure can best be utilized, as manures are usually cared for, by mixing it with that of the cattle, for then decomposition will be hastened. Ordinarily, the best method is to have the floor of the horse stable made water tight and slightly inclined to the rear, so that a gutter will conduct the urine to a sunken barrel or hogshead. To prevent decomposition and loss of ammonia, a little sulphate of lime (land plaster) should be added every few days, as it will prevent the escape of ammonia. As the urine of the horse is rich in nitrogen and potash, and deficient in phosphoric acid, a small shoveiful of some commercial manure containing sulphate of lime and phosphoric acid can be substituted, in which case it will not only fix the ammonia, but will, by the addition of the phosphoric acid, become a complete fertilizer.

The Quantity of Manure Depends Very Much Upon the Kind of Food

the animal consumes. A few of the best manure-producing substances, in the order of their value, are decorticated cotton seed cake (that in which the lint and husks have been removed from the cotton seed before the oil is expressed), rape cake, linseed oil cake, and malt dust. The estimated value of the manure per ton, where they are used for food, according to the experiments of Messrs. Lawes and Gilbert, ranges from $18 21 to $27 86. Bran, middlings, fine mill feed, undecorticated cotton seed cake, peas and cotton seed are next on the list, and are valued at from $13 25 to $16 75 per ton. Manure from a ton of early-cut clover they value at $9 64; that from one ton of wheat, barley, oats and Indian corn, at from $6 32 to $7 70. By referring to Harris' "Talks on Manures" we find that where a ton of wheat straw is valued at $2 68, for manure alone, a ton of pea straw is relatively worth $3 74; corn meal, $6 65; clover hay, $9 64; and one of wheat bran, $14 59. According to Mr. Harris, nitrogen in the better class of foods is worth more for manure than the nitrogen in straw, cornstalks and other coarse kinds of fodder. A pound of nitrogen in rich manure is worth more than a pound of nitrogen in poor manure, and this is the reason why we should aim to make rich manure. His method is to

Feed the Stock Rich Food,

producing such rich manure that it will pay to bestow a little labor in the direction of taking care of it, for, as he tersely states the case, "The larger the crops the more manure, and the more manure the larger the crops." Manure, in some form, must be put into the soil if we expect to get out grain. The more of the kind of plant food needed the more grain. Manure is the life of the land, and that method of farming is the best in the grain-growing States which involves the production of no crops that will not be directly available in fattening stock. This is the best and most practical method of condensing the grain and root crops into the smallest compass, thus returning to the producer the most money for the least outlay. It is by the adoption of such a system that the farm and the farmer are alike enriched. The soil must be studied and experiments made, in order to determine its wants, and then if other special fertilizers are needed in addition to rich, barn-yard manures, they can be supplied without loss. Study and experiment can alone settle such questions. "Guess work" is of no avail, for the foundation of profitable farming is accurate knowledge.—[Farm and Fireside.

THE APIARY.

The Coming Bee.

In the past, until very recently, the demands of buyers of queens have been satisfied with rings, "beautiful golden rings," no less than three of them to each worker (four or more preferred), till these yellow bands have become so common that they are no longer "a thing of beauty," to the more experienced beekeeper, and now the ever-reaching, progressive mind wants something else, and there being no beauty spots to seek for, the demand now is for bees that are closest connected with dollars, and pleasantest to handle. Commendable indeed is this demand. During the first series of breeding, when the breeder knew that all his reputation demanded to rest upon was the "rings," and when he had kept a queen long enough to know that all her eggs would hatch to three-banded workers and drones, she was "tested" and thrice valuable, of course he sacrificed every virtue to these bands. No matter if this queen produced ever so few bees, and said bees ever so little honey, or ever so poor comb builders (which they usually were) this queen was worth as many dollars as she possessed bands; (pure gold rings only $1 each) and some German black queen, or perhaps some cross-bred queen, between German and Italian bred, by nature, whose every object is to produce the fittest that they may survive, and one possessing more qualities of value than the sale queen, must be killed for the purpose of purely Italianizing. I'll never do it again.

I Will Never Take the Life of Another Queen

unless I know her to be below my standard of valuable qualities. Hundreds of queens have been replaced by inferior ones (all things considered) because of their color. When we have two races of bees that each possess several qualities of excellence over the other, is it not reasonable to suppose that individual members of either race will prove in many cases inferior or superior (as it may happen) to the average of either? Among the most intelligent and progressive apiarists of the day, who seem to be looking at matters somewhat in this light, and expecting a "coming bee" superior to all and one created by the persistency and judgment of our breeders is our old leader, L. L. Langstroth, and I note in Gleanings that he credits the following points of superiority to the black bee, as compared with the Italian: That they commence to breed earlier in the season, build the straightest and most worker comb, work more readily in surplus boxes, make the whitest comb honey, are less inclined to swarm, and more sensibly affected by loss of queen. Professor Cook credits them with being more hardy and likely to survive our most trying winters. Before we pass on to the other side of the picture, I wish to add that these black or German bees being so different in their nature and disposition from the Italians, have many other minor points of advantage to the master, which, though small,

All Play a Large Part in the Success and Comfort

of a season's experience. I will mention a few: They alight sooner when swarming, which often saves a mixing of swarms and its consequent troubles. They also hive more readily, each one seeming to be determined to get in first. They drive up into the forcing box in less than half the time (queen and all) when making swarms artificially. They mind the admonitions of the smoker much more readily than the Italians, etc. To the Italians he gives the following credit: They stick to the comb better, are more courageous, longer proboscis, suffer far less from the ravages of the moth, are less likely to rob or be robbed, will remain in any new location better than blacks, which greatly facilitates short removals. (I this year experienced the truth of this, for I had eleven stocks of blacks among my ninety-six Italians, and when removing them one mile, more bees returned from the eleven blacks than from the ninety-six Italian colonies.) Are less liable to quarrel when different colonies are united. Allow me to add, being less liable to take wing when handled, the operator is less liable to be stung, as nearly all stings are received from bees that take wing, also that the queen is more readily found, also they are less liable to build brace combs about the tops and ends of the frames, which leaves them easier to handle. Now I wish to say right here that to produce large quantities of surplus honey has ever been my aim. I have tried to avail myself of every adjunct to that end, varieties and strains of bees being one of the main features looked to for assistance. I have felt willing to put up with almost every other defect in bees (except stinging) to accomplish this object.

Beauty I Could Dispense With

and make up in the fixtures. Popular and salable colors finally had to go. When I first became possessed of Italians I was sorely disappointed and I wrote against them. Not until I become possessed of a leather-colored variety of Italians could I see any gain in a change from the German bees. I now believe these dark Italians to have been produced by the accidental crossings with the blacks, and then the dark rings bred off (or yellow ones bred on again), but the dark general color left to remain as a fixed type. These bees and crosses with them and the large, lighter colored strain of the German bees (for there are two distinct strains of these black bees in America) are the best bees for the end and aim of apiculture that I have any knowledge of. If Cyprian bees are a cross between these two races, as some believe, they are no doubt so from circumstances of which the skill of man has no control, and cannot be expected to be as valuable a bee as will grow out of the same cross guided by the hand of science. I have had in my apiary cross bred bees that possessed every one of the valuable points spoken of above as belonging to either race, and that, too, in the highest degree of perfection that I have ever experienced. I will not say that any one hybrid colony possessed all of them, but I know that I have had many that possessed the majority and main features. In fact I feel much safer in cross breeding than in breeding either race pure. About five years ago I began to believe that I

Had Been Killing Superior Queens,

superseding them with inferior ones for the purpose of "banding my apiary." There is a large incentive toward this, when we know that upon these bands rests the popular market value of our property. I made up my mind to breed such stock as I believed best for myself, and that if I was correct in my judgment, the near future would find me in the popular field. If you have watched the thoughts as penned in our different journals, by men of experience, judgment and honor, you can see that the day of reason upon this subject is now dawning. That queens are going to be sold upon their merit instead of color; that they will be named after their owners, as Dadant's strain, Oatman's strain, etc., rather than Italian bees, Cyprian bees, etc.; that he who sells the most bees will be he who has the best ones, not those with the most rings upon them; that a dealer's reputation, and consequent business prosperity, will rest upon, not his skill in putting on bands, but his honor and ability to breed that strain of workers that will give us the most surplus with the least cost and trouble.—[James Heddon, in Beekeeper's Magazine.

DRESSED BEEF VS. LIVE CATTLE.

The Shipping of Dressed Beef Attracting Attention.

The scheme of shipping dressed beef from Chicago to the large cities and towns of the East in refrigerator cars is one which is attracting a large measure of attention from the public. Naturally such a trade, however honestly and honorably conducted, would interfere with the business of local butchers in the East, and disarrange many plans already perfected for supplying the public with beef. There are indications that the supply of fresh meats in eastern cities will become the subject of a pointed controversy between these two interests. The shippers of dressed meat in refrigerator cars are opposed by the owners and controllers of the established trade, which includes the vast stockyards in Chicago, the railroads and the eastern dealers of the old kind. The railroads in particular are said to lose fully 50 per cent. if they forward dressed meats instead of living animals to be killed in Eastern cities. It is said that the railroads propose making a large advance on the current charges for dressed beef, the alleged object being to discourage the new trade in that commodity on Eastern account, with a view of preserving the business of the mammoth Western stock-yards, which will thus be deprived of their business, in which some of the railroad magnates have a large pecuniary interest. They would prefer that the cattle would continue to be shipped East on the hoof, not because the dressed-beef business gives them less profit on the prevailing rates than the live-stock business, but because they are personally interested in the stock-yards at the various Western points. The Vanderbilt and Pennsylvania people are largely interested in the stock-yards in Chicago, and Vanderbilt and his relations and friends are the owners of the stock-yards in Buffalo and New York. The profits they get from the stock-yards are considerable; and, besides,

They Make Considerable Extra Money

for what they call taking care of the cattle while in transitu. By encouraging the dressed-beef business they would, of course, be no longer able to pocket those extra profits. For this reason they propose to make the rates on dressed beef so high that the article can no longer be shipped and sold in the East with a profit. Reports from Chicago indicate that some time in the future a live-stock inspector will be stationed at the stock-yards. The managers of the yards and dealers in dressed beef are seriously alarmed over the reports that have been circulated throughout the East regarding the quality of beef that is being received and slaughtered there. The recent arrival at that market of a number of Texas cattle affected with Texas fever or some other disease, has caused no little commotion among people who are cognizant of the great injury that will accrue to all who use such meat as food. That a number of the beeves were slaughtered and disposed of prior to the health officers being apprised of the matter is well known. A number of them were condemned, but many were sold to local butchers, whose patrons have no doubt, ere this, suffered the consequences. The same kind of diseased animals continue to arrive, and no sooner do they reach the yards than they are sold to the "scalper." That such diseased stuff is wholly unfit for food is obvious, but the stock-yards company cares but little who eats it, so long as it receives a revenue. The dressed-beef men, however, know that unless something is done to prevent the receiving of diseased beef and sheep at the stock-yards their trade will surely be ruined. The Eastern public will be slow in learning to buy and consume Chicago-dressed beef, if there is a doubt about its quality. They will prefer to purchase their supplies of local butchers who will kill sound, healthy, well inspected cattle, and who have a local reputation to sustain.—[Cultivator.

EVERYBODY is using, and everybody is recommending to everybody's friends, Brown's Iron Bitters as a reliable iron medicine, a true tonic.

WHAT FARMERS SHOULD KNOW.

Hints About the Farm.

Apples for winter use should be kept at an even temperature, and as near the freezing point as possible; better go a little below freezing for a short time than continue long above that point. In all cases the air should be dry as well as cool. A cellar wherein a basement furnace is located is unfit for keeping roots or fruit. With every care in opening windows it cannot be kept cool enough.

A French authority gives the following old recipe for testing the age of eggs: Dissolve four and one-half ounces of common salt in a quart of water; an egg placed in this solution on the day it is laid will sink to the bottom; one a day old will not reach quite to the bottom of the vessel; an egg three days old will swim in the liquid, while one more than three days old will swim on the surface.

Peach yellows is a distinct disease, conveyed from one tree to another, by pollen from the flowers, by contact with the roots, and by pruning a healthy tree with a knife used on a diseased one. It sometimes spreads more rapidly and generally over an orchard in other unknown ways, and we have known it to attack trees miles away from any affected with the disease. In any reported observations, it is important to know this disease distinctly, as mistakes are sometimes made by supposing other maladies to be the yellows. The first clear indication is the premature ripening of the fruit, with purple discolorations of the flesh, and deficient flavor. These are followed, usually the next year, by numerous wiry shoots near the centre of the head, a general sickly and yellow appearance and death. No remedy has been found or generally adopted, but quite recently some experiments have been made that point to a copious application of potash or of some of its compounds, as promising a prevention if not a positive cure—muriate of potash having been used for this purpose. The theory assigned is that the vessels of the affected tree are surcharged with starch, which the potash dissolves and dissipates; but further experiments are required. We are not aware that oats, wheat or any other grain has ever caused this disease. We have known it to prevail alike on rich and poor soil, on light and heavy, on cultivated ground, and in orchards seeded to grass; and many instances where peach trees have grown in wheat, oats and other grain crops, without ever being affected with the yellows. It is a common opinion of intelligent cultivators, however, that it is more liable to attack feeble trees, growing in grass or grain, than those with strong growth in a high state of cultivation, although the latter affords no insurance against it, as we have seen some large and fine orchards receiving the best cultivation wholly destroyed by it. Feeble trees are, however, more liable to any disease than vigorous and healthy ones, and we would, therefore, recommend giving peach orchards sufficient culture to cause a good, but not too succulent, growth of well ripened wood, the annual shoots of which should not be less than a foot or two in height on large bearing trees, and more on young ones. We would also advise the application of wood ashes broadcast over the orchard, if they can be procured, as being always useful, and as possibly tending to repel the yellows. A copious growth of oats among young trees would enfeeble them, which might be to such a degree as to cause their death in the entire absence of the yellows. A crop of this grain, in a contiguous field and beyond the roots of the trees, could have no effect on them.

Planters cannot afford to part with the cotton seed grown upon their farms at any price unless its equivalent in manurial value is returned to the soil in some form, writes Commissioner Henderson of Georgia in his recent report. The most simple way of doing this is by an exchange of the seed for an equivalent in value of the cotton seed meal. He considers twenty cents per bushel the least price at which the farmer can afford to sell cotton seed, for the reason that he cannot with less money replace an amount of plant-food equivalent to that removed in the cotton seed, and when this is not done annually deterioration of soil is certain. The high value set upon cotton seed and cotton seed meal shows the fast increasing appreciation of both producers and manufacturers of this substance, only a few years ago considered as almost worthless refuse. To quote from the report: "According to the method of calculating the commercial value of commercial fertilizers, a ton of cotton seed meal is worth $48 62, but it contains an excess of ammonia, which would make an application of the meal alone wasteful. By mixing the meal, however, with a high grade superphosphate (non-ammoniated) a very superior fertilizer is obtained. About the proper proportions would be one of cotton seed meal to two of the superphosphate. The ammonia in the cotton seed meal is potential, and becomes actual only as the articles of the meal decompose, and hence is better than that derived from animal sources, which is more promptly rendered active by the rapid decomposition of the animal matter. The average analyses of six chemists show that whole cotton seed contains, of nitrogen, 2.50 per cent.; phosphoric acid, 1.75 per cent., and potash, 1.15 per cent. According to the valuations applied to the constituents of the meal, the commercial value of the ton of seed is $15 36. There are sixty-six bushels in a ton of the seed, hence $15 36 per ton will be at the rate of twenty-three cents per bushel. If the producers and the mill men can agree upon prices, it is plainly to the advantage of both, and of the whole country, that the oil be not wasted, as it is when the whole seed is used as manure."

Plants cultivated in the house often suffer from being put into pots very much too large for them. The mass of soil, which is quite out of proportion to their needs, by frequent watering, soon gets into such a sour and sodden condition that the roots rot away completely and the plant dies. Even when the amount of soil is not greater than the plant needs, it is quite an easy matter to give too much water to succulents, such as the cactus family, the agaves, crassulas and others of like habit. In fact, these plants, when at rest, as most of them are during winter, need scarcely a drop of water.

Arba Campbell of Oswego, N. Y., has grown four wheat crops in succession by putting in with the seed 200 pounds of superphosphate and 200 pounds of German potash salts. That the land maintains its fertility under this treatment is shown by the fact that the last crop of wheat was fully as good as any. This is very well as an experiment, to show what can be done. It is still a question whether the land would not improve more rapidly and the profits be greater with an intervening crop of clover.

An average day's work for a bricklayer is 1500 bricks on outside and inside walls; on facings and angles and finishing around wood or stonework not more than half this number can be laid. To find the number of bricks in a wall first find the number of square feet of surface, and then multiply by seven for a four-inch wall, by fourteen for an eight-inch wall, by twenty-one for a twelve-inch wall, and by twenty-eight for a sixteen-inch wall.

As to the immediate future of wheat, the low range of prices prevents British India from being as great a competitor as last year; navigation in northern Russia is closed, the fall sowing of wheat in England has been delayed by floods, and our farmers generally are in better condition for holding their crops, while the prevailing low prices tends to increase the consumptive demand all over the civilized world.

Sets, as well as large onions, according to the American Garden, should be kept as dry and cool as possible, without being actually frozen, although they are not injured materially by frost, provided they are not handled while frozen. If spread on a tight barn floor and covered thickly with chaff or cut straw they will keep well till spring.

One of the most successful breeders of fowls in this section says that fowls need rowen hay as a substitute for green grass, and adds that they will eat large quantities of it every day in winter when placed before them. Another breeder writes in high praise of the use of ensilage as winter feed for poultry.

Many large wholesale dealers in tobacco have signed a petition to Congress in favor of the repeal of all taxes on tobacco manufactures. The present dullness in the trade is caused by a prevailing sentiment that radical changes will soon be made in the taxes on tobacco.

The Minneapolis Tribune says that goats are the best land cleaners known. It mentions that a herd of 1000 entirely cleared a piece of brush land, consisting of 500 acres, in three years. So complete was the work that not a vestige of undergrowth was left.

Cheese has advanced in price in the English markets. Creamery butter is lower in Boston than in New York. This is a matter which will soon regulate itself.

TRICKS OF THE TRADE.

Expedients of Storekeepers to Draw a Crowd.

Not the least effective method of attracting attention to their places of business is the custom adopted by a few of our tradespeople of displaying in their windows something of the nature of a novelty. Boston may not have progressed as far in this direction as New York, but she can show none the less several ingenious expedients for causing a crowd to gather in front of a show window. One of the most certain ways of effecting this result is to hire a man to stand in an attitude of wrapt attention before your shop. One of the obvious advantages of this plan lies in the fact that it is not necessary to have a very striking display within. In fact, if the window is empty so much the better. Everybody will wonder what the dickens the fellow is looking at, and as it will take each individual many anxious moments to find this out you may triumphantly succeed in blocking the thoroughfare at a slight expense. The beautiful simplicity of this system is so apparent that it is a wonder that the shopkeepers of Boston do not form a joint association for advertising by this method, and share the expense attending the steady employment of a squad of men to wander about the streets for this express purpose. A little ingenuity and craft is sometimes quite as effective as capital. While it cannot be denied that Jordan, Marsh & Co. or R. H. White, by securing at an enormous outlay an artistic display in their immense windows attract and retain a large crowd in front of their respective buildings all day long, it is nevertheless true that some smaller dealer in commodities, with an almost infinitesimal part of their expense, may contrive to collect a very satisfactory number of passers in front of his establishment. In these days, when almost every show window is made a study, and when specimens of the wares of the merchant are arranged in the most attractive form behind every sheet of plate glass in the street, it requires something entirely out of the usual line to produce the smallest kind of a sensation. It is interesting to note several of the expedients which are now to be seen about the streets of Boston. A sewing machine firm on Tremont street has

Attached to a Crank,

which appears to run a machine in the window, a complete miniature figure of a merry old gentleman, whose wooden visage is illumined with a chronic smile. As he works away at the machine in a most energetic and reckless manner there appears through a slit in a little metalic box at his side a frequent encouragement to the machine-purchasing public in the shape of the brief information that "200,000 were sold in a year," and other facts of a like interesting and seductive nature, interspersed with an occasional bit of news of a humorous sort, such as "This old gentleman is Daddy White," all of which is largely enjoyed by a smiling and well satisfied public. Nothing seems to "take" better than live animals. A saloon on Green street which boasts of a couple of rats, and a similar establishment on Court avenue where several squirrels have the window space all to themselves, are generally the objects of the attention of an edified assembly.

In the window of a hair store on Washington street the presence of a woman's figure completely clothed in a garment made of human hair ingeniously interwoven and arranged has been the means of stopping a large number of people in their progress along the street during the past few weeks. The managers of a gun store on the newer portion of Washington street have attempted a hunting scene in which a life-size sportsman drawing a bead on something or other is pretty sure to rivet the wandering attention of the wayfarer. An art store on School and a stationer's store on Washington street each has a large cylindrical wooden framework turning constantly by machinery. To the horizontal pieces of this framework are attached a large number of photographs or Christmas cards, so that the passer-by who stops to gaze is rewarded by a long and entertaining panorama. A Tremont street confectioner has a very neatly made castle on the Rhine in miniature, about which the observer is at liberty to cast the glamor of any kind of a feudal romance she chooses. The window of a small ware and trimming store on the same street is just at present the object of the pleased examination of a large number of ladies and children, who pause to observe the congregation of French dolls which are arranged in various lifelike attitudes. Shuman & Co. have secured a good audience by a window piece which represents two lads, one of whom has a very open and doleful countenance, and the other of whom presents in his features the traces of a very cheerful frame of mind. Both youths are apparently returning home from school. The lugubrious youth has fallen down and

Torn His Trousers

and broken his slate. A placard at his feet contains the following lament, the grammatical construction of which is altogether too formal for a school boy of today: "What will mother say now that I have torn my trousers?" And his companion answers him by the same method: "Tell her to buy you a pair of Shuman's cavalry kneed knockabouts which won't tear."

Wilmot & Co. draw attention to the display of goods with which their window is filled by the simple though very happy device of a couple of automatic toys which amuse the grown-up children on the street very much.

Jordan, Marsh & Co. have their large and commodious window space at the present time devoted to a very attractive arrangement of some of the lines of goods which they sell. But the whole thing is on such a colossal scale and is so artistically done that it calls for mention even in an article of this sort.

R. H. White & Co. have just lifted their window curtain upon a scene which seriously interferes with quick locomotion along that portion of the sidewalk in front of their store. It contains a number of Arctic and tropical animals in their respective groups, with appropriate scenery in the background and realistic properties scattered about in profusion.

The number of our store windows in which an unusually attractive array of the goods for sale inside is the means of attracting a very good audience is so great that it would be wearisome even to mention them. There is one class of retailers in this city which does not appear to be so abandoned to practices of this kind as their contemporaries in New York. A Brooklyn cigar dealer has an Indian leaning on a gun in his window, both the Indian and the gun being made entirely of real cigars. Another dealer has a figure of a young man sitting on a box, with his hand supporting his chin and his arm firmly braced on his knees. He is drawing desperately on a rickety specimen of a cigar in his mouth, and in this effort he is aided by a large plaster located at the back of his neck. At his feet is the inscription, "We don't sell this kind of a cigar. Come in and see."

HORTICULTURAL PHENOMENON.

Extraordinary Horizontal Growth of an Apple Tree Springing from Inverted Roots.

About eighteen years ago John Meiner, a Milwaukee distiller, planted upside down—with the roots in air and the foliage in the ground—a number of small shoots of an apple tree. All except one withered and died. Singularly enough the surviving shoot thrived and began to throw out nodose branches, whose general direction is parallel with the ground. When the hardy tree arrived at a proper age it began to develop fruit in the manner of the ordinary apple tree, whose roots and rootlets are firmly imbedded in soil. The apples are well shaped, esculent and sour, and do not betoken in any way that they grew from inverted roots, like potatoes out of ground. Meiner says that a similar experiment was tried near his native town in Germany, and the recollection of a tree whose descending axes were unnaturally trained to ascend, suggested to him the idea of planting this curious scrub. Meiner's tree has attained the height of five feet, and the broad table-shaped top is about thirty feet in diameter, and spreads out in every direction, forming, beneath the branches, a cosy arbor, in which are arranged a number of rustic seats. The trunk is ten inches in diameter and the bark smooth and regular. The branches have never been trimmed or dressed in any way, but props have been placed beneath the limbs to support them and keep them from breaking or drooping to the ground with their own weight. The soil in which this remarkable botanical curiosity is planted is a rich black earth and the tree receiving nurture from its deformed branches has developed limbs, flourishes with foliage and yields fruit in parts where, if it had not been inverted, rootlets would have grown. In favorable years it bears two bushels of apples. At a distance it appears like a leafy umbrella, and many mistake it for one of the hideously trimmed fancy scrubs that are sometimes placed in metropolitan parks.

Increase in the Area of Europe Discovered.

From a lately published work by General Strelbitsky, "La Superficie de l'Europe," it appears that Europe is 133,000 square kilometres larger than was supposed. General Strelbitsky has founded his calculations on the most careful measurements, and ascertained that Europe has a superficies of 10,010,486 square kilometres; of which 9,346,028 belong to the continent, and 664,463 to the islands, a calculation which differs considerably from those hitherto made. If General Strelbitsky be correct the size of Scandinavia, France and Hungary has hitherto been undervalued, while that of Italy, Great Britain, Spain and Portugal has been exaggerated. The three smallest European States have the following size: Lichtenstein, 159; San Marino, 85; and Andorra, 21 square kilometres; the latter being almost three times smaller than the city of Berlin, which has a superficies of 60.6 square kilometres.

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A Series of Papers on the Hygienics of the Toilet.

How to Have Beautiful Hair—Suggestions Concerning Bonnets.

The New England young woman, and particularly that portion of her that resides in Boston, has for a long time had to stand as the sole target for all sorts of fun about her culture and her eyeglasses. She has been laughed at by all the newspapers in the country, though good-naturedly and with only half-concealed pride in her attainments and ability, because she reads Spencer and Huxley and Darwin and Haeckel. She has been charged with conjugating Greek verbs while she crimps her hair and working out logarithmic calculations on the back of the family washing bill; it has been declared that she addresses the moon in Sanscrit, and will leave her breakfast at any time—even though it be a breakfast of baked beans—to analyze and classify a new kind of flower. She has been taken as the embodiment and representative of all the higher education, the culture and the intellectual advancement of all the women of the country; and, as if she had a monopoly of it all, has been made the sole recipient of all the facetious remarks, the playful satire and the good-natured raillery that have been called out thereby.

But the young woman of Boston ought to be allowed a respite from all this bombarding with witticisms and jests. She ought to be allowed to divide the burden of responsibility for culture and advancement, since she is not the sole possessor thereof. The Western young woman has followed zealously in her footsteps until she now has reached a point where she is undoubtedly entitled to have bent upon her a portion of the fusilade of allegedly witty paragraphs of which the youthful feminine Bostonian has heretofore received the full measure. Has the young woman who resides in Boston and traces her ancestry back to the Mayflower joined herself with clubs for the study of German philosophy, for the reading of Spencer? Has she gotten up classes for studying everything imaginable that she supposed would be "advancing" and "broadening" to her mental faculties? Has she, by way of relaxation and preparation for the probable duties of life, dipped her fingers daintily in the rising dough, stood speculatively considering the broiling beefsteak and boiled potatoes under the direction of a professor of cooking? The young woman who inhabits the prairie towns of Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and the other Western States, has looked on, admired and done likewise. She has her cooking club, to which she is devoted, and with which she spends two or three half days each week. She belongs to an Emerson club, wherein the writings of that philosopher, who is always dear to the young, are read and talked about. She belongs to an ancient history class, where, under the instructions of a teacher, she follows the lines of the development of ancient nations, and compares them with those of modern times. She meets with a little assembly to study American literature critically, biographically and historically. One season she joins a club to study the development of the French drama, and the next she plunges into political economy. Then she and her elder sister and her mother join a State social science club and prepare and read papers on social questions and problems of every imaginable sort. And after a time the mother joins the Association for the Advancement of Women, or the Social Science Association, or some other national organization, and carries home to her daughters full accounts of the proceedings, and they listen in eager admiration; attend the meetings occasionally, and after a time themselves become members.

And so their life goes on, very similar to the life of the New England young woman who has come to be considered such a paragon of culture and such an exponent of the results of higher education. And, all things considered, it would certainly be just as well to turn at least a part of the batteries of fun, under which she has borne up heroically for so long, upon her Western sister. She of the East has earned a respite, let her of the West take her turn.

A Series of "Beauty Papers."

The Woman's Hour begins this week a series of papers which will speak of preserving and increasing the beauties of face and form by natural means. They will treat not so much of the arts as of the hygienics of the toilet. Beauty is an endowment to be prized greatly and to be made the most of. The desire to be beautiful is not an ignoble desire, and whenever the charms with which one has been gifted by nature can be heightened by natural means it should be done. The results of artificial means never give the same pleasure to their possessor that comes from the knowledge that her charms are her own. Moreover, they always carry with them some manifest evidence of their artificiality, and who cares to look at or admire a complexion taken out of a box? And besides, artificial aids to the toilet will in time destroy the natural charms it was intended they should supplement, and leave her who has once employed them to any extent in time entirely dependent upon them. It is possible, however, to take such care of one's daily doings and to make such use of whatever gifts nature has bestowed that there will be no need of artificial aids. It is to showing how this can be done, how proper care of the hair, the complexion, the hands, the feet, the form, all parts of the body, can overcome natural deficiencies, increase and preserve natural charms.

We begin this week with the proper care of the hair.

Washington Allston once said that he thought the most beautiful thing in nature to be woman's hair. A woman can possess no other physical charm greater than a head of long, thick, soft hair. It does not matter what color it may be—any is beautiful if the hair itself is fine, soft, thick and long. And this is an endowment which it is in the power of most women to possess, if they desire it. The natural endowment may be more or less, for beautiful heads of hair go by heredity, but it is possible for almost any one, with patience and care, to induce a luxuriant growth and to refine and soften stiff, coarse locks. Hair is usually considered an index of vitality, and it will very frequently be found that the vigorous constitution, and the abundant nervous force are accompanied by rapidly growing locks, thick and heavy. But this is not always true. The first requisite for a desirable chevelure is a clean, healthy scalp. It must be kept free from dust and all unhealthy accumulations. With some this is almost an impossibility, but it can be accomplished with tolerable thoroughness. A wash made by dissolving an ounce of salts of tartar in a quart of soft water is one of the best cleansers. Apply it to the scalp until that part of the hair next the scalp is quite wet, rub the scalp hard with the fingers and wash both hair and scalp thoroughly in soft water. If troubled with dandruff this process, repeated every week or two, will keep the scalp perfectly clean. It has vigorizing qualities also that make it a valuable toilet accessory, as its use, if persevered in for several months, will frequently start a growth of new hair, prevent baldness from increasing, and cause the hair that is beginning to have a dull, dead look to begin to grow and appear vital and glossy. These results will not invariably follow, as the cause of the falling off and the deadening of the hair may not be in the scalp alone. But whenever it is the use of this wash will be followed by beneficial results. It leaves the hair, as thorough cleansing of the scalp always does, rather dry, as all the oil is washed off the hair and the oil cells can not replenish the stock for several days. But vigorous brushing will do much to overcome this difficulty. Without a great deal of this it is impossible to possess a beautiful head of hair. The question is often asked whether a wire or a bristle brush is better. It depends almost entirely upon the hair and the scalp. If the hair is thin and the scalp tender and irritable it will be almost impossible to use the wire brush. But if the hair is thick and heavy and the scalp rather sluggish in its action, the bristle brush will be found little better than no brush at all. Less than a hundred vigorous strokes of the brush, occupying about three minutes' time, should not be given the hair daily if glossy, silken, luxurious tresses are desired. Less than this will not accomplish the result, no matter what other care of the hair is taken.

Ammonia and water also form a good wash for the scalp, being cleansing and invigorating. Soda dissolved in water is also frequently used, because of its cleansing properties, and because of the golden tint it gives to brown, blonde or reddish hair. But any alkaline wash, if used too frequently or steadily, tends to deaden the hair and to cause it to break, split and fall out. Any hair, no matter how vigorous and luxuriant, is liable to split at the ends, and as long as it is left so its growth is stopped. The ends should be carefully trimmed every month. The use of a pomade of any kind is a sure index of vulgarity. Except in very unusual cases the scalp furnishes all the oil the hair needs. When it does not, the only dressing that should be used is the best quality of glycerine very much diluted with water, a few drops of ammonia having been added to the mixture. This should be applied to the scalp, not the hair, and the brush should be used thoroughly after the application. There is excuse, however, for oiling the hair just before taking a sea bath, as the oil protects the hair from injury from the salt water. But the hair should be thoroughly cleansed upon coming out of the bath with a dilution of ammonia. Farther discussion of the subject must be reserved for the next paper, which will perhaps also contain some reference to the proper care of the complexion.

Dress Bonnets.

Harper's Bazar has the following on the subject of dress bonnets:

There is an attempt to restore flowers to favor as a garniture for bonnets instead of the feathers that have so long been in favor. At day wedding receptions, and on first nights at the theatres, the very small bonnet is the fashionable choice, and is now made very narrow from back to front, but with full broad effect like that given by the Alsacian bow. The entire front, with its puffed out sides, is made of small flowers on the newest Paris bonnets, and the crown is of plain velvet, either shrimp, pink, rose, pale blue, Nile green, or the palest shades of strawberry or terra-cotta red. Other bonnets are entirly of velvet of some quaint shade, perhaps rather dark for evening, and are brightened by a cluster of natural-looking pink roses; the strings are of pink, China crape, or else of ottaman ribbon. Black velvet is brightened by a silver cord on its edge, folds of white satin, two or three small white ostrich tips, or else black ones powdered with silver, and loops and strings of white Japanese silk crinkled like crape. There has seldom been a season when a bonnet could be made more easily, or of more varied material and of smaller pieces, without the appearance of being made by inexperienced hands. The full crowns are easily covered by two or three lengthwise box pleats, or by more irregular pleatings cut to suit the cloth on hand, and may be of a different material from that on the front. The edge of the brim has a puffed velvet binding, or is finished with a row of plush striped ribbon, or with metal braid, either silver or gold, or else a piece of beaded galloon will serve this purpose. Across the front is some bias velvet held in puffed-out folds on each side, with a metal clasp in the middle, and the flowers or tips are stuck outward low on the left side. If the brim is covered smoothly wider Japanese silk passes across it and is lengthened into strings. Bits of embroidered velvet in many colors, or in a single color like the dress trimmings, are used for crowns, and also for entire bonnets. The large bonnets and round hats are banished from the theatre, opera or church, but are seen on the promenade and with visiting costumes.

THE WRECK OF THE WEARMOUTH.

Thrilling Account of the Escape of the Survivors from the Doomed Steamer.

HALIFAX, N. S., December 4.—The survivors of the wreck of the steamer Wearmouth arrived from the Magdalene islands last week on the last steamer of the season. The chief engineer, the only surviving officer, says the Wearmouth, Captain Evan Evans, left Quebec November 10, and had good weather until the 19th. From 6 a. m. of that day the storm increased in fury until at 10.30 p. m. it had become a gale. A few minutes later the steamer struck and could not be got off. All night the crew remained on the steamer, which was fast breaking up, not daring to launch the boats in so heavy a sea. Continuing, he says:

At about 8 a. m. the funnel telescoped and went below, the masts and yards swayed and every minute threatened to fall. The ship, which as far as we could judge, was a mile from the shore at first striking, was gradually being washed nearer land over a sandy bottom. About 10 a. m. we saw the ship was parting at the after part of the bridge, but the men still held, and so far none had been lost. Just before 11 the upper bridge and wheel began to tumble on those refuged in the sail-room below. The men called out:

"Let Us Take to the Boats;"

and the captain, seeing that the ship was going to pieces, told them to do so. All started out on deck. I remained to pull out two life buoys I had seen under the sails, and when I got out on deck I found all hands, except the captain and second mate, in the starboard lifeboat. The boatswain cried: "Pass the buoys into the boat." I passed one, and, holding on to the other, climbed in. I saw the captain lowering the jolly-boat, and, getting out of the lifeboat, I went to his assistance, the second mate following. On getting into the jolly-boat we found only three oars, two of which were broken and the third split up the middle. The captain called to shove off, as he was afraid we would be drawn into the yawning crack in the side of the vessel and be crushed to pieces. The after part was then remaining, but had almost broken apart, and the two sections were swinging back and forth together, every moment threatening to sink. The lifeboat was not yet launched, and I saw no more of it. We shoved the jolly-boat clear, and the captain took the only available oar, the split one, and tried to scull the boat and keep her head to the sea, the mate and myself bailing. The third breaker, after leaving the ship, caught the boat and knocked her broadside to the sea. The captain, seeing he had not time to bring her to again, tried to get her before it, but, before he could do so, another breaker came and swamped her. I was washed out, and saw no more of the rest. The life buoy I had held on to kept me up, and I struck out for the shore. I watched the breakers, and as they came I dived under, thus escaping the force of the water and blows from the floating deals from the deck.

In About Twenty Minutes I Was Washed Ashore,

but had great difficulty in getting upon the beach, owing to the strong undertow. A breaker carried me on top of a pile of deals about three feet high, and, clinging to it till the waves receded, I crawled over the deals to the beach, and then had to keep digging my fingers into the sand to prevent being carried back by the small breakers. I saw the boatswain, Hugh McLachlan, a moment later, crawling over the deals. We were both very much exhausted, and, when we got up on the sand bank, we were unable to walk. The nearest house was at least two miles away. Two of the seamen, John Townsend and John Martin, were presently washed ashore, but neither the man who had secured the other life buoy, nor any of the rest, were anywhere to be seen. We were all too stupefied and exhausted by exposure to move, and remained on the beach some time; then, seeing no signs of any more survivors, we started in search of shelter, and reached a house three hours later. It turned out to be one of the Magdalene island telegraph stations, but nobody was there. I afterward found that the operator's provisions had given out, and he had started for a supply. We broke the door open, and, making a fire, took what tea and bread there were to be found. At about 5 p. m. an operator returned, and from him we found that we had struck on Wolf Island, about a mile east of Point du Loup. Another resident of the island turned up, and we went down to the beach to see if any more of our unfortunate shipmates had been washed ashore, but returned unsuccessful. The next morning we found the fireman, a Maltese, named Anto Magrow, in another house. He had been washed ashore, and had spent the night in the bush, without anything to eat.

We Searched the Beach and Bushes

for survivors or bodies, but found none. McLachlan, the boatswain, says those in the lifeboat, in attempting to get her clear of the davits, cut the painter and tackle with an axe, which caused the boat to swing inward, and, capsizing, turned all hands into the sea. The boat then fell into the water bottom up. They made several unsuccessful attempts to right the boat, the men hanging on both sides and sitting on the bottom. Driven to desperation, the men began to clutch each other to save themselves. Two or three of them kept their senses about them, and, seeing it would be death to keep in a crowd, struck out for the shore. There were seventeen men altogether in the water, and the boatswain saw no more of them after he started to swim for the shore. The five survivors, seeing no probability of finding any more of their comrades, proceeded to House harbor, which they reached in time to take the last steamer of the season from Magdalene islands for Pictou. The lost are: Captain Evan Evans, 41 years old, who leaves a young widow; First Mate George T. Draper, 31 years old, of Spalding, Lincolnshire, Eng., who leaves a widow and one child, born since he left home. He was one of the crew of the Ayton, which foundered in the North sea thirteen months ago. Second Mate Richard Travilleck, 50 years old, of Liverpool, Eng., who leaves a widow and four children; Second Engineer E. Saunders of London, who leaves a widow and two children; Third Engineer Francis Callender of Cork, age 26, single; Steward Lee of Taunton, Somerset, Eng., age 43, who leaves a widow and five children; Cook Joseph Wood of west of England, aged 50, single; Carpenter Prosser of Bristol, leaves a widow and eight children; Donkey Engineman Thomas Derby of Liverpool, leaves a widow and three children; Fireman Fred Merriott, 26, of London, leaves a widow and two children; Fireman Jacob Morenhausen of Hamburg, leaves a widow and three children; Fireman George Beer of London, single; Fireman John Purvis of Sunderland, G. B., single; Seaman William Mayfield of England, single; Seaman James Harris of England, single. The Wearmouth was two years old last July.

A STONE'S REMARKABLE SETTING.

A Carpenter's Oil Stone Made to Reveal a Mysterious Secret.

[New York Sun.]

William Harper of 259 West 125th street bought a carpenter's oil stone in William O'Grady's junk shop, at 305 West Thirty-seventh street, on Friday morning. The block in which the stone was set was covered with thick iron-ore paint. Harper put it in the oven of the kitchen stove at home to heat it so that the paint could be scraped off easily. When he scraped it off he found that the block had a false bottom. Putting it to his ear, he shook it, and something rattled. Prying off the bottom, he found within eight paper cylinders about three-quarters of an inch in diameter and three inches long. A small piece of solder was in one end of each cylinder, and a copper wire ran from it to the other end. The cylinders were filled with what looked like yellow grease.

Harper took the thing to the police station in One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street and showed it to Sergeant Wilson. Wilson moved away and said to a detective: "McSherry, take that thing away from here." Detective McSherry, with Harper and Alderman Joe McAvoy, got on a car with the thing and went down to police headquarters. Superintendent Walling pondered and finally said: "These are nitro-glycerine cartridges." Harper and McSherry carried them carefully to North river and dropped them in.

The bottom of the whetstone block had been hollowed out for the cartridges, and they had been closed over with a bit of cigar-box cover, tacked on with two brads. O'Grady, the junk man, says he bought the whetstone, with a chestful of other tools, from two Englishmen two months ago. There were two spades, two fancy hoes, several saws, planes, augers, etc., in the chest. He bought the tools only. The Englishmen carried away the chest. They did not leave their names.

GIRLS FOR GENERAL HOUSEWORK WANTED AT Y. E. A. OFFICE, 19 WINTER STREET.

"MERRIE CHRISTMAS."

Hints on Christmas Gifts—A Christmas Cross—Polo and Tam O'Shanter Caps.

Now that with so little money such a variety of material is obtainable from which lovely presents can be made no one, need lament her inability to remember those she wishes to at this one time of all the year. One of the little clover leaf or trefoil tables makes a charming gift, and both cost and labor are trifling. In the city they are easily obtained, and the village carpenter can make one with a few directions. The top should be of seasoned wood, any kind; cut clover leaf shape, and well fastened on three legs, turned, and a little less than an inch in diameter; these legs should meet and be securely fastened together about the middle, then separate, reaching the floor some distance apart. Cover the top with flannel or cloth of any color preferred, stretching it tightly and tacking closely around the edge. Purchase some gillnet twine, the sort fishermen use in hanging their gill nets. No. 9 is the best size, and costs thirty-five cents a pound. The quantity needed depends so entirely upon the size of the table that no guide can be given. It is better to have too much or it may not match in color, and what is left can be returned. Examine it before purchasing to see if the color is uniform. A light ecru works up very well. Use rubber knitting-needles a trifle small for the work, as it must be knit tightly. Cast on thirty-one stitches; knit the first one, bring the thread toward you, carrying it between the points of the needles across the stitch, then around to the back just as it was when you first knit it; knit one plain, and then commence the herring-bone. Throw the thread toward you, and knit two stitches together; there will now be a loop and a stitch on the needle, instead of the two stitches you had on the other needle. Knit one stitch plain, and continue the herring-bone across the work until you have only four stitches left on the needle you are taking from. Have ready a number of strands for the fringe, each one six times the length you wish the fringe to be when finished. If it is to be twelve inches, cut each one two yards long; if eighteen, three yards must be allowed. When the table will admit it, the latter size is to be preferred. Divide each strand into three, so that it may now be one-third its original length, but three thicknesses; lay the middle of this length between the last stitch knit and the first one of the four left on the other needle. It will now be at right angles with the work, one end on the side nearest the knitter, the other on the opposite. Knit one stitch of the four; bring over the length farthest from you. They will now be together on the side nearest the knitter. Knit the second and third of the four stitches; put the threads over, so that all shall be on the other side of the work, and knit the last stitch, leaving the threads hanging for the fringe. In the next row knit the four stitches plainly, then one, taking the loop with the stitch that was plain in the preceding row; the constant widening and narrowing, never knitting a plain row, forms the herring-bone. At the end of every row pull the work down to even it, and count the stitches frequently, as, if not particular, there is danger of losing or gaining. The herring-bone may be varied, if preferred, by making it into two rows, instead of one wide one, dividing them by a row of large holes, through which ribbon can be run. The peculiar way of managing the thread when commencing the end opposite the fringe forms a tiny loop, that keeps the macrame in place when tacked on the table; this should be done with large brass-headed nails passed through those tiny loops, then nailed to the edge of the covered table-top. Even the fringe, using sharp scissors, and carelessly tie it in large, loose knots at regular distances. This knit fringe is an excellent substitute for real macrame, at no comparison whatever of time and trouble.

Almost the Only Home-Made Mat I Ever Cared to Own

was one knit of little pieces of zephyr; old shawls, nubias and sontags of a bygone generation had been utilized; mittens had been washed and ravelled out. Cut first from a piece of clean carpeting—old ingrain will answer as well as any, in fact better than a heavy Brussels—a piece the size the mat is to be when finished. Reserve the freshest for the outer side, and baste down the cut edge so as to avoid all ravelling on the other. It not only makes a neat finish, but gives strength, which is needed. The border is to be knit, and should be either black or a blue that is only a shade off. Use ordinary small steel knitting-needles, and, putting on twelve stitches, knit backward and forward what is called garter stitch, until you have a strip as long as the greatest length of the carpet. Bind off, dampen thoroughly and press until dry with a moderately hot iron. To remove the imperceptible moisture place in a warm, not hot, oven over night. Knit five of these strips of black—a large mat will require seven—and these serve for the border at the top and bottom. The colored wools go in the centre, and it will be richer and handsomer if the predominant colors are blue, white and yellow; dark and bright red, pinks, greens, and other colors added in smaller proportions. In knitting the other rows commence and end each one with black to a length of three or four inches, according to the width of black allowed at top and bottom. Do not divide the colors with any regularity, but knit two or three inches of one color, break off the wool, and, joining another, have an inch or so of that. When all the strips are finished and thoroughly dry, cut each one lengthwise right down the middle, thus making two from each. Ravel the stitches to within a short distance of the edge, just enough to sew on the foundation. The ravelled wool will have a crinkled, wavy appearance that is very pretty. Sew on half the strips of black, using coarse black thread and allowing the outer one to extend beyond the carpet sufficiently to conceal it. Next put on the colored rows, the length of black at either end serving for the border at the sides. There must be a sufficient number of strips to have them placed very closely together when sewed on, so that it may be a heavy mass, not separating and showing the foundation. These mats are nearer in color and texture to the pretty imported ones than I ever saw, and in the tasteful parlor of its clever worker made a very pretty bit of coloring.

Old Bits of Silk Can be Utilized

into table scarfs. Cleanse well any soiled pieces you may have of old dresses, either the dress itself or the trimmings, or bits of ribbon that have done service on hats, bonnets, or as scarfs and ties. Cut and sew together as you would carpet rags; that is, into pieces about a quarter of an inch in width. Rubber needles that are bought for the purpose of knitting these silk rags, as they are called, can be found at any of the stores. The number of stitches put on must depend upon the width the scarf is to be. One hundred stitches make a width of twenty-seven inches when knit not too tightly. The pieces can be used just as they come, without any arrangement, or a more studied and prettier effect can be given. Wind all the solid colors, such as browns or grays, into balls, and the gayer ones separately. Knit the latter into the border, which will be the first end of the work, any depth desired; then use the plain balls, finishing the last end with the same depth of the brighter, as the first. It can be varied again by arranging the highly-colored pieces in rows at either end, imitating as far as possible the design in a Roman scarf or tie. The ends can be finished with a heavy silk fringe. Milliners and dressmakers often have a variety of pieces that can be cut and worked in to advantage. Two widths can be used as a portiere for a narrow door, but allowance must be made in the length for the sagging that is apt to follow much use, unless done by a very careful knitter, whose work is very evenly done throughout, not loose in some places and tight in others. The slight ravelling, and the consequent fuzziness that comes to the edge of the strips while knitting is not by any means an objection, but rather an improvement, for it blends and softens the colors one into another. Heavy linen, either cream-colored or white,

Can be Shaped into Dainty Bureau Covers,

or equally useful washstand protectors. Either plainly hem or edge with lace. Draw all over the material, as if wafted there by the breeze, autumn leaves—maple, sumac and five-finger, working in outline stitch and veining, using either shaded crewels or silk. Give the brilliant coloring nature does in the real leaves, studying the character of each, and you will find there has been a lesson in it as well as a little bit of art-work. Those who can attempt yet more in the way of drawing can fashion one of the lovely fringed-work aprons now so much desired by every art amateur. A very quaint design is that of three or four children seated on chairs and stools, and busily engaged at their work. In the opposite corner, and a trifle higher, the couplet,

"When the day is flitting
We all take out our knitting."

Use one shade of brown silk for the latter, and a darker one for the children; both should, however, harmonize with the stuff. Other colors can be used, but do not have the same effect. Another pretty design is a kitten playing with a ball of yarn that belongs to a partly-knit stocking or mitten. Arrange these that they shall not come just in the middle of the apron, but a little at the side. Often in a family a handsome present for one of its members, to which the rest have all contributed, is more available than the many less handsome ones. Cut from cheese cloth, cotton crepe cloth, which is a new material, or bunting, enough pieces, four inches square, to nearly cover the top of the bed. Line each one with muslin of any shade desired, and, turning in both outside and lining, run together with large stitches. Embroider in outline work a small design on each, using colored silks or crewels.

The Pattern May Be a Very Simple One,

and the work of one color if preferred. Cut as many pieces of effective but inexpensive lace insertion, two inches wide, as you have squares of material, each piece of insertion being a trifle longer than the squares. Turn in and run down the raw edges of each end, until both squares and lace are the same length; overseam them together, having a piece of insertion between each two pieces of material, until there is a strip the length desired for the spread. Unite these to equally long ones of insertion. If an extra finish is desired, edge the whole affair with lace; but it will do very nicely without, and can be merely tucked in. A beautiful fire-screen can be made from a square of stamped plush or velvet. The simplest way is to outline the design with heavy silk or arrasene; but when more labor can be bestowed, fill in the larger flowers with heavy work and knot stitch. Use any material or stitch that will give the effect you want. For the stamens, make the knots very heavy, piling one over another until it is one mass of work, keeping a regularity about it all through, or the work will be careless-looking. Long strips of cretonne, selecting a floriated pattern, make very artistic and showy mantel lambrequins. Use the English crewels for the main embroidery, and filoselle for the more delicate part, where it is desired to lighten it. Do not piece the material, but purchase enough to go around the mantel, cutting off a strip the width you wish. The remainder will be available for chair backs and sofa cushions, either worked in the same manner or used just as it is. The piece cut for the mantel is now nothing more than the groundwork with a design stamped upon it, and must be treated as such. Use satin, Kensington or knot stitch, shading the flowers and leaves as much like nature as possible. Tiny gilt spangles here and there add very much to the beauty; avoid steel, as it soon rusts, even if of the best quality. The cheaper qualities of Madras curtains form charming sofa pillows. The ground is generally cream color, with groupings of flowers in pinks and blues. Outline them in filoselle or arrasene, not too heavily, but enough to accent them somewhat. Indian silk, a new fabric, at two dollars a yard, the tint a crushed strawberry, is also very satisfactory. Trace a little at one side a few interlaced disks, and outline them with silk in a darning stitch, having the long one on top and the short one on the back. Balance these with a few geometric figures. Break the centres by what are called "Japanese sky lines"—a few straight lines close together, but not of uniform length—to break the monotony; they can be put in with silk of the same or a contrasting color. The soft foulard satins used for dresses the groundwork a creamy white, and the design Pompadour bouquets of pale pink and blue, show a touch of embroidery here and there very effectively.

To cover a handsome pillow that is subjected to real wear and tear, ornament a square of fine lace-edged linen with drawn-work. It may have a border around it, and the centre subdivided into smaller squares. Tiny clover blossoms and sprays in the natural color of the flower give it a very dainty and inviting appearance.—[Harper's Bazar.

Hints for Christmas Gifts.

"What shall I make for Christmas?" is the question that is now heard on all sides, and a few hints for simple and easily-made fancy articles may prove of use to our readers. When the geese are killed, be sure and secure all the soft, downy feathers, for down pillows are one of fashion's newest fancies, and they are certainly delightful for sofas large and easy chairs. These pillows are half a yard square, covered with pliable silk or satin merveilleux, and embroidered with dainty designs, or they may be made of the India silk, which comes in exquisite patterns of flowers, almost as beautiful as handwork. If the pillow is to be used by an invalid, a case of linen to be drawn on and off should accompany it, and this may be made quite elaborate by drawing the threads, and working them over with colored linen thread. For a young lady, a chatelaine bag will be an acceptable gift. The shape is usually a square, with three gathers at the top, but it is prettier to round the corners and edge with lace. These bags match the costume with which they are worn, or for evening wear are made in the shape of a triangle or heart, of satin, or black velvet, and painted or embroidered with bright red strawberries, with butterflies hovering over them. A spray of holly, with its brilliant scarlet berries, would also be pretty. They are suspended from the arm by a colored ribbon, tied in a bow at the top. Grandma will appreciate an embroidered velvet case for her spectacles, and a tasty autumn leaf pen-wiper may be made of four shades of cloth—red, brown old gold and olive. Cut one of each color, but of different sizes, into the form of a maple leaf—for which natural leaves will serve as patterns—and vein with silk, the red with green, olive with scarlet, gold with brown, and brown with yellow. Arrange them in a spray, overlapping each other, with two medium-sized ones in the centre, and a small one at the top. Back with a piece of the olive cloth, and put in two bits of chamois skin for the wiper, fastening all together with a bow of cardinal and old gold-colored ribbon.

A pretty design for a wall-pocket is a pair of bellows. The shape of the bellows should be cut out of thin wood or paste-board, and covered with cretonne satin, or plush, as may be desired. Three-cornered pieces of silk are fitted in the sides, and the nozzle is formed of a graduated roll of pasteboard, covered with gilt paper. The front may be decorated in any way that fancy dictates.

A Christmas Cross of Mosses.

Very pretty moss crosses can be made by following the directions below, with little trouble and expense. They are especially beautiful as Christmas decorations. Wreaths and stars can be arranged in the same manner. The frame, made of any kind of wood, no matter how rough, is twelve to fourteen inches high, and the length of the arms in proportion. Gather from the woods a large quantity of the soft crinkly moss, which clings to rocks in damp places, and carefully dry it in the sun for a few hours, then scrape off the loose earth neatly. Make a stiff paste of flour and water and spread it over the back of the moss, and cover the entire cross. Paste a piece of scarlet flannel on the bottom end, to keep the table from being scratched and to give a neater appearance to the work. While collecting the moss gather also other ornamental things, such as the little red cups and white cups among the gray "mosses," and little twigs covered with lichens. The hanging "moss," called "old man's beard," is very pretty, and you will need yards of it. The bitter-sweet is another essential ornament. Tiny autumn leaves and small ferns can be pressed and made of great service. When the moss covering is dry the cross is ready for decorating. Beginning at the base, make a mound all around it of the little red and white cups; stand among these the little moss-covered twigs, also ferns, and a delicate variety of dried grasses. The body of the cross may be arranged according to taste, adding the different kinds of mosses and lichens, which grow on rocks in various shapes and colors. A small vine that nature has gayly colored may be pressed and gracefully twined across the front. Add the bitter-sweet berries to help give brilliance. When the decorating is finished drape in a light graceful manner with the hanging moss. When completed this cross is a beautiful and appropriate emblem for Christmas.

Polo and Tam O'Shanter Caps.

These little caps, that are so much worn now, not only by children, but young ladies and gentlemen also, are very simple in their construction, and a quick crocheter can make one in a day, as well as attend to many other duties. The polo is much smaller than the Tam O'Shanter. Get from three to five ounces of single zephyr or Germantown wool of any color that you think desirable, scarlet being the preferred color here, but light blue, with a rich crimson pompon and ribbon to match run through the band, is very pretty, as well as a light olive green, which is also considered desirable; but this can be governed by individual taste. Get, also, a crochet hook, No. 9 or 10, and set up six stitches in chain stitch, which join in a ring. Work ten stitches into this ring of six for the first round; in the second round make two stitches in each stitch; third round, two stitches in every third stitch; fourth to seventh round, two stitches in every fourth stitch; eighth to twelfth round, two stitches in every twelfth stitch; thirteenth to twenty-third round, two stitches in every sixteenth stitch; twenty-fourth to twenty-ninth round, two stitches in every twenty-eighth stitch; thirtieth round, work round without increasing; thirty-first to thirty-sixth round, work round, decreasing by omitting every twenty-eighth stitch; thirty-seventh to forty-seventh round, work round by decreasing every sixteenth stitch; forty-eighth round, work round, increasing by working two in every sixth stitch; forty-ninth to fifty-sixth round, work round without increasing or diminishing; these last seven rows to be worked tighter than the rest of the cap. Instead of the pompon, you may make a tuft of the wool by taking a card about two inches wide and winding the wool around it and then tying it with coarse, strong thread, cutting the ends and then trimming it into shape. A navy blue cap with crimson wool tuft and worked border is quite stylish. It will be well to tie a piece of white cotton in the ninth row to mark the beginning of each row. These caps are worked in single or double crochet, as suits the fancy of the worker, but the stitch is taken through both stitches of the chain.

Treasure Trove in Paris.

A hidden treasure recently brought to light in the demolition of an old house in the Rue Viejlle du Temple, Paris, turns out to be of great value. No fewer than 7822 gold pieces, intrinsically worth more than £4000, were found in a copper jar. The coins bear the superscriptions of John the Good, Charles V., Guillaume de Beauregard, Guillaume de la Garde, Raymond III. and several other local rulers, and many of them are exceedingly rare. The two workmen who unearthed the vase were, according to French law on treasure trove, entitled to half the value of the coins, which was at once paid them by the proprietors of the house. Delighted with their luck, they first indulged in a lengthy carouse, and then, by the light of a lantern, set about digging among the foundations of the old house, in the hopes of finding more. Being disappointed, they vanished from Paris, and have not since been heard of. The coins are being examined by an expert, and will be sold at public auction. The house wherein the discovery was made dated from the fourteenth century, and had been occupied by the Marquis d'Effiat, marquis of France, and superintendent of finance.

A Swiss Hurricane.

Pastor Strasser of Grindelwald gives in the Oberland a graphic account of the terrible storm which wrought such havoc in the Grindelwald Valley on Friday, October 27: "The 'fohn,' as to whose origin meteorologists are not yet agreed (he writes), which all summer brought with it nothing but rain, has just played us a prank that was little short of tragical and will be remembered in the valley for generations. It began to blow at 4 o'clock in the morning and went on for nearly twenty-four hours with a terrific violence, of which those who did not witness its effects can have no conception. There have been fierce 'fohne' before, but never anything like this. The heaviest roof stones were blown off like chips; lumps of rock weighing 100 pounds apiece were sent spinning through the air like cannon balls in a battle. Inside the houses there was no safety, outside nobody could live. Windows were blown in, roofs carried away bodily and many families fled in terror to their cellars. In the afternoon a few brave men, at the risk of their lives, went on the roofs and tried to repair damages. But it was impossible to do anything. As fast as they replaced the stones they were dislodged and several of the men thrown to the ground. By a strange caprice the storm left more than one old and rickety building unharmed and destroyed the newest and strongest. As night set in the storm raged still more fiercely. Shortly after 12 there came a lull, followed at a short interval by such a fohrain as was never seen before. The winter provision of forage, already scattered by the wind, was completely drenched and spoiled past using. It is a wonder of wonders that we have no loss of life to deplore. On the day of the hurricane the road from Interlaken to Grindelwald was exposed to such a shower of missiles—tree branches, stones and tiles—that no one could traverse it without the risk of fatal injury."

HINTS TO GOOD HEALTH.

Warm Milk—Drainage of the Dwelling-House—Relative Longevity, Etc.

Considerable has been lately said in medical journals concerning the value of warm milk as a remedial agent in certain diseases. The Christian at Work, referring to an interesting article on this subject which lately appeared in the London Milk Journal, states, on the authority of Dr. Benjamin Clarke, that in the East Indies warm milk is used to a great extent as a specific for diarrhœa. A pint every four hours will check the most violent diarrhœa, stomach ache, incipient cholera and dysentery. The milk should never be boiled, but only heated sufficiently to be agreeably warm, not too hot to drink. Milk which has been boiled is unfit for use. This writer gives several instances in arresting the disease, among which is the following:

The writer says: "It has never failed in curing in six or twelve hours, and I have tried it, I should think, fifty times. I have also given it to a dying man who had been subject to dysentery eight months, latterly accompanied by one continued diarrhœa, and it acted on him like a charm. In two days his diarrhœa was gone; in three weeks he became a hale, hearty man; and now nothing that may hereafter occur will shake his faith in hot milk. A writer has also communicated to the Medical Times and Gazette a statement of the value of milk in twenty-six cases of typhoid fever, in every one of which its great value was apparent. It checks diarrhœa, and nourishes and cools the body. People suffering from disease need food quite as much as those in health, and much more so in certain diseases where there is a rapid waste of the system. Frequently all ordinary food, in certain diseases, is rejected by the stomach, and even loathed by the patient; but, nature, ever beneficent, has furnished food that in all diseases is beneficial—some directly curative. Such food is milk." The writer in the journal last quoted, Dr. Alexander Yale, after giving particular observations upon the point above-mentioned, its action in checking diarrhœa, its nourishing properties, and its action in soothing the body, says: "We believe that milk nourishes in fever, promotes sleep, wards off delirium, soothes the intestines, and, in fine, is the sine qua non in typhoid fever."

We have lately tested the value of milk in scarlet fever, and learn that it is now recommended by the medical faculty in all cases of this often very distressing children's disease. Give all the milk the patient will take, even during the period of greatest fever. It keeps up the strength of the patient, aed acts well upon the stomach, and in this way a blessed thing in this sickness.

Drainage Around the Dwelling House.

The neglect to properly dispose of the waste water from our dwellings is the cause of much sickness and many premature deaths. Man, with all his boasted intelligence, often displays less wisdom in the selection of a location for his home than the beasts of the forests or the insects of the field. How often is it that fabulous prices are paid for building lots that are on streets near to business centres, though such lots are but basins to catch the water from the surrounding territory. Such locations can never be made healthy, for it is not only impossible to prevent the drainage of the surrounding dwellings from settling around the house, but it is much more difficult to provide for the proper disposal of the waste water of the dwelling than if the house built was built on an elevated lot. In such localities, it is almost impossible to sink a well where the water will not be contaminated by the drainage of the surrounding territory. The wise man will endeavor to select a location for his home where the soil is dry, and sand or gravelly, and also one that is slightly above the surrounding territory; in such locations he will have no fears of any underground impurities from any source, except from his own dwelling. This he must look after; he must avoid committing the grave error committed by some, of digging a blind well and filling it with stone for the waste water of the house to settle in, and eventually find its way to the drinking water in the well. The safest way to dispose of the waste water, is to build, a few rods from the house a stone vault, say eight feet square and three feet deep, covering it tight with a wooden top made in sections, to be easily removed; into this lead the water pipes from the house, which should have a descent at least one foot to each rod in distance. To keep the vault perfectly sweet dry muck should always be kept on hand, and put in as often as needed. In this way the impurities of the house may be safely disposed of at a trifling expenditure of time, and at the same time secure, at the end of each year, one or two cords of a very valuable fertilizer. Where hard coal is used, instead of wood, the ashes may be used as an absorbent in connection with the muck to very good advantage, and by thus using it, it is disposed of where it is out of sight and out of the way.

Relative Longevity in Various Occupations.

An interesting exhibit of the mortality in the different walks of life was furnished by the General Register in report on the death-rate of the whole population of England in 1851. From this it appears that out of every thousand persons between the ages of 25 and 55, forty died on an average. Classified according to the most favorable mortality, and increasing downward, we have the following tables:

Below the Average.	Above the Average.
1. Merchants.	7. Miners.
2. Weavers.	8. Tailors.
3. Cobblers.	9. Bakers.
4. Carpenters.	10. Butchers.
5. Blacksmiths.	11. Liquor dealers.
6. Laborers.	

The mortality of the eleventh class is so great that in good companies they are only admitted with great caution, and on short endowment or term policies. Mariners, also, are considered poor risks, as 35 per cent. of the deaths among them are attributable to accidents. Among miners, 25 per cent.; among machinists, 15 per cent.; and among painters, well-diggers and glaziers, 10 per cent. die in consequence of casualties. The callings of brewer, typesetter, tinsmith, lithographer and stonecutter are also in a measure detrimental to a prolonged duration of life.

Food Makes the Man.

Speaking roughly, about three-fourths, by weight, of the body of man is constituted by the fluid he consumes, and the remaining fourth by the solid material he appropriates. It is therefore no figure of speech to say that food makes the man. We might even put the case in a stronger light and affirm that man *is* his food. It is strictly and literally true, that "A man who drinks beer thinks beer." We make this concession to the teetotalers, and will add that good sound beer is by no means a bad thought factor, whatever may be the intellectual value of the commodity commonly sold and consumed under that name! It cannot obviously be a matter of indifference what a man eats and drinks. He is, in fact, choosing his animal and moral character when he selects his food. It is impossible for him to change his inherited nature, simply because modifications of development occupy more than an individual life, but he can help to make the particular stock to which he belongs more or less beery or fleshy or watery, and so on, by the way he feeds. We know the effect the feeding of animals has on their temper and very natures; how the dog fed on raw meat and chained up so that he cannot work off the superfluous nitrogenized material by exercise becomes a savage beast, while the same creature fed on bread and milk would be tame as a lamb. The same law of results is applicable to man, and every living organism is propagated "in its kind" with a physical and mental likeness. This is the underlying principle of development. Happily the truth is beginning, though slowly and imperfectly, to find a recognition it has long been denied.

A Recipe to Make Pretty Women.

[Washington Critic.]

A celebrated beauty, whose complexion at 60 was fresher than that of our women at 30, told me her secret this summer, and it was divided into two parts. First—She never used washrag or towel on her face, but washed it with her hands, rinsing it off with a soft sponge. She used clear water in the morning, but white castile soap or very warm water at night, and, after drying it on a soft towel, she would take a flesh-brush and rub her cheeks, chin and forehead. Second—If she was going to be up late at night she always slept as many hours in the day, as she expected to be awake beyond her usual time. She finished her little sermon on beauty preservation by saying: "Soft water and sound sleep keep off wrinkles and spots, and girls should give more attention to this than they do. for

With the coming of the crows' feet
Is the going of the beaus' feet."

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

THE GRIST MILL.

EDITED BY "COMUS."

Send all communications for this department to W. H. Todd, 26 Lincoln street, East Somerville, Mass. Contributions and solutions solicited from all.

Solutions to the Grist Mill—No. 45.

No. 1107.
HONORED.

No. 1108.
P
PAD
TARES
PATACAS
PARATAXIS
DECAGON
SAXON
SIN
S

No. 1109.
TASSES
ATTENT
STIVER
SEVERE
ENERVE
STREET

No. 1110.
ARISE.

No. 1111.
PIERGLASSES
IMMERITOUS
EMPLASTER
RELAISES
GRAINER
LISSES
ATTER
SOES
SUR
ES
S

No. 1112.
S—COTC—H
T—OMAT—O
O—RMOL—U
R—APID—S
E—VINC—E

No. 1113.
BOTHERED.

No. 1114.
SERAPHIM
ENEMIES
REDEEM
AMEND
PIED
HEM
IS
M

No. 1115.
MEANING.

No. 1116.
E
TUP
EATER
TABERAH
EUTERPEAN
PERPEND
RAENZ
HAD
N

No. 1117.
D
COD
CARES
CORSACS
CARDINALS
DORSIFEROUS
DEANERIES
SCARIES
SLOES
SUS
S

No. 1118.
S E
BOB OPS
JALAP SPITE
BARILLA OPULENT
SOLITAIREPILEPTIC
BALANCEMSTEPHEN
PLICAMPLENTER
AREMPLANTIN
EMPLASTIC
SLASHED
ENTER
TID
C

No. 1155—Numerical.

The *whole* of eight letters is a shrub of tropical America.
The 1, 2, 3, is a crank pit.
The 1, 2, 3, 4, is a fibre obtained from the agave Americana.
The 5, 7, 1, is to depress the spirits of.
The 7, 8, 1, is to bark.
The 6, 1, 3, is inclined.
Rutland, Vt. EDDIE A. WHEELER.

No. 1156—Inverted Pyramid.

Across—1. Anything desired or wanted; 2. Restrains; 3. Esteemed; 4. To vary; 5. To neglect duty; 6. In "Comus."
Down—1. In "Blackbird;" 2. A female nickname; 3. A short convulsive cry; 4. A motion; 5. Deep, narrow valleys; 6. Relating to the passion of love; 7. A bird; 8. A Scripture name; 9. A male nickname; 10. A pronoun; 11. A letter.
South Liberty, Me. JESSE OVERLOCK.

No. 1157—Half-Square.

1. Fall-breakers; 2. An animal without a head, as an oyster; 3. That which breathes out; 4. Adds to; 5. Having narrow clefts; 6. Bold; 7. Certain Mexican trees; 8. To besmear with a certain substance; 9. A prefix; 10. A letter.
Lawrence, Mass. ARTHUR F. HOLT.

No. 1158—Cryptogram.

"WROS BD HCS AGIS GO CSRISD, RD GLSRD OAGUW
RNGMDT GWN NSRAE, R PRNNBSN ONGE HCS OGSW." (FGFS),
Constitution, Penn. CHARLIE.

No. 1159—Pyramid.

Across—1. A letter; 2. The knave of clubs; 3. The smallest piece of money used by the ancient Hebrews; 4. Relating to plant; 5. Paradaisical; 6. A stalk of grass (prov. Eng.).
Down—1. A letter; 2. A mixed mass of type; 3. A public edict; 4. A sort of dice (obs.); 5. One of the leaves of the corolla; 6. Display; 7. The Pangolin; 8. Hush; 9. A vehicle; 10. Look; 11. A letter.
Manayunk, Penn. DANDY LYON.

No. 1160—Square.

(To "Krook.")

1. A genus of birds embracing many species; 2. The early seat of civilization; 3. A bank, shore or coast (rare); 4. The thirteenth month of the Jewish ecclesiastical year; 5. Awkward (prov. Eng.); 6. Hind parts of ships or other vessels.
Aurora, Ill. NED HAZEL.

No. 1161—Letter Enigma.

In the "rising tide;"
In the Saxon's bride;"
In the "coming man;"
In the "empty can;"
In the "little band;"
In the "mellow land;"
In the "eagle's nest;"
In the "trying test;"
In the "scarlet hood;"
The *whole* will be good.
Boston, Mass. SKELETON.

No. 1162—Square.

(To "Krook.")

1. In a manner; 2. To loose from pins; 3. One of certain animals without feet; 4. One who joins a party; 5. Indisposed to move or act.
East Boston, Mass. MABEL.

No. 1163—Diamond.

1. A letter; 2. Be still; 3. A town of Spain; 4. A turban (obs.); 5. A plant of the genus Helrella; 6. Lying in a trance; 7. To put upon it records; 8. A thick shrub; 9. A letter.
Boston, Mass. MOMUS.

No. 1164—Rebus.

T R
S
West Albany, N. Y. HENRY F. S.

No. 1165—Rhomboid.

Across—1. A female cat (prov. Eng.); 2. One who fears; 3. Clans; 4. To seesaw; 5. Close; 6. A plant.
Down—1. A letter; 2. In case that; 3. A wager; 4. A vehicle; 5. A battering ram; 6. The tenth month of the year among the Hebrews; 7. To try again; 8. Large bodies of water; 9. A small village of France; 10. Extent; 11. A letter.
East Somerville, Mass. JENNIE MAY.

No. 1166—Greek Cross.

(To "Blackbird.")

Top square—1. Desert; 2. A kind of clay; 3. A genus of plants; 4. To obtrude; 5. Like hemp.
Right square—1. Found in eggs; 2. To drive away; 3. A kind of cloth; 4. A town of Rhenish Prussia; 5. A post office of McLean county, Ill.
Bottom square—1. Found in eggs; 2. To separate; 3. To remit; 4. An island of the Aleutian archipelago; 5. To truckle.
Left square—1. A charming person (colloq.); 2. To harden; 3. A fine, strong fibre obtained from the astrocaryum vulgare; 4. Crooked; 5. Like hemp.
Centre square—1. Like hemp; 2. To emulate (obs.); 3. Perpendicular; 4. Lay down your cash (U. S.); 5. Found in eggs.
Boston, Mass. CLIO.

SOLUTIONS AND PRIZE-WINNERS IN FOUR WEEKS.

Prizes.

The Weekly Globe six months for first complete list.
The Weekly Globe three months for next best list.

Accepted Crists.

D. WILLAR—Square. T. X. S. PLUG—Square. WILL I. AM—Three squares. RANDOLPH—Three numericals and two squares. CYRIL DEANE—Half-square, crossword, rhomboid, double acrostic, word syncopations and numerical.

Prize-Winners.

1. Not won.
2. Trebor, Boston, Mass.

The following sent correct solutions to the "Grist Mill" of November 7:
Trebor, Globe, Myrtle, Mabel, Frank Lynn, Zebra, A. J. K., Mrs. Mary W., A Friend, X. Y. Z., Korn Kake, Hollis Boy, Gyp, Eddie A. Wheeler, Guess Ho and L. E. Vator.

Chaff.

HOPE.—We have failed to receive a copy of the Telegram yet. What is the trouble?
GUS.—It has been fixed as you wish; so send on the grists you have on hand.
CYRIL DEANE.—Letter and contents received. Will keep us a grinding for a while.
RANDOLPH.—The puzzler has retired from puzzle editing, but a letter addressed Upper Gloucester, Me., will reach the person. Thanks for grist, and let us hear from you every week.
ALL.—Will every one that solves one or more grists in this number send us the result on a postal card, as we wish to double the list of solvers every week. One solution is as acceptable as a complete list.

Sinful Connecticut Sports.

[Waterbury (Conn.) American.]

A pleasant pastime of sinful boys is as follows: With a needle and stout thread oat grains are fastened together, several feet elapsing between each grain of a pair. A few dozens of these devices are mixed with "straight" oats and scattered where pigeons do most congregate. The result may be easily imagined. When a pigeon gets ready to fly off he suddenly finds that he has an incumbrance, and his involuntary mate wonders what is tugging at his oat crop, as it were. Instantly the whole flock discover that something is wrong and attempt to fly to other grounds; but the entanglement is so complete that, unless every bird takes exactly the course of his fellows, progress is impossible. It is then an easy matter to scoop in the whole lot, and the sinful boys are not backward in improving the opportunity. N. B.—This custom was originated and copyrighted by Naugatuck boys.

SUFER
no longer from .
sia, Indigestion, Wep-
Appetite, loss of Str. of
lack of Energy, Malh
Intermittent Fevers,
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS never fails to cure all these diseases.

Boston, November 26, 1881.
BROWN CHEMICAL CO.
Gentlemen:—For years I have been a great sufferer from Dyspepsia, and could get no relief (having tried everything which was recommended) until, acting on the advice of a friend, who had been benefitted by BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, I tried a bottle, with most surprising results. Previous to taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, everything I ate distressed me, and I suffered greatly from a burning sensation in the stomach, which was unbearable. Since taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, all my troubles are at an end. Can eat any time without any disagreeable results. I am practically another person. Mrs. W. J. FLYNN, 30 Maverick St., E. Boston.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS acts like a charm on the digestive organs, removing all dyspeptic symptoms, such as tasting the food, Belching, Heat in the Stomach, Heartburn, etc. The only Iron Preparation that will not blacken the teeth or give headache.

Sold by all Druggists.
Brown Chemical Co.
Baltimore, Md.

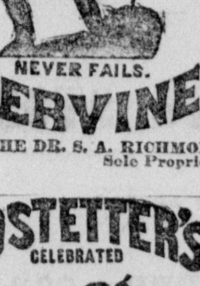
See that all Iron Bitters are made by Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore, and have crossed red lines and trade-mark on wrapper.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

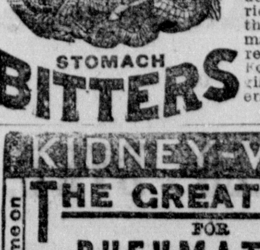
ERRORS OF YOUTH.
SUFFERERS FROM
Nervous Debility,
Youthful Indiscretions,
Lost Manhood,
BE YOUR OWN PHYSICIAN!

There are many sufferers from self-destroying maladies, who, having tried every advertised remedy in vain, have become discouraged and despair of a cure.
The knowledge of this fact led us to a long course of experiments, resulting in the discovery of new and concentrated remedies, by which hundreds of our patients have been restored to perfect health after other treatment had failed. For the benefit of numerous sufferers we herewith publish our prescription. Perfectly pure ingredients must be used.
℞—Cocain (from Erythroxyton coca) 1 drachm.
Jerubebin, ½ drachm.
Hypopospbite quinia, ½ drachm.
Geisemin, 8 grains.
Ext. ignatiæ (alcoholic), 2 grains.
Ext. leptandra, 2 scruples.
Glycerin, q. s.
Mix.
Make 60 pills. Take one pill at 3 P. M., and another on going to bed. In some cases it will be necessary for the patient to take *two* pills at bedtime, making the number three a day. This remedy is adapted to every condition of nervous debility and weakness in either sex, and especially in those cases resulting from imprudence. The recuperative powers of this restorative are truly astonishing, and its use continued for a short time changes the languid, debilitated, nerveless condition to one of renewed life and vigor.
As we are constantly in receipt of letters of inquiry relative to this remedy, we would say to those who would prefer to obtain it from us, by remitting $3, in post office money order or registered letter, a securely sealed package in its pure state will be sent by return mail from our private laboratory.
New England Medical Institute,
24 TREMONT ROW,
ap2 Sudwytf BOSTON, MASS.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
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The New York Herald tries to do justice to Mr. Robeson of New Jersey in this little paragraph: "Patriots who hope for the day when our long-unfinished monitors will be completed may be grateful to know that one of these ancient craft—the Puritan—has made some progress in the right direction. It did it yesterday; it progressed toward the water to the extent of two feet. This may not be much of a move for a monitor that was begun seven years ago, but it is more than many observers have dared expect from vessels of this class."

The feeling in Washington over the Massachusetts senatorship question is thus defined by a correspondent of the Home Journal: "There is a pretty general satisfaction felt in the now almost assured fact that Hon. George F. Hoar is to be allowed to stay at home. The opinions in regard to the honorable gentleman felt in Massachusetts seem to find little echo here, where it is pretty openly said that 'the eminent influence of Hon. Mr. Hoar will do well enough to talk about in Massachusetts.' Prominent politicians say, 'Send a man whom the people believe in; who is broad and progressive; who is of the people, not above them.' Politicians here can of course find many sources of dissatisfaction with Mr. Hoar that his distant constituents know of, if at all, but remotely. He is accused of using his influence here to establish an educational bureau and get himself appointed at its head, thereby enabling himself to control political patronage."

Technically, Tewfik Pasha, the nominal ruler of Egypt, is the gainer by the interference of England in the row between him and his belligerent cabinet minister, but practically the latter has lost nothing. The result of the trial has been announced, and it appears that Lord Dufferin has been able to save the wily Arabi's neck. He will, it is true, be obliged to quit Egypt, and wander, like Ismail Pasha, through Europe. It is an open question whether banishment from the land of the pyramids is a punishment. Arabi will hold his rank of colonel in the army and draw his salary regularly without being obliged to do any work. As a distinguished officer on a sort of indefinite leave of absence, he will be a conspicuous figure in the gay capitals of Europe. If he should run short of cash owing to the financial embarrassment of the Egyptian government, he might do a nice business in selling his pictures or autographs. A lecture tour in America would also hold out possibilities of unlimited glory and ducats, or he might attach himself to a circus, or travel with John L. Sullivan. In any of these fields he would be a far more conspicuous success than in the role of a great revolutionary leader, to judge from the exhibition he made at Tel-el-Kebir.

The new penal code passed by the New York Legislature at its last session went into effect yesterday. If its provisions are strictly enforced Gothamites who have been wont to laugh at the obsolete Puritan laws of New England are apt to have anything but cheerful countenances. Among other things the code declares that profane swearing consists in any use of the name of God or Jesus Christ or the Holy Ghost, either in imprecating Divine vengeance upon the utterer or another person or in trifling or irreverent speech, and a person guilty of profane swearing is punishable by a fine of $1 for each offence, and for aggravated cases by much more severe penalties. "Sabbath-breaking" is made a rather comprehensive crime. Not only is "all manner of servile labor, excepting in works of necessity or charity," prohibited, but also "all shooting, hunting, fishing, playing, horse-racing, gaming or other public sports, exercises or pastimes; all trades, manufactures and mechanical employments; all manner of public selling or offering or exposing for sale publicly of any commodities except that meats, milk and fish may be sold at any time before 9 o'clock in the morning, and except that food may be sold to be eaten upon the premises where sold, and drugs, medicines and surgical appliances may be sold at any time of the day." The punishment for Sabbath-breaking is a fine of $5 or imprisonment not exceeding five days. There are some interesting provisions in regard to homicide. The duellist who kills his antagonist within the State is guilty of murder in the second degree. A person navigating a vessel for gain, who wilfully receives so many passengers or so much freight on board that human life is thereby lost, is guilty of manslaughter in the second degree. The same crime is committed by the person through whose carelessness a steam-boiler bursts and kills any one, or by the physician who while intoxicated by mistake gives a poisonous drug to a patient which kills the patient.

STEVE DORSEY'S DEFIANCE.

Stephen W. Dorsey has made a long explanation of his connection with the Star route business, from which it would appear that instead of the Star routers robbing the government, the government stole the whole gang poor, and then added insult to injury by maliciously and cruelly impeaching their angelic integrity. Whether this be true or wholly imaginary it may be difficult to satisfactorily determine, but concerning the plausibility of the story there can be only one rational opinion. In the light of several things it would be somewhat erratic to hold that the government is incapable of robbing anybody, but there are grounds for firm belief that the Star route gentlemen are not of that confiding nature which is so essential in the make-up of victims of systematic theft.

Mr. Dorsey declares that in March, 1881, he made a full statement to President Garfield of his connection with the mail contracts, and requested that a rigid examination of the charges spread abroad by MacVeagh and James be immediately had, and the President thereupon ordered Mr. James to select a commission composed of Democrats, and thoroughly investigate the matter, so far as Dorsey was concerned. James and MacVeagh, after many equivocations and what Dorsey bluntly calls "lying," finally refused an investigation, and when pressed for reasons MacVeagh declared that there was nothing to investigate, so far as he knew. Dorsey says he then gave them a full statement of the matter under their pledge that it would be solely for the President and cabinet, but they violated their pledge within twenty-four hours, and gave printed copies of the statement to every detective in their employ, with instructions to discover in it, if possible, some variation from the facts as shown by the records.

Mr. Dorsey claims that no such variation ever has been or ever can be shown. He don't know anything about Brady, except as he came in contact with him officially; and as for mail contracts, he only took them in the hope of getting back what he had loaned to John Dorsey, and, after losing more money on them, gave them away to get rid of them.

From the ex-senator's account, it appeared that John Dorsey, Peck and Miner, the original contractors, lost all their own money and a goodly amount of his besides, and when he took hold of the business he merely "secured increases on four or five small routes in a perfectly proper and legitimate way," purely in response to public demand. The ex-senator offers to pay $1000 for every dollar the prosecution can show he ever made out of the treasury of the United States, excepting his salary as senator.

For the rest, his letter is principally abuse and defiance of the prosecution and defence of Marshal Henry, and if half what he alleges is true, it is clear that the Washington officials are a precious set of rascals. While not prepared to deny that there are several rascally persons holding office under the present administration, we fail to experience any decided conviction that the defendants in the Star route cases are brevet angels and altogether immaculate.

WOMAN'S WORK AGAIN.

The question that will not down receives treatment in the December International Review at the hands of Miss Florence Kelley, who, replying to the paper by Charles M. Elliott in the North American for August, "Woman's Work and Woman's Wages," gives, under the title, "Need Our Working-Women Despair?" a very logical answer in the negative. Miss Kelley, who is the daughter of Hon. W. D. Kelley of Philadelphia, has been one of the most efficient workers in the endeavor to ameliorate the condition of the working-women of that city, and hence has been able to gain that knowledge of their real physical and intellectual condition necessary to any worthy treatment of the question.

She opens her article with a series of arguments in direct opposition to the central proposition of Mr. Elliott's paper, in which she shows that the ability to support themselves, which women have acquired of late years, has been beneficial, and not injurious. She shows how the pre-marriage work, no matter what it is, enlarges the woman's capacities, trains her faculties and better fits her for the many-sided duties of the home. It makes marriage easier, too, by making it possible for the woman to bring her own dowry. And, as for the charge that she makes no new work, but merely divides that already called for with workmen, and so lessens their wages, she refers to the higher wants awakening in our civilization, in meeting which the greater portion of woman's work is done. As the public school teacher she does a large portion of the work in assimilating to the spirit of our life the millions of our immigrants. She is a prime mover and an efficient helper in the many organized philanthropies "that the world dreamed not of when women 'helped on the farmers' work.'" In mechanical industries she has taken those departments of work for which she is better fitted than men. The increasing love of beauty and ability to gratify it have opened new fields of labor, many of which she can cultivate to better advantage than can men. She has also created work for herself, and work which men cannot do, such as all that which is done in the realm of child literature.

Miss Kelley glances at the great fields of human labor in which the brain and the hand of both men and women are needed, and says the problem for her to consider is not how to "become again valuable," but how best to respond to the increasing demand which the age places upon her. As an instance of this she says: "The new social science has humane interest, and can never be complete without help from women. It is the science of human relations. These must be studied as they exist, with patient care; but exact tabulation of facts is the beginning only; afterward comes the work of interpretation. That can be complete only when accomplished by the whole human consciousness; i. e., by that twofold nature, masculine and feminine, which expresses itself as a whole in human relations. Any attempt made by a part of the race to explain phenomena produced by complementary beings must be inadequate."

As for the health of working-women, or even of women in general, she thinks that the increased interest of women in the subject, the efforts of women physicians and other educated women are already beginning to tell. Women dress and live more hygienically than ever before, though there are still many problems in the proper adjustment of their lives which rest largely with women for solution.

But the working-woman, says Miss Kelley, is shut off from one most important means of bettering her industrial condition. The workingman, by his power of shaping legislation, can gain short hours, fair wages and more healthful conditions of work. "From such self-help the working-woman is decisively shut off. She has absolutely no representation. If she had the fractional ballot which popular fallacy attributes to the married woman whose husband supposedly votes for her in voting for himself, lo! she would no longer be the working-woman of this discussion."

Women suffer also from lack of skill, and from lack of proper facilities to obtain that skill. "They have come into the industries in the trying time between the decay of apprenticeship and the growth of technical training." The aggregate of women's futility will yearly grow less as more and more energy is expended in building up technical education. In the matter of unequal wages between men and women, she says, in reply to Mr. Elliott's statements that every working-woman halves the wages of a workingman, so injuring the man who might be her husband, and that women are now the least valuable of created beings: "One workman's wages are not halved by one woman's work. The harm is greater than that. His wages are halved by two women, of whom each does a man's full work, the employer getting three men's work for two men's pay. This injustice it is which lowers women's wages and injures her as well as the man who might be her husband. This injustice, too, it is which makes woman seem, when judged by the standard of wages, least valuable of created beings. One cause of this is the unorganized state of women's labor—a result of inexperience."

TAXING THE BRAIN.

In his Thanksgiving sermon Henry Ward Beecher made some timely remarks on American brain work. Referring to Herbert Spencer's recent warning against too much activity of the mind, he said that the latter had merely touched our shores and stopped for a brief period in two or three cities which were centres of intense activity. Deductions drawn from New York, Boston and Chicago were not fairly characteristic of the whole country. There were counteracting influences. For those who were wearing out an equal number could be found who would never die of work. There is much truth in this observation. Those who are killing themselves with overwork are also helping a future generation as well as the present one.

The history of this country is full of illustrations of this. As Mr. Beecher states, there are a multitude of reasons why there is much brain, and consequently cerebral, activity on such a lively continent as ours. There is the wild rush of men after riches, the strain on the brains of young and old by education, the innumerable topics which the newspapers find to engross public attention and all the phases of religious as well as secular life. But he finds that there is one good offset to all this excitement, namely, the universality of amusements in the country. Here is the true antidote for all overwork. Let busy people remember it.

It does not matter, however, what divines and philosophers may say about overwork of the brain; people must themselves regulate their labor so as not to endanger their health, and if they will not do this they must suffer the consequences. Had Mr. Spencer stood by a rushing torrent and asked the drops of water to cease their motion he would have produced as much effect as in appealing to Americans to pause in their headlong career. In America every one strives for the prize which always seems just ahead, and which is always to be won only by effort. If he pauses another steps forward and takes his place. The ceaseless activity of American life is not to be stayed by philosophy. It is partly an inherent necessity of the growth of a new country. It is further inherent because those who have since emigrated hither were the most restless spirits of the places whence they came, and have transmitted their characteristics to their descendants.

In time, doubtless, a change may take place, but no one who now lives can hope to see it. With the growth of wealth will come a growth of taste for art and literature. The extension of public libraries, the increase of the reading habit and the acquisition of leisure by the working classes in the lessening of the hours of labor, may in time give birth to a race in whom the indulgence of the reflective faculties will receive fuller recognition than now, and who in the quietude and peaceful enjoyment of acquired leisure may wonder at the busy lives of their ancestors.

MISSISSIPPI AND MAINE POLITICS.

Our venerable and conservative contemporary, the Advertiser, treated its readers, on Thanksgiving day, to a little reminiscence. It recalled the contest in Maine in 1879, and cast a serious reflection on the Democratic party for not denouncing the "counting out" and punishing the perpetrators of the "fraud." The Advertiser is somewhat disappointed because there is a growing disposition on the part of the Democrats to allow General Chalmers of Mississippi to take his seat in the next Congress, notwithstanding the irregularity of his election. The party for which the Advertiser speaks would not do this. In fact, it threw the hero of Fort Pillow out of the congressional window in the last session for reasons not near so valid as those which now exist. The fact that the Democrats do not propose to follow suit is displeasing to our Court street neighbor, and it gives vent to its displeasure thus: "It is very easy for Democrats to be virtuous in their comments upon the counting out of General Chalmers. They have a large majority in the next House of Representatives, and one member more or less will make no great difference to them. Particularly at this time, when it is profitable as well as cheap to be good, they are inclined to deprecate the idea of carrying out so great a fraud as the denial of his seat to Mr. Chalmers would be. Perhaps, too, they think that the general will do more mischief to the Republicans by his alliance with them than he could do if he were deprived of his rights. If they do think so they are well advised."

The idea of deciding the case on its merits would be foreign to the mind of the ordinary Republican politician or organ. The g. o. p. has accustomed its supporters to quite a different method of settling contests. It has accustomed them to a total disregard of the equities. Party necessity or party convenience has always been the prime consideration in such cases. To find the Democrats pursuing a different policy must be exasperating, and the Advertiser does not attempt to conceal its chagrin nor its disapproval of the coalition between its party and General Chalmers of Mississippi.

The Advertiser, after discounting, in its own mind, this show of political virtue and morality, undertakes to prove that the Democratic party was no better than its neighbors in this respect. It says: "But it is not many years ago since there was an occasion not very different from this, when Democrats acted otherwise. Then it seemed to be more profitable to cheat, and the Democrats cheated and stood by the fraud. It was in the State of Maine. Returns were not merely doctored, as they were in Mississippi, but they were sent back to election officers, after they had been returned correctly, to be made incorrect. Names were changed in the official returns after they had reached the office of the secretary of state. Others were rejected for informalities which were fraudulently manufactured. In various ways the documents were so manipulated that something more than a score of duly elected members of the Legislature were deprived of their places and an equal number of defeated Democrats and Greenbackers received certificates. What is more, the Democrats manifested a determination to hold on to what they had gained by these means, and it required a hard contest, the presence of military at the State House, and an appeal to the Supreme Court, to right the wrong."

A more wild and false statement than this could not be made by the most reckless organ of a party, and we are surprised that so careful a paper as the Advertiser should be led into such an untenable position by its partisan impulses. There was no doctoring of returns in Maine in 1879. The governor and council, constituting the canvassing board, counted the votes as they were sent in by the town and city clerks; they counted them according to law and precedent, and declared the result officially in compliance with the constitutional provisions and their solemn oaths of office. The Supreme Court of the State, the creature of the Republican party, reversed the decision and the party stole the State government "according to the forms of law." The Advertiser knows this. It knows, too, that when the issue was made on this point in 1880 before the people the governor and council's action was sustained by a good majority. Our venerable contemporary can gain but little by reviving the Maine "count-out."

Hints as to the President's policy on various subjects have come to light, apparently. A correspondent of the New York Sun, writing from Washington, says that General Arthur still adheres to his neutrality in the South American matter. He says, on the canal question: "The President will not say anything about the interoceanic canal schemes, except to indicate his opposition to any schemes which will involve the name or good faith of the United States. He does not believe that De Lesseps should be driven from the isthmus by armed force. He will express no hostility to the energetic Frenchman's plans, although he may suggest that it would be a good thing for the United States if the De Lesseps plan was met and matched by another controlled entirely by American capital. The President believes that the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, which gives England, with ourselves, a joint control over any interoceanic canal that may be built across Central America, should be modified, but he doubts whether such modification can be secured by bullying the British government. If negotiations should fail, this government could give the necessary six-months' notice and terminate the protectorate. The President, however, does think that any canal across Central America should be jointly protected by the United States and the country through which it passes. He does not think that the treaty could in any way affect the Panama route, and that, in fact, it could only affect a route which will never be adopted—that across Nicaragua, under the grant of 1849. He believes, also, that the United States is at liberty to offer its sole protectorate to any canal that may be built. He will express his hope of an early and amicable understanding with Great Britain."

THE STEEL RAIL MONOPOLY.

The Bessemer steel works, constituting one of the protected monopolies of this country, have combined to prevent, if possible, any legislation which threatens to put them upon a plane of fair competition, and to this end have made the announcement that three Western works will be obliged to stop production, and that 20,000 men will thereby be thrown out of employment, and great distress caused among the laboring people.

If it were not for protected monopolies like the iron and steel works there would be no possibility of poverty or distress among the producers, but aside from that view of the matter, and taking the situation just as it is and not as it ought to be, there is no cause for general alarm at the threat of the three Western steel works. It is nothing more than a bluff to prevent the loss to the monopoly ring of the large tax which protection has enabled them to impose upon the railroads and indirectly upon the working people of this country.

There are about 60,000 persons employed in producing steel in the United States, and this number includes coal and iron miners, charcoal burners, and all others directly or indirectly dependent upon the manufacture of steel for employment. The North Chicago Rolling Mill, the Joliet Steel Works and the Vulcan Works of St. Louis, which have threatened to shut down, produce about one-sixth of the total output of steel, and give employment to about 10,000 men and boys, instead of 20,000.

There are reasons why the product of steel rails should be less during the coming year, and the principal reason is that the demand has fallen off in consequence of the check to the construction of railroads. Under the stimulus of outrageous protection, the steel industry has flourished and been exceedingly profitable, but it has reached a point where the effect of over-production is felt, and the mills must either run on a smaller margin of profit or shut up. If they are so situated that the cost of transporting raw material to them is very great the stoppage is simply a natural result of competition upon ordinary footing, and there is no reason why a few manufacturers should be protected in carrying on business under such conditions. The users and consumers of iron and steel largely outnumber the producers and are entitled to some consideration. The demand is active enough to give employment to 205,000 persons at a dollar a day each, while the net value of iron and steel produced is three times the amount paid in wages to the producers. There seems to be profit enough in that business for any reasonable manufacturer.

But this branch of industry is not of the immense importance that the manufacturers would have us believe. The value of the iron product is less than half the value of the dairy product, and the whole number of persons dependent upon it is about equal to the number of foreign immigrants who landed in this country last year and found employment. The stoppage of the three Western works will not visibly affect the labor interests, and if these will cease producing steel rails it will not be because $40 per ton, which is 50 per cent. above the price in England, will not yield a fair profit, but because the demand has fallen off, or because these particular mills are too far from the iron and coal mining centres. For the sake of cheaper steel the country can well afford to see a few monopolists go out of business.

The census statistics of illiteracy furnish some very suggestive figures and facts. It appears from a study of these that of the 50,000,000 people in the United States in June, 1880, over 36,000,000 were above 10 years of age, and of the latter number 4,923,607, or 13.4 per cent., cannot read, and 6,239,958, or 17 per cent., cannot write. Of the native white population of the United States, 2,255,460, or 8.7 per cent., cannot write. Of the foreign-born white persons, 12 per cent. cannot write, and of the native colored population, 3,220,878, or 70 per cent., cannot write their own names. "The census," says the Philadelphia Press, "reveals the humiliating fact that Pennsylvania has a greater number of persons who cannot write than any other one of the former free States, and a greater percentage than any except Rhode Island, which has 11.2 per cent., Nevada, California and Indiana. Of those who cannot read, the true illiterates, Massachusetts makes a worse showing than Pennsylvania, the former having 5.3 per cent. of its population who cannot read and Pennsylvania having but 4.6 per cent. Colorado has 5.9 per cent. and Rhode Island 7.9 per cent. The order of ignorance then among Northern States, inability to read being the test, is Rhode Island, Nevada, California, Colorado, Massachusetts, Indiana, Vermont, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Illinois, New Hampshire, Connecticut and New York; the three States last named are on a par, having each 4.2 per cent. who cannot read. Of its native white population Pennsylvania has 123,206 who cannot write. This is 4.8 per cent. of the population of school age, a better showing than is made by Colorado, Indiana and Illinois, or any Southern State."

There are those who would wish to see not only English habits and customs in social life, but also methods of government and systems of taxation and revenue introduced in this country. A gentleman given to statistics gives the following as samples of the manner in which John Bull "raises the wind:" It costs a man who takes out a patent nearly $1000 to secure his claim and to perfect his rights. Property left to the children of the deceased, parts with 1 per cent. to the government. If he leaves his accumulation to his brothers or sisters, there is a tax of 3 per cent.; if it goes to his uncles or his aunts, the government takes 5 per cent. of the gross amount; if to his great uncles or aunts, the government fines the estate 6 per cent., and if it go to any person not within the degrees of consanguinity above mentioned, then the government appropriates to itself one-tenth of the whole. To become a barrister a man must pay $250; an ordinary solicitor has to pay $125; it costs $150 to become a notary public; it costs $400 to become an articled clerk to a solicitor; a banker's license per annum is $150; it is considered worth to the government about $50 a year for a man to practise law, to act as a notary public, or to have almost any sort of a connection with the office of an attorney. It costs a man $12 50 per annum to own a carriage; $4 per year to own a dog; $1750 to take out letters patent as a duke; $15 to have a game license; $10 a year to rent houses; $75 to get a special marriage license; $4 a year to keep a servant; to keep a public house, anything from $100 to $300 per annum."

The Philadelphia Times, speaking of our expose of the Bellevue Medical College, says: "Since the retirement of Buchanan the bogus diploma business has languished, but an attempt has lately been made to revive it at Boston. Buchanan called his concern the Philadelphia University to get as near as possible to the title of the oldest medical school in the country. In like manner the Massachusetts speculators chose the name of the Bellevue Medical College in order to avail themselves of the reputation of the well-known school of Bellevue Hospital in New York. This made their diplomas more valuable to the impostors who bought them. They have been tripped up very early in their career, however, and probably will not sell many more diplomas. In fact, the time has gone by when this business could be carried on with any very great success—not because there are not still plenty of scamps who would be glad to buy an imposing-looking parchment, but because the public is finding out that it takes more than a piece of parchment to make a doctor."

At this season of the year when so many parents are apprehensive that their children may have the diphtheria and mistake simple colds for that dreaded disease, this advice of a doctor is good: "Much of the imagined diphtheria is simply an ulceration of the throat. If people knew the difference they would save themselves a good deal of anxiety, a few doctor bills and us a great deal of trouble. I will give you a rule by which you can always determine whether it is a cold or diphtheria. If the throat is red and smaller, no fear of diphtheria. But if it looks as though somebody had blown a handful of ashes into the throat—a dull gray color—look out. It's diphtheria's danger-signal."

NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

Wages are very low and rents and the price of living very high in Paris. Americans know how to sympathize with the Parisians.

It is but justice to the consumers of whiskey, rum, beer and other stimulating beverages for the public to bear in mind that they are not calling on Congress to repeal the liquor taxes.—[Washington Post.

The Prussian government does not allow official junketing. It has a sharp auditor's department which saves it some 250,000 marks per annum in this direction. Such auditors are needed in this country.

That beauty contest in New York turned out about as we prophesied. The managers filled their coffers, while most of the "beauties" were disgusted, and, one report states, "have returned to their laundry work."

Carlyle said: "There is always a spot in our sunshine; it is the shadow of ourselves."

"Yes, sir," he said; "that's an awful knowing bulldog o' mine. He was jam full o' fleas, and he got sick o' wrenching his spine and the cords of his neck reaching around to gnaw 'em; and, besides, he was rather tired o' the taste of himself. What did he do? Went out, sir, and got into a fight with another dog, and let that dog do the gnawing for him. Mighty intelligent dog, sir!"—[New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"Well, I shall give it up, John," said a young housewife. "Here Aunt Jane writes that she is coming to eat Thanksgiving dinner with us. And Aunt Jane— Oh, dear!" "Let her come. She's the best of the lot." "Aren't you ashamed? Aunt Jane isn't any better than anybody else." "Then what are you growling about? Let her come. She's worth half a million."

Why is it that the cost of living has not been materially reduced by the magnificent harvest of this year? The producers are getting small compensation, while consumers are paying enormous prices. The explanation is that the railroad managers, in order to pay dividends on stocks representing two or three times the cost of their roads, and four times what they ought to have cost, are robbing both the producer and consumer.—[Washington Post.

Russia estimates the value of the Siberian gold mines at $6,000,000 a year.

During the past twenty-five years about 55,000 wrecks, casualties and collisions have occurred on the British coasts, involving the loss of nearly 20,000 lives.

The life of the country journalist is not devoid of care, as the following testimony from the Cumming, Ga., Clarion proves: "After we get up the news, set the type, do the press work, mail the papers, distribute the 'pi,' keep the books, collect and pay the bills, cuss out a few delinquent subscribers, whip those who don't love us, execute a good batch of job work, go to see our girl every week, we have but little time to play."

If China so pleases, it is said that in retaliation for the Chinese legislation of last winter, she can seriously cripple our silk, tea, jute, tin and spice trade.

The consumption of thread of the best grades in the United States is 21,000,000 spools per annum. American manufacturers turn out daily 12,000 dozen spools, containing 200 yards each, which is far from meeting the demand, and European manufacturers find a large market here.

John Sullivan of Brooklyn is even a greater man than his distinguished relative, John L. Sullivan of Boston. John is a garbage collector. He found an Italian going over his route, and knocked the Italian out in one round. A policeman interfered, whereupon he knocked the policeman out in two rounds. Several other persons came to the assistance of the policeman, and he knocked them all out in one round each. Evidently the Sullivan family is determined to keep up its reputation.—[Truth.

Talmage thinks it "is a lucky thing that the limit of a man's life is four score years and ten. If it were not so some men in this country would at 200 years of age own the nation."

Annually the lead mines of the world yield about 400,000 tons, and of that quantity the United States is credited with 100,000 tons. Spain heads the list of lead-mining countries with 120,000 tons.

An opera house on wheels is the latest dramatic novelty, and a company with headquarters at Kansas City has been organized to build and manage it. It is made so that it can be transported by rail.

"Do the subjects of the King of Dahomey keep Sunday?" was asked of a missionary. "Yes," he replied, "and everything else they can lay their hands on."

Extract from a female physician's certificate, filed at the office of the Board of Health, on the death of a girl baby: "Age, five minutes; cause of death, a long term of sickness."

A writer in the Philadelphia Times says: "No young man can take a young woman from the refinements and comforts of home to the terrors of a common boarding house and then expect her to make him a good wife. He has taken the most direct measures to spoil her, even though she be an angel."

Brandy and oysters do not go well together. "My dear sir, do you want to ruin your digestion?" asked Professor Houghton of Trinity College one day of a friend who had ordered brandy and water with his oysters in a Dublin restaurant. Then he sent for a glass of brandy and a glass of Guinness XX, and put an oyster in each. In a very short time there lay in the bottom of the glass of brandy a tough, leathery substance resembling the finger of a kid glove, while in the porter there was hardly a trace of the oyster to be found.

Mrs. Fitz-Nickel aspires to be as fashionable as any of her "swell" neighbors. She was telling a lady visitor the other morning that she had just engaged a very efficient, experienced and high-priced French cook. While her friend was congratulating her upon her new acquisition the French cook inserted her head within the doorway and asked: "Shure, missus, an' shall I pale the praties or bile 'em wid their jackets on?"—[Harper's.

A certain sharp attorney was said to be in bad circumstances. A friend of the unfortunate lawyer met Jerrold, and said: "Have you heard about poor R——? His business is going to the devil." "That's all right, then; he is sure to get it back again," replied Jerrold.

The Egyptian war costs England £3,500,000, according to Mr. Gladstone.

A father complained bitterly of the way his children destroyed their clothing. He said: "When I was a boy I only had one suit of clothes, and I had to take care of it. I was only allowed one pair of shoes a year in those days." There was a pause, and then the oldest boy spoke up and said, "I say, dad, you have a much easier time of it now you are living with us."

A preacher, raising his eyes from his desk in the midst of his sermon, was paralyzed with amazement to see his rude boy in the gallery pelting the hearers in the pews below with horse chestnuts. But while the good man was preparing a frown of reproof the young hopeful cried out: "You 'tend to your preaching, daddy; I'll keep them awake!"—[Baltimore American.

A servant of George III. is still luxuriating in England on an annuity from the royal coffers.

It is said that a New England senator who arrived at his Washington residence last week was surprised to find that the servants who had been left in charge had kept the handsome mansion open during his absence as a boarding house, and had accommodated boarders both white and black. The owner's visit was unexpected, hence the discovery. This is an old Washington trick.

Farmer Perkins was reading to his family circle the village editor's account of his visit to the theatre to see Mrs. Langtry and how she appeared before the audience "clad in unsullied robes of faultless beauty." "How uncomfortable," remarked the eldest daughter, Susan, who tended the cows and sometimes split wood. "How very uncomfortable. I'd think she'd wear something to keep her warm."—[Brooklyn Eagle.

Solidified whiskey is said to be the latest invention. One can carry it in the vest pocket, bite off a drink on the sly, and know that it gives no perceptible odor to the breath.

A big, stout washwoman's acknowledgments for a seat in a street car: "No thanks to ye fur yer sate. If I'd been thirty years younger, and painted and shmeared all over me face I'd a been offered a dozen sates long ago."

It has been observed that tall men generally marry small women, and that tall women usually marry small men. It has never been fathomed why tall women marry small men, but it is stated as a fact that tall men prefer short wives because they can't reach their husbands' hair without first climbing on to a chair.—[Detroit Free Press.

A Cairo newspaper says: "The Bedouins were greatly puzzled by the garb of the Highlanders, who they came to the conclusion were not soldiers, but the wives of the soldiers. The Bedouins noticed that the soldiers' women camped by themselves, and they resolved to go down and spoil the infidel soldiers of their wives; and a body of them actually went, with a result which must have added to the wonderment of both, for the British harem turned out with rifle and bayonet, and very speedily thirty or forty of the amorous Bedouins bit the dust. After this episode the soldiers' wives were not again attacked by Arab Sheiks who wanted to replenish their harems with English moonfaces."

That Western railroad war is growing so bitter that the outlook for an early compromise is not very good.

It is said that Governor Foster's office in Columbus, O., looks like a graveyard or a tombstone factory. The office is littered with models for a Garfield monument to be erected by the State.

When a man who prides himself on the fact that he has never entered a theatre, and that he don't know a footlight from a drop-curtain, gets up in his pulpit and rakes the theatre from pit to dome, the chances are largely in favor of his losing much of his influence with his audience.—[Pittsburg Leader.] Still, many of them do it.

A great many people just starting in life have the advantage which old Simon Cameron thinks is paramount, viz., the advantage of starting poor. It is those who start that way who generally know the value of money when they acquire it.

The widespread tribute paid to the great journalist who has just departed this life is proof that the "pen is mightier than the sword."—[Watchman.

Gambetta must have been fooling with a toy pistol. He shot himself through the hand the other day.

A gentleman in the vicinity of Philadelphia recently lost his wife, and a correspondent states that a young miss of 6, who came to the funeral, said to his little daughter of about the same age, "Your pa will marry again, won't he?" "Oh, yes!" was the reply; "but not until after the funeral."

The percentage of illiteracy among colored persons is lowest in Massachusetts—15 per cent., and highest in Georgia—81.6 per cent.

Josh Billings expresses the opinion that "thare ain't but phew kan stick a white handkerchief into the brest pocket ov their overcoat without letting a little of it stick out—just by acksident."

Thurlow Weed was an inveterate smoker, and he died at the early age of 85. If you want to live to grow up, don't smoke.—[Lynn Item.

What is an unmistakable fact is the disposition on the part of leading characters among the Republicans arriving in Washington at the present time to regard the election of Butler in Massachusetts as likely to have an important bearing on the future. No one who gets even a short distance below the surface will fail to discover the favor with which Butler is regarded among a certain class of influential Republicans. They will tell you they wish what has happened in Massachusetts this fall might happen at the next presidential election.—[Wash. Cor. N. Y. Sun.

Robert Toombs of Georgia is thrifty and is one of the richest men in the South. Alexander H. Stephens used to say that at school Toombs was looked upon as a big, dull, awkward boy, who would never amount to much. "But," Mr. Stephens would add, "when Friday came and the school week was over we always found that Bob Toombs had all the marbles, knives, etc., which had belonged to the rest of the schoolboys."

There are whisperings that there will be more jobbery at the coming short session of Congress than last winter. Can there be?

"I guess there is no need of my naming the value of this parcel," said a sharp countryman to the clerk of the express office; "if it is lost you have enough provisos on the back of this receipt to hinder a dozen lawyers from recovering anything from the company."

A member of a certain church was laid aside by illness, and complained bitterly to his pastor that only one or two persons had come to see him. "My friend," said the minister, "you have been a professing Christian for thirty years. During this long time how many sick have you visited?" "Oh," he replied, "it never struck me in that light. I thought only of the relation of others to me and not of my relation to them."—[Golden Rule.

A Philadelphia bird fancier says: "You can tame a canary inside of six hours by depriving it of food for that length of time, and then putting your hand filled with seed into the cage. Repeat this at intervals, and the bird will soon become tame enough to fly about the room and come to you when you whistle for it."

DORSEY'S DENIAL.

He Says He Never Made a Cent from the Star Routes, and Bitterly Denounces His Enemies.

WASHINGTON, December 4.—Ex-Senator Dorsey has addressed a card to the public, in which he gives in detail his connection with the star routes. He claims that he never made a dollar out of these contracts; that his brother, J. W. Dorsey, and his brother-in-law, Peck, lost large sums of their own money, besides $18,000 which he had loaned them at various times. He denies all connection with Brady and the others, and says:

"The facts show, first, that at the beginning of President Garfield's administration two members of his cabinet—referring to James and MacVeagh—whose personal hostility to me has grown out of my active opposition to their appointment to the positions they held, led them to seize upon the old star route scandal and use it as a weapon to break down my influence with the administration; second, that to do this, it was necessary to fill the public press with revamped falsehoods that had long since been worn and patched; third, that at a trial, lasting more than four months, which took place after the country had been raked with a fine-tooth comb by detectives to find something damaging to me, there was not one line, word or syllable of evidence produced against me. The attorney-general of the United States, who has descended to engage in this trial personally, chiefly, it seemed from his speech, to heap abuse upon me, wrote a letter a few days since to the President made up of denunciations and epithets of falsehood and slander, of malice and impotence, in about equal parts. Mr. Brewster has dragged the robes of his great office into the filth and slime of debauchery so many times that it is to be expected that a person guilty of such atrocious acts of immorality would be guilty of equally infamous acts in the administration of the office he holds and dishonors." He says further that the removal of Marshal Henry, Postmaster Ainger and Assistant Postmaster Parker were made for the purpose of terrorizing the community. The removal of Ainger and Parker was a decoy, the real object being the removal of the marshal, that some one might be procured who would really do for the government what Marshal Henry was charged with doing for me. In other words, he says, the removal was made in order that the selection of the next jury might be absolutely under the control of the prosecution.

A MAN AFIRE.

The Curious Spectacle of a Burning Mortal on Portland Street Yesterday.

It looked like a case of spontaneous combustion. A man was walking briskly along Portland street Friday with nothing particularly dangerous in his appearance, when suddenly he began to smoke, then began to burn, and soon was all aflame. A crowd gathered about him, and one sagacious individual started out to ring the fire alarm. The conflagrating party, however, did not think it advisable to wait for the fire department, and immediately threw himself into the snow and slush of the street, rolling over and over until the fire was extinguished. The whole front of his overcoat was pretty well consumed and the undercoat charred beyond recovery. The flesh was burned somewhat, but the bodily injury is not serious. The amount of insurance is not yet reported, but in all probability the loss will be total. It was afterwards ascertained that the victim's name was William Wood of Somerville. He is a machinist by trade and works at the rooms of the Singer sewing machine. He came into town via the Boston & Lowell by early train and was going to his work when the curious accident befell him. The fire originated in his coat pocket from a card of lucifer matches.

Too Much Pepper.

[Centerville Record.]

One of the most prominent preachers tells the following anecdote as a fact whenever he hears a story too incredible for belief: "A very wicked man became converted; in course of time it became his turn to pray in class-meeting. Not being used to speaking in public, of course he was very much embarrassed. This is the substance of the prayer: 'Oh, Lord, thou giver of all good things, look down with pity on poor people. You are rich and can spare them plenty to eat while on earth. Send every one of them a full barrel of flour, plenty of lard and a side of bacon, ham or so, a pound of butter. Send each one of your starving, hungry creatures a barrel of sugar, a barrel of salt, a barrel of pepper—oh, h—l, that's too much pepper. Amen.'"

IN THEIR thirst for knowledge professional men have been recently much engaged in vivisection, which means the cutting up of living animals. The practice seems brutal, even at its best. Dissection, or the cutting up of the dead, has ever been productive of good. An autopsy often reveals hidden diseases and brings out startling facts. Here is a case in point: "Out of more than 500 dissections witnessed by the renowned Dr. Clendenning, about one-third presented signs of heart disease." As a matter of fact Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator is the only cure so far discovered for this disease. At druggists.

WASHINGTON.

What Shall Be Done With Money-Order Fees?

Some of the Features of Secretary Chandler's Report.

Intentions of the Republicans at the Next Session.

WASHINGTON, December 2.—A novel question has turned up to vex the heads of the Post Office Department, and a case now pending awaiting a decision by the postmaster-general will be the test case in a matter involving a large sum of money. Under the law the postmaster at a money order office is entitled to one-third of the fees and one-quarter of one per cent. of the payments on account of the money-order business at his office. Another law declares that the salary and commissions of a postmaster shall not exceed $4000 per annum except in the case of the postmaster at New York. In cases where the aggregate of salary and commissions exceeds $4000 per year, the department has adopted the rule of paying the postmaster up to $4000, and only paying the additional sum to him for additional clerk hire on a voucher signed by the clerk or clerks who do the work.

It appears, however, that at offices where the aggregate of salary and commissions is less than $4000, postmasters have been pocketing the fees at the same time that the business of the money order department of their office is done by clerks paid out of the general postal fund. Up to the present the department has not concerned itself as to whose pockets were enriched by the fees arising from the money order business, apparently taking it for granted that where a postmaster called for extra clerical force to be paid out of the postal fund the regular postal business of the office demanded it. Recently, however, a special agent of the department discovered that nearly the entire money order work of the office at Springfield, O., had been done for years by clerks paid out of the regular postal fund, while the postmaster, without doing more than a very small portion of the work, had pocketed the commissions amounting during his term of office to $3000. The matter was brought to the attention of the money order division, and Dr. McDonald, the superintendent, who is a strict constructionist of the law, wrote the postmaster, informing him that the fees of the money order business were not intended as a perquisite of or a gratuity to the postmaster, but were intended as payment for services rendered, and as it appeared the clerks employed to do the regular postal business of the office had done most of the work, he would ask him to refund one-half the amount of commissions paid him during his term of office. The postmaster refunded the money under protest, and awaits the decision of the postmaster-general in the matter.

For Secretary of the Senate.

WASHINGTON, December 2.—Mr. George Gorham's friends have regarded his election as secretary of the Senate, whenever the organization of that body is effected, as reasonably sure. It has been confidentially asserted that he would have the support of all the Republican senators, although it was well understood at the last session of Congress that Senator Miller of New York, Senator Hawley of Connecticut, and possibly one or two more Republicans, would not, under any circumstances, have voted for him. It is learned today that a formidable rival to the editor of the Republican exists in the person of Colonel Hooker of Vermont, the present sergeant-at-arms of the House. Senator Edmunds is reported to have been conducting a quiet but thorough canvass in favor of Hooker, and the announcement is now made that there is a strong probability of a majority of the Republican senatorial caucus agreeing upon the candidate from Vermont. Senator Edmunds is said to base his opposition to Mr. Gorham upon the fact that, prior to the purchase of the Republican by Colonel George Bliss and his friends, Mr. Gorham was an active champion of the late Second Assistant Postmaster-General Brady, and the senator does not believe that the election of Mr. Gorham to the responsible office of secretary of the Senate would be a strong card for the Republican party to play at the present time.

Bills Allowed by the Doctors.

WASHINGTON, December 2.—The following are the amounts allotted by the Garfield board of audit to the principal claimants for services during Garfield's illness and burial:

Dr. Bliss	$6,500	Dr. Reyburn	4,000
Dr. Agnew	5,000	Dr. Boynton	4,000
Dr. Hamilton	5,000	Dr. Susan Edson	3,000

making a total of $27,500, being $7500 less than the amount authorized by Congress. The ice company, for ice used in cooling the rooms, is allowed $1176; the Elberon Hotel, $1162; the New Jersey Central railroad, $1500. Various White House employes are allowed from $100 to $200 each. The total amount of the claims was about $105,000, and the amount allowed in round numbers is $40,000. The physicians' claims were cut down more than any others, only about one-fourth the amount claimed by them being allowed.

The finding of the board creates no little dissatisfaction among those who had claims. The absence of Dr. Lamb's name from the list is much commented upon, but this is explained by the fact that he is a government employe. The White House employes (who insist that they filed no claims) say they don't think the sum allowed is any just compensation for the extra services rendered. The Washington undertaker, whose claim, when filed, was severely commented upon, withdrew the claim and consequently gets no allowance. What course he proposes to pursue is unknown.

Intentions of the Republicans at the Next Session.

WASHINGTON, November 30.—It is learned from the members of Congress who are already here that it is the intention of the Republicans to hold caucuses at both ends of the capitol early in the session, perhaps next week, to arrange a programme for the session. The main issue will be the question of tariff reduction or revision. The unfinished contested election cases are to be left to the discretion of the committee on elections and the understanding is that they will all be pressed. One of the most important questions yet unsettled is the advisability of passing the Mexican pension bill, which was drafted by Mr. Hepburn of Iowa and remained in the hands of the committee on pensions at the close of the last session. The Republicans on the committee vigorously opposed the Democratic attempts to render inoperative the section refusing pensions to Mexican veterans who afterwards became Confederate soldiers. Under existing circumstances some Republicans think it would be very advisable to pass the bill as they want it while they have a majority, for fear that if it goes over again the Democrats will carry their point. A leading Democratic member stated today that he thought he expressed the sentiment of his side of the House in prophesying that there will be no need of their opposing any Republican tariff project for the reason that Judge Kelley's bill and the report of the tariff commission will create such a muddle that the majority will not be able to agree and will leave the whole question to the decision of the next Congress.

Secretary Folger's Report.

WASHINGTON, December 3.—Secretary Folger read a portion of his annual report, which will be published tomorrow, at the cabinet meeting on Friday. From a member of the cabinet it is learned that the secretary will recommend a reduction of internal revenue taxation of from $60,000,000 to $70,000,000 by the abolition of internal revenue taxation, excepting the tax on distilled spirits, malt liquors, tobacco and cigars. It is proposed to make a reduction of taxes on these articles to a figure which will bring the revenue down to about $95,000,000 per annum. The proposition is to lower the tax on whiskey to fifty cents, and on cigars to $4 per 1000. The secretary will also advise a revision of the tariff at the earliest possible moment, reducing the duties on such articles as can bear a reduction without interfering with a just protection of American industries. He will specify a number of articles upon which, in his judgment, the rates of duties can be safely reduced. Steel rails, sugar and woollen goods are understood to be three of the articles the secretary believes are protected to an unnecessary extent. The abolition of special taxes will also be recommended.

Chandler's Forthcoming Report.

WASHINGTON, December 2.—It is stated semi-officially that, in his forthcoming annual report, Secretary Chandler will enter into an elaborate discussion of naval affairs, which he has made a special study recently. He will review the facts regarding the condition of our navy, and especially as to the unfinished monitors, and will recommend an appropriation of several millions of dollars to put the navy upon a better footing; to construct new steel cruisers and to complete the monitors. It is understood that he will also ask Congress to transfer from the Treasury Department to the control of the secretary of the navy the bureaus of revenue, marine, life saving service and marine hospitals service, and that the coast survey also will be attached to the Navy Department. The secretary will also oppose the abolition of any of the navy yards.

The Nicaraguan Canal.

WASHINGTON December 3.—The Post will tomorrow publish an interview with ex-Secretary Blaine in which he opposes the proposition to appropriate $75,000,000 for an inter-oceanic canal in Nicaragua, as set forth in the Kasson report and bill. He regards it as an extraordinary proposition for the country to expend that amount of money in a country where we have no control, and while under the terms of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty we cannot fortify the canal in any manner whatever. He is of the opinion that the Clayton-Bulwer treaty is still in force. He says we cannot afford to build an inter-oceanic canal which we do not control and more than that, we cannot afford to have any inter-oceanic canal in Central America, no matter who builds it, unless we can control it, as England could control it as absolutely as she controls the Suez canal. He suggests that the bill, if passed, should be entitled "A bill to enhance the power and prestige of the British navy and to humiliate the government and people of the United States."

The Tariff Commission's Report.

WASHINGTON, December 3.—A member of the ways and means committee learns that the tariff commission will accompany their report to Congress by a bill providing for a general revision of duties on the leading articles on the tariff schedules. The reductions which they will propose on steel rails, woollen goods, sugar and many other articles, he says, are so great that they will astonish Tucker, Donnell, Carlisle and other leaders of the revenue reform party. Some of the free traders say they will support such a bill as a great concession from the protectionists, but will probably endeavor to have it amended so as to go further in the direction of a reduction of duties.

WAS SHE POISONED?

Singular and Suspicious Circumstances Attending the Death of a Maine Girl.

PORTLAND, Me., December 2.—The people of the small village of Lincolnville and vicinity are excited over the singular and suspicious circumstances attending the recent death of a young lady in that place. November 15, Miss Almatia H. Heal died suddenly at the residence of her father, near Lincolnville, Me. When she arrived home she was apparently in perfect health, and had not been ill during the year. She was intending to return to Camden the following Sunday. Shortly after arriving home she was taken violently ill, and died soon after midnight. During the early part of the night persons passing by heard her screaming, as if in intense agony. No physician nor any outside assistance was called, and the only knowledge of what occurred is gathered from the accounts given by the father and mother of the young lady. They say that very soon after she came home, Tuesday afternoon, she began to appear and act as if she was intoxicated. About sunset she complained of violent pains in the stomach, which continued and grew worse during the evening. At 10 o'clock she went to bed, and the pains increased till unconsciousness occurred, and she died between 12 and 1 o'clock. Her mother stated that no one was with the girl when she died, and that there was no light in the room. She also admitted

Putting a Cloth Over Her Daughter's Mouth

to prevent her cries being heard, but gave no reason for doing so.

Dr. Brown of Lincolnville Centre was called. He made a careful examination of the body, from which he came to the conclusion that death was the result of the administration of some powerful drug, and recommended that an investigation and an autopsy be had. Coroner McClintock of Belfast summoned a jury. The body was exhumed and found in a perfect state of preservation. An autopsy was made by Drs. Small of Belfast and Brown of Lincolnville. The stomach and contents and portions of other organs were removed and sent to a chemist for analysis. The appearance of the organs was such as to point strongly to the conclusion that death was caused by poison. The genital organs were examined, for the reason that it had been intimated that the girl might have become pregnant and died from the effect of some drug taken to conceal her imprudence. This theory was conclusively exploded by the examination, which fully confirmed the opinion of those who knew her during her life and who all concurred in believing her innocent of any misstep. The inquest was adjourned, without taking any testimony, to Saturday, December 16, when it is expected that a report of the result of the analysis of the stomach, etc., will be ready. But the conduct of the parents in

Allowing Their Daughter to Die Alone,

in darkness, and with no attempt to procure aid for her, is regarded as suspicious, and is certainly remarkable and a proper subject for the most exhaustive inquiry. Heal's reputation, says the Rockland Opinion, as represented, is not first class. He is said to have been very quarrelsome and brutal in his treatment of his family, but a natural coward, not making any talk to those able to take their own part. Thursday of last week Mrs. Heal was taken suddenly and violently insane, and on Saturday last she was taken to the asylum at Augusta. Her ravings plainly show that her insanity was induced by the trouble in connection with her daughter's death, of which she constantly talks. She frequently repeats that she held the cup of poison to her daughter's lips. Mr. Heal is very reticent, as was Mrs. Heal before she became insane, and also two children who are old enough to have observed what took place during the afternoon and night.

WRECK OF THE CEDAR GROVE.

A Boat Containing Nineteen Persons, Including Two Ladies, Still Missing.

HALIFAX, N. S., November 30.—At 3 o'clock this morning during a tempestuous northeast gale and furious snow storm, the most terrible steamship disaster that has occurred in Nova Scotia for some years happened on Walker's reef, a ledge of stone stretching into the sea, sixty miles to the eastward of this port, in the county of Guysboro. The steamer Cedar Grove, Captain Jacob Fritz, from London, bound to Halifax and St. John, N. B., manned by a crew of thirty men, but fortunately carrying only two passengers, struck on this dangerous and dreaded reef, with hardly a moment's warning to any on board, and, backing off in a short time, filled and sank. Three boat-loads of her human freight pushed off from the sinking ship soon after she struck, but it is unknown whether all on board were in these. Two boats containing thirteen men, including one passenger, made land at 9 o'clock this morning, after six hours of great exertion and terrible peril. The third boat is commanded by Captain Fritz, and carrying besides himself and his wife the only lady passenger on the Cedar Grove, and the balance of the crew, sixteen in all, who got into it before the steamer was abandoned, is still missing, and the hope that it will now turn up is very slight. Nearly everybody was asleep in their berths when the steamer struck, and no one saved a thing but what they stood in. Nineteen persons are missing. The Cedar Grove was a new steamer, being launched only last August for the New Brunswick Steamship Company for service between Great Britain, Halifax and St. John. She was valued at $150,000 and was insured for $130,000. The ship was only on her second trip when last night's storm drove her to her destruction.

It is not known to a certainty whether all had left the steamer when the boats abandoned her, and when McAvity, the passenger, and three of the crew jumped into the water in the confusion prevailing. It is thought others also leaped into the water besides these four, and it is supposed some perished without making an effort to save themselves by taking to the boats with the others, but, instead, going over the side of the ship into the sea without knowing what they were about, but, under the impression that they were only a short distance from firm ground and could easily reach it. The waves breaking over the steamer when she got low in the water, carried off a few who failed for the moment to be within reach of something to hold, and their cries as they were washed into the ocean, in view of their comrades yet safe on board, but unable to render assistance, were terrible to hear. Several of them made an effort to regain the ship, but despite all the strength they put forth the huge waves kept them back, and in a few moments they sank from sight.

Acting Second Officer Pearson says: "The night was thick and squally. I was on duty some time before we struck; noticed a white line on the starboard beam; called the captain, who immediately came on deck; told him I thought the white line was a current; he replied it was probably breakers, and ordered the helm hard to starboard; the vessel answered the helm and was coming to port; then observed the breakers broad on her bow; stopped and reversed the engines, but the vessel kept forging ahead and struck; backed off and endeavored to work her bow; let go anchor, but it would not touch bottom; observed the vessel settling forward and ran for the boats, which had previously been made ready for lowering; one boat broke away and drifted astern; tried to pull up to the vessel, but was unable to accomplish this, the sea and wind being too strong; saw two of their boats; hailed the nearest, which was apparently well manned; asked if the captain and chief officer were there; understood they were; requested them to pull to the ship, as I feared there might be people on board; the boat went right ahead in the direction of the ship, and we lost sight of her."

The Largest Rope in the World.

To the Editor of The Globe:

An article in a recent edition of your paper on "Large Ropes" states that hawsers of twenty-five and twenty-six inches have been made in Charlestown Navy Yard. In the days of "Auld Lang Syne" when rope-walks occupied the space now our public garden, and before the "government" had a rope-walk of its own here, hawsers of twenty-five, twenty-six and one of twenty-seven inches were made there. Mr. Benjamin S. Noyes, superintendent of the Sewall & Day rope works, was then a boy in one of these walks, and assisted on these hawsers. Among other incidents connected with the subject, he describes the carrying through the streets to Long wharf of one of these monster hawsers, upon the shoulders of an entire ship's crew, in single file, preceded by the United States flag and a drum and fife. Mr. Noyes is one of the oldest rope-makers in Boston, and is considered one of if not the best authority on the subject now living. Who can say that Boston, among its other claims to precedence, may not also claim to have made the "largest rope in the world?"

Respectfully, S. CARR.

Boston, November 30, 1882.

A World of Good.

One of the most popular medicines now before the American public is Hop Bitters. You see it everywhere. People take it with good effect. It builds them up. It is not as pleasant to the taste as some other bitters, as it is not a whiskey drink. It is more like the old-fashioned bone-set tea, that done a world of good. If you don't feel just right try Hop Bitters. [Nunda News.

"CAPTAIN JACK."

A Vicious and Venturesome Young Woman.

Her Good and Evil Fortune while Masquerading as a Man.

Teamer, Bar-Tender, Cook, Packer—Her Latest Escapade.

A few weeks ago, at Abington, Wallace Tripp and wife rather unceremoniously left the house where they had been boarding, and, with a horse and buggy which they had hired from William H. Whiting, disappeared, nothing having since been seen of either, or of the team, by the Abingtonians. At the same time two silk dresses, a dolman and other articles disappeared from the house at which they boarded. State Detective Seaver investigated the case, and Providence officers, acting in conjunction with him, arrested Tripp and wife Saturday afternoon. Two valises were found in their possession, containing, it is throught, the goods taken from their boarding-house in Abington. The team, which they had disposed of in this city, was recovered by Mr. Whiting. Tripp had obtained employment from Hopkins & Pomroy as a teamster. The prisoners will be delivered to the Massachusetts authorities today, and later may be called to account for some petty larcenies lately committed in Providence.

The woman, who says that her correct name is Susan Holmes, first made her debut in Providence about seven years ago, and has been there since that time two or three months every year when not confined in some penal institution. She was known to the police sometimes as Jennie Munroe, Hattie Smith and Clara Bishop, but among those intimate with her she was known as "Captain Jack." She has been before the local Police Court for drunkenness, and before the State court for being a common street-walker. While there she became so depraved that she could find no legitimate employment, and even the doors of the baudy houses were closed against her. Six years ago, meeting the proprietor of an intelligence office, she asked his advice and was recommended to don male attire and find some light employment. Acting on his advice, she succeeded in obtaining money enough to buy a cheap suit of male habiliments, had her hair cut close to her head and attired herself in her masculine rig. She remained in her room, one afternoon, practicing before a looking-glass, so that she might become accustomed to her new clothes, and act aright her new character,

She Adopted Her Brother's Name, Arthur Holmes,

and obtained employment as a teamster for Hopkins & Pomroy. Here she proved steady and industrious for awhile, and was well liked by the foreman and her companions, who never suspected that she was a woman. One night while drinking she betrayed her sex, which led to her discharge. Some kind-hearted person, hearing her story, obtained her the position of stewardess on steamer Day Star, which she creditably filled until an unfortunate spree caused her removal. She purchased another suit of male attire, more stylish than the first, and again had her hair clipped. This time she appears to have had a fastidious turn, and daily had her hair curled by a barber. She was then about 20 years of age. Being satisfied that her disguise was complete, she went to New London. There she called upon a certain saloon keeper, with whom she was intimate, mentioned the name he knew her by, and produced a letter purporting to be a letter of introduction, signed by herself, wherein she recommended her brother as a good bar-tender and honest. The proprietor happened to be in want of a bar-tender, and as she impersonated a spruce and intelligent-looking youth he hired her at a salary of $10 a week. Everything worked well for several weeks, and the new "gin slinger" grew popular. Her love for drink again overpowered her, and while intoxicated one night her sex was disclosed, and she was at once recognized by her employer. The affair leaked out, however, and she was obliged to leave that locality. By the advice of her employer she purchased a suit of coarser material, and through him obtained a position as assistant cook on a coasting schooner plying between Providence and New York. She managed to fill that position for eighteen months

Without Having it Detected that She was a Female,

and was an especial favorite of all hands. She was considered by the captain as indispensable to his vessel on account of her excellent cooking and skill with the needle. She soon supplanted the regular cook, who became her subordinate. She went ashore with the crew in New York City one night, and visited with them disreputable houses. She became the favorite of the inmates at once, and was several times urged to drink. At one place she grew familiar, and was unmasked by the girl she was fondling. The disclosure appeared to sober Susan, who from frequent drinks had become intoxicated, and she fled from the house and the schooner's crew. She did not return to the vessel, and forfeited four months' wages which were owing to her. After deserting from the schooner Susan sought for and obtained employment at a chemical factory. Here she was employed as a packer and a spare teamster. She boarded with the foreman of the department where she worked, and was compelled to occupy the same couch with a man, which she did, so she says, for nearly two years. In some manner her idendity was discovered by her foreman, who desired to be familiar. She resisted his advances, whereat he grew angry and threatened to expose her, and her room-mate, who, he suspected, knew that she was a woman. He finally, when she resisted all his overtures, caused her arrest and promised her room-mate three months' board free to go on the stand and swear that he knew that she was a woman and that they were intimate. The man she had roomed with testified, so Susan states, as he was paid to do, but his rigid cross-examination by her counsel disclosed the plot, and he acknowledged that

He Didn't Know She was a Woman

until told so by his boarding boss, although he occupied the same bed with her for nearly two years. She was discharged on promising to assume proper habiliments. She remained in New York several months, and again fell into bad company. She became associated with thieves, and was sent to Blackwell's island for receiving stolen goods. At the expiration of her sentence she bade farewell to New York and came to this city.

While in Boston she kept on her petticoats, and tried, she says, to earn an honest living. Her reputation, after a few weeks, however, always followed her, and she was either discharged or treated in such a manner that the impression was given that her services were no longer needed. She had not been long in Boston before she again began to drink, and gradually drifted into the slums of that city and became notorious in police circles. She has served sentences in the different penal institutions. While at Deer island she was reprimanded by the matron, and catching the latter alone shortly afterwards, she belabored her over the head with a broom-stick. For this offence, so she says, she was chained up by the thumbs so that her toes just touched the floor. She also says that while confined at Sherborn, where she had been sent for theft, she was locked up in a dark cellar for five days, and kept on bread and water, her only companions being rats that entered her prison and stole her bread. Ex-Governor Rice visited the institution the day after she was let out of the cellar, and was being piloted round by the matron. On passing Susan she remarked to his excellency,

"This is the Worst Girl in the Institution."

Susan was angered, and in an instant she hurled a pail of slops, which she was carrying, at the matron, besmearing her and the Governor from head to foot. For this she, with two others, Josephine and Ann Collins, who laughed at the affair, were locked up in the soap-house, which was separated from the dead-house by a thin board partition. In the morgue was the body of a man who had died that day. According to her story during the night the three Amazons broke down the partition, so Susan states, and took the corpse from the coffin and placed it in a standing position against the door, so that when the janitor opened the door the corpse would fall on him. Their joke worked well, and the poor janitor was so frightened that he fainted and was ill for several days. They were for this last offence confined in the dark hole and placed on short allowance. Susan told a Providence reporter that she was formerly healthy and rugged, but that physically she was ruined by Mrs. Atkinson, matron at Sherborn. The latter, she says, used to turn the hose on her and then have her rolled in blankets, so that she was weakened by continued sweatings. "You have no idea," said Susan, "how much the inmates of these institutions suffer from those in charge if they happen to be disliked. I would rather be under a man any time than a woman, because the latter are generally so conceited and tyrannical, and are very desirous of showing their authority whenever occasion offers.

"The best sport I had," continued Susan, "while masquerading in male attire, was the 'mashes' I used to make. A week after I donned my new rig I observed a neatly-dressed miss, about 17 years of age, eyeing me intently. On looking at her she blushed and smiled prettily. I bowed, and she recognized it with a nod. Walking up to her I asked her up street with me and she consented without a word. We soon became good friends, and

The Result was That I Went Home With Her.

She resided on Congdon street, and our meetings after that were frequent. I finally told her that my visits must be discontinued, and she began to weep and desired to know the reason, which, of course I could not disclose. I pitied her, however, and understood then for the first time how many young and innocent girls are ruined by the cunning devices of wicked men. While in New London I had a girl who was soft on me and would walk down by the saloon several times a day on purpose to get a glimpse of me. She was of a respectable family and a strong advocate of temperance. I could induce her any time I wished to take a drink, though, and, in fact, she would do anything I desired. I never fully understood before the immense influence that men have over the women who love them, and could all women have my knowledge, without the dire and bitter experience by which I gained it, they would be careful to exercise good judgment in their acquaintance with the opposite sex, and pay little attention to the honied words, which are generally advance poison."

Susan, if that be her correct name, states that she was born in Manchester, England, and was brought to this country with her parents when but fourteen months old. Her father, a mill operative, settled in New Bedford. He died about eight years ago, and she was turned adrift by her brother to earn her own living. She was then 18 years of age, but had had no experience with the world and its temptations. She found employment in Lowell, where she formed the acquaintance of a man who proved her ruin. He it was who advised her to come to Providence under the promise of marriage, which was never consummated. After a short time the man deserted her and she was again compelled to find employment.

She Formed Evil Associations at Her Workshop,

and step by step she drifted downward. Being attractive in appearance and vivacious, she had plenty of friends until her character became wholly changed by the excessive use of stimulants. Susan is 27 years of age, of medium height and complexion, with a cold blue eye. Her features are attractive and are not masculine in the least. She has a slightly Grecian profile, but the expression of her face at all times is hard and vicious. Her eyes are small and deep-set, which may account for her expression. She is intelligent, but, like all persons of her kind, she takes pride in narrating the incidents connected with her career, and relates them with great gusto. About a year ago she married Wallace Tripp, so she says, a man who has served terms in Massachusetts for horse stealing. She says that she has no person to blame but herself for her conduct, for her parents are respectable and always gave her good advice. She takes arrest very coolly, and expects she will receive for her latest offence about two years.

YOUTHFUL DEPRAVITY.

How a Leominster Boy Was Brutally Whipped by Two Companions Because He Could Not Get Them a Half-Dollar.

LEOMINSTER, December 4.—Wednesday afternoon, November 22, Howard Fuller, 7 years old, went home and surprised his parents by his condition, indicative of a rough experience, but in too dazed a state to give an intelligible account of what had transpired. Sufficient was learned, however, to show that while at play with two companions, James Carney and Arthur Dugan, aged respectively 11 and 12 years, he had been subjected to a brutal chastisement.

Repeated efforts have been made to get at the full facts of the case, but without success, until very recently, when Carney made a full confession to Officer England. From Carney's statement it appears that he and Dugan planned to get young Fuller into their company. They then sent him home to procure half a dollar, they desiring to purchase a knife each. While the little fellow was away on his mission they possessed themselves of a rawhide whip. When he appeared and announced his inability to procure the desired sum, he was enticed into the woods. There the young rascals coolly and deliberately prepared for their work. The youthful victim was forcibly stripped of his pants, shoes and stockings, compelled to stand in this semi-nude condition on the snow backed up against a tree, while his tormentors proceeded to wreak their vengeance upon him for not fulfilling their commands. Carney and Dugan, it appears, took turns in the application of the rawhide, and, when tired of that, began punching him until he sank exhausted upon the ground, when they finished their brutal work by kicking the prostrate form about the head, face, and body. Then they dressed Howard and told him to go home. The poor boy could barely walk from exhaustion, while blood flowed from his nose and mouth, and his legs were cut and bleeding. The face of the boy victim was almost repulsive to look upon on account of the discoloration and swellings, and upon his legs were ridges standing out an inch high.

Carney has demonstrated on several occasions his depravity, having indulged in a variety of minor offences. He has borne the reputation among his playmates of being a bully. Last summer a little fellow named Doyle was drowned in a pond in North Leominster, and it is currently reported that one, if not both of these boys, could give an explanation of how the accident occurred if they saw fit. One of them it is known was present with Doyle about the pond, but no notice was given of the death of the companion until after a search was instituted for him, and the party referred to was approached and closelyi nterrogated in relation to the affair. Then it was disclosed that the missing boy had fallen over the dam about three hours before.

DID HE HANG HIMSELF?

The Body of a Syracuse Man Exhumed—His Family Suspected of Crime.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., December 1.—Two weeks ago today Coroner Knapp of Syracuse was summoned to hold an inquest on the body of Horace Smith, a wealthy farmer and landowner of Lysander. The only facts brought out were that Smith committed suicide by hanging. His body was found suspended by a short rope from a ladder in one of his large grain barns. But few witnesses were sworn. The remains were buried, and the family, consisting of his wife, a grown-up son and daughter, were seemingly overcome with grief.

But a few days passed before ugly rumors gained currency, and it was boldly intimated that a crime of wondrous enormity had been committed. The fact that Mr. Smith's family had tried by all manner of means to get possession of his property added fuel to the reports till it was alleged that the case was not one of suicide at all, but that members of the family know more about the matter than they would dare have the public know. Some went so far as to intimate that they had a hand in the hanging, and the greatest excitement began to prevail. This, together with the uneasiness of the family, led the officials to investigate the matter thoroughly. The body was exhumed today. The developments are reported to be sensational in the extreme, but nothing can be learned from an official source. It is reported that Miss Smith states that she discovered the body of her father first, and the son asserts that he first discovered it. They are said to have left him hanging without making any alarm.

Sometime after the body was first found, James Van Wie came to the house and inquired for Mr. Smith. The son told him that he guessed his father was in the barn. Van Wie wanted to know if he was going to draw straw, at the same time walking toward the barn. When they reached the building young Smith opened the door and is alleged to have said: "Does the old man look as though he was going to draw straw today? I guess he will not draw much straw?" Van Wie attempted to cut the body down, but it is alleged that he was prevented by the old lady, who had arrived on the spot. Van Wie called in some neighbors who were passing. Mrs. Smith is said to have threatened to prosecute them if they laid a hand on the body. They, however, cut him down. This is all that can be learned of the matter, but it is expected that arrests will follow.

BELLEVUE'S FALL.

Dr. Eastman Arrested and Put in Jail.

Since the publication in Thursday's GLOBE of additional particulars concerning Bellevue Medical College, very important developments have occurred. Another heinous charge has been brought against Professor Corken, the location of various bogus diplomas has been ascertained, and, finally, the dean of the faculty, Charles J. Eastman, has been arrested by the authorities of the United States, and will be obliged to answer to the charge of using the mails with intent to defraud. THE GLOBE remarked Thursday that "the end is not yet." It now repeats what it then said, and adds that the whole matter will be probed to the bottom. The results will make very interesting, not to say startling, reading matter.

Curious Auction on a Farm.

The sale of the personal effects of the late wealthy and eccentric John Eiholtz took place at Urbana, O., recently. Over 5000 people were attracted there out of curiosity. Deceased had his house and premises filled with property of all kinds. For twenty years he sold nothing, and during that time bought every thing his eccentric mind desired. Ten thousand bushels of barley is on the farm and hundreds of bushels of corn decayed from age, some of which is twenty-one years old. Recently twenty car-loads of corn were shipped by the administrators, and as much more remains unsold. At his sale one horse sold for ten cents, and a number of old horses were sold that were never bridled or haltered. One horse was taken from the barn that for eight years had never been out, and had become blind from close confinement. Implements of all kinds were exposed to sale. It was a regular curiosity shop.

Eighteen-Stop Organ for $61.

Daniel F. Beatty, the famous organ and piano man, offers in this paper an eighteen-stop, five-sets-of-reeds' organ, including sub-bass and octave coupler, for only $65, and to all who order within ten days from date of this paper a further reduction of $4, thus leaving the price $61, if the order is accompanied by slip cut from the advertisement. A good way to find out what paper pays, and his customers get the advantage of it. Read his advertisement in another column carefully, and we advise our readers to order within the ten days of this well-known house.

Remarkable Feat of a Connecticut Girl.

Columbia, Ct., has a fresh instance of the remarkable capabilities of somnambulists. Sophia Thompson, a "stocky" girl, rose from her bed the other night, crowded herself through a hole in the floor of her room a foot square and made for heating purposes, and dropped nine feet to the floor of her mother's room below—still sound asleep. Her mother shook her awake, and people are now wondering how she got through that little hole with only a bruised foot.

FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

THE MONEY MARKETS.

The Week's Record of Business in Wall and State Streets.

BOSTON, SATURDAY AFTERNOON, December 2, 1882.

There is nothing new to say of the Boston money market, which has presented no change during the week from its previous condition. Money is still scarce, and business in loans and discounts is but moderately active. Rates continue to rule very firm, and the tendency is to gradually strengthen. The banks are disinclined to do anything in the matter of discounting beyond attending to the wants of their regular customers, while the general quotations for good mercantile paper is 6@7 per cent.

Transactions in prime manufacturing paper are very limited, and while this grade of paper is quoted as held at 5 per cent. quotations are merely nominal.

Collateral call loans range from 5½@7 per cent., according to the nature of the collateral. The note brokers report rates outside of the banks as ranging upward from 6 per cent.

Suburban banks are discounting the general run of local paper at an average rate of 6½ per cent.

The rate for balances between banks during the week has ruled at 4 per cent., which was the rate today.

At the clearing house this morning the gross exchanges were $14,168,458, while for the week they were $66,168,169; the balances this morning were $1,412,469, and for the week $8,553,361.

New York funds today were quoted at a premium of 15@20 cents per $1000.

Foreign exchange closes quiet and steady, the closing prices being the same as the asking prices of last Saturday, as follows: Sight, 4 84; sixty days, 4 80; commercial bills, 4 78; francs, sight, 5 19⅜@5 20; sixty days, 5 23⅛@5 24⅜. In Wall street money rates have kept quite steady of late and comparatively easy. Today the last loan was made at 3, closing offered at 2½ per cent.

Owing to recent heavy disbursements by the government it was generally expected that the bank statement today would be a favorable one, and so it was, as will be seen by the following items:

Loans decreased	$3,735,300
Specie increased	3,934,300
Legal tenders decreased	56,800
Deposits increased	1,304,900
Circulation decreased	33,100
Reserve increased	3,551,275

Last week the reserve showed a decrease of $1,192,225, while the banks stood $3,024,700 below the legal requirements. Today the reserve shows an increase of $3,551,275, while the banks are now $1,480,325 in excess of the legal requirements.

Government Bonds.

These securities have held up quite stiffly during the week, Secretary Folger's call for $10,000,000 3½ per cents, issued on Saturday last, without regard to specified numbers, having infused firmness and vigor in prices. The closing today was quite firm, at a fractional advance on the opening. The redemption of called bonds continues but slowly.

The Stock Markets.

There is nothing materially new to say of the local stock market. For the moment appearances justify the belief that, comparatively speaking, the market has already reached that level where any change must be for the better, but whether this is to be lasting, or whether the coming week will bring about a change, is altogether another question, one that the leaders of the street do not attempt to answer.

While the market has been only moderately active during the week, with dealings not widely distributed, a slightly better tone has been infused in the transactions, and the low range of prices, which was one of the characteristics of last week's market, have given place to figures of a higher level, although in many instances the whole of this reaction has not held. But the closing prices of today, compared with those of last Saturday, show in the main a very gratifying improvement.

The New York stock market continues quite active, although rather less so, perhaps, than recently; at all events, fluctuations of prices, as a rule, are confined within narrower limits. The tendency of the market now changes every day, if not every hour, having no decided drift in either direction, being alternately weak and strong. Bear talk just now appears to be uppermost, and the present aspect is not very encouraging for a bull market.

During one portion of the week the railroad war, which is still being kept up, appeared to be rather ignored by the market; but during the last two days it has become once again a prominent factor, and on a settlement of which the future course of prices in a great measure rests. But the closing up of iron and steel works in different parts of the country, and the prospect of yet many more doing so, are facts which must not be lost sight of, the result of which cannot fail to be felt in the stock market sooner or later.

The stock market opened weak this morning, with prices ⅛@1½ per cent. below the closing of yesterday; in the early dealings prices rallied slightly, only again to weaken; this was followed by a steadier and firmer tone, and prices generally throughout the list continued to improve and gain in strength during the forenoon; at the close, however, the market was irregular, showing a decline from the best figures of the day, but in many instances an advance when compared with the opening. Reading shows a gain of 1 per cent. for the day, the Omaha stocks ¾, Jersey Central ⅝, Texas Pacific ½, Northern Pacific ⅜, and Northwest, Northern Pacific preferred, Canada Southern, Denver & Rio Grande and Kansas & Texas ¼ per cent. each; Lake Shore, Louisville & Nashville, Michigan Central and Pacific Mail were unchanged from the opening figures. The remainder of the active list shows a decline for the day ranging from ⅛@1¼ per cent., the latter in Wabash preferred, the weakness of which was undoubtedly due to an unconfirmed rumor that the Wabash company contemplated issuing $10,000,000 more stock.

The Union Pacific Railroad Company has declared a dividend of 1¾ per cent., payable January 1, the books closing December 9. There appears to be a feeding of Western Union stock by insiders.

Canada Southern is quite firm under the pooling arrangement recently made with the Michigan Central.

Prices of Stocks and Bonds at 2.30 P. M.

LAND COS.	Bid.	Asked	RAILROADS.	Bid.	Asked
Boston	6⅛	6¼	Bos & Maine	147	147½
Boston W.P.	2⅞	3	Bos & Prov.	160	161
Maverick	—	1⅜	Cheshire pf	62	—
BONDS.			Chi, B & Q.*	124½	124⅝
A.T&SF 1sts	119	119½	Cen of Iowa	29	—
A.T&SF 1g	—	114	Cin, S & Clev	24¼	—
A.T&SF guar	—	112	Eastern	31½	33
K.C.FS&G 7s	110½	110⅝	Fitchburg	132	132¼
L R & F S 7s	—	106	North'n N.H.	—	110
Mass Cen 6s	25	—	NY & NE	47	47
N M & S P 7s	112	112½	Old Colony	136	137
Eastern 6s	109¼	109½	Rutland pref	20½	21
NY & NE 7s	114⅛	114½	Summit Br.	8	8¼
NY & NE 6s	104⅞	105	Union Pac.	101	101¼
U P 6s	—	113	T, Del & B.	4⅛	4 3-16
U P 7s	—	109½	Wis Central	13¾	14
U P s f 8s	115	—	Mex Cen	19	—
Og & L C con 6s	90	91	MINING COS.		
A & P 6s	—	94	Allouez	—	2
A & P inc	18	19	Atlantic	16	—
Mex Cen 1sts	68¾	69	Cal & Hecla*	247½	248
Sonora 7s	103	103½	Catalpa	92½c	95c
T, D & B 1sts	33	—	Franklin	13¼	13½
do incomes	8⅞	9⅛	Harshaw	50c	—
do SED 1sts	41	41½	Huron	1	—
do incomes	8⅞	9⅛	National	1	—
RAILROADS.			Osceola	34	—
A,T&SFe	84½	85	Pewabic	11	—
F & P Mar	18⅞	20	Quincy	60⅝	61
do pref	97	98	Silver Islet	7	—
La & Mo Riv	14½	16	Bonanza	—	3
Mar,H&On	62	62⅞	Crescent	30c	—
Mass Central	3	—	MISCELLANEOUS.		
Metrop H	75	—	Bell Tele	174	175
Bos & Alb*	171½	172½	Mex Tel'phe	3¼	3½
Bos & Lowell	98½	99			

COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

BOSTON MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE BOSTON DAILY GLOBE, SATURDAY EVENING, December 2.

The week has been more or less broken up by the observance of Thanksgiving, and in leading articles transactions have been light. In all departments there is a cautious movement to be noticed, with no apparent disposition to anticipate future wants. With few exceptions the tendency of food products and general merchandise is in buyers' favor. Trade in Dry Goods started up a little in the first part of the week, under the influence of some concession in prices, but most of the jobbers still hesitate about stocking up. Boots and Shoes have been quiet, but we expect that active operations will be resumed next week. In Wool there has been a fair average business and prices have been sustained, but holders are anxious to meet buyers at current rates. Cotton has eased off a little. Hides are without transactions of importance and prices are nominally unchanged. Leather is without material change. Metals are dull and generally weak. Bleaching powders are a little firmer, but other English Chemicals favor buyers. Oils are without change. Flour moves slow so far as the home trade is concerned, but exports have been large. Prices continue weak. Corn is firm, with small receipts. Provisions have further declined, including Pork, Beef and Lard. Groceries are dull, and Coffee, Tea and Sugar are in an unsatisfactory state. Fish are without sales of consequence, but prices are well sustained. In Butter there has hardly been enough trade to make a price, and quotations are about the same as last week. All kinds except fine grades are weak. Cheese is a little firmer, with a fair trade. Eggs are slow and weaker. Beans are steady. Potatoes are nominally unchanged. Apples firm.

APPLES.—There has been a very fair request for choice Baldwins. We quote sales of fancy fall at $3@4 ₩ bbl; Baldwins, No 1, $2 75@3 ₩ bbl; do, No 2, $1 50@2 ₩ bbl.

BEANS.—There has been a moderate demand at steady prices. Yellow Eyes are in light receipt and firm. We quote: choice small, hand-picked, $2 80@2 90 ₩ bush; do do large hand-picked, $2 60@2 70 ₩ bush; do do common to good, $2 00@2 50 ₩ bush; medium choice hand-picked, $2 65@2 70 ₩ bush; do, choice screened, $2 30@2 50 ₩ bush; do, common to good, $2 00@2 25 ₩ bush; improved Yellow Eyes, $3 15@3 20 ₩ bush; do, choice flats, $3 10@3 15 ₩ bush; do, common, $3 00@3 10 ₩ bush; Red Kidneys, $2 75@3 ₩ bush.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—But little business has been done in the Boot and Shoe market during the week. Manufacturers have secured quite as many orders as usual at this season, and factories will be in active operation next week. On most of the finer grades of goods prices are about the same as last season. Brogans, Plough Shoes and some other kinds of heavy shoes have slightly advanced. There is a favorable outlook for a large trade, but buyers are cautious and not disposed to incur heavy obligations until the financial situation is more clearly defined.

BUTTER.—The market has ruled quiet as usual at this time, with not sales enough to warrant any change in quotations. Fine fresh made Western creameries are in light supply. We quote sales of fine Northern creamery, Oct make, at 35@36c ₩ ℔; do good to choice, 3[illegible]@..4c ₩ ℔; do summer made 28@31c ₩ ℔; dairy, Franklin County, Oct 32@...c ₩ ℔; dairy grades New York and Vermont, fall lots 28@30c ₩ ℔; do do straight dairies, 23@27c ₩ ℔; do do common to fair grades, 18@22c ₩ ℔. We quote Western—Fine fresh made creamery, 35@36c ₩ ℔; good to choice, 2[illegible]@34c ₩ ℔; do common to fair, 23@27c ₩ ℔; choice dairy, 25@2..c ₩ ℔; do fair to good, 18@24c ₩ ℔; choice fresh made ladle, 19@20c ₩ ℔; do fair to good, 16@17c ₩ ℔; do common, 15@16c ₩ ℔; do choice, June, 19@20c ₩ ℔.

CHEESE.—There is a little firmer feeling, but no advance can be obtained. Western Cheese continues to give good satisfaction. Common grades have been dull. We quote the sales of choice New York, 12¾@13¼c ₩ ℔; choice Vermont, 12½@13c ₩ ℔; Northern fair to good, 9@11c ₩ ℔; do common, 5@9c ₩ ℔; choice Western, 12@12½c ₩ ℔; do fair to good, 9@11c ₩ ℔; do common, 4@8c ₩ ℔.

COAL.—As noticed last week English Cannel Coal continues without change, and sales have been confined to retail lots. Nova Scotia Coal is scarce and selling at higher prices. Cumberland Coal is quiet, consumers being well supplied. Gas Coals are quiet. Anthracite has been in moderate demand, the large advance in freights causing buyers to hold off in expectation of a favorable change. The retail demand is [illegible] ...at 6 50@7 50 ₩ ton.

COFFEE.—The market for Coffee has been dull and rather easier for Rio grades, and with the stock on supply at present in the hands of dealers and large prospective receipts, together with the indifference of buyers, there is but little encouragement in the future of the market. Mild grades have been in fair demand at unchanged prices. We quote Mocha 26@26½c ₩ ℔; Java at 12½@24c ₩ ℔; Maracaibo at 8@14c ₩ ℔; and Rio at 6@9¾c ₩ ℔ for inferior and prime.

COPPER.—We quote the last sales of Sheathing Copper at 28c ₩ ℔; and Bolts and Braziers' Copper at 30@32c ₩ ℔. Yellow Sheathing Metal sells at 20c ₩ ℔, and Yellow Metal Bolts at 22c ₩ ℔. Ingot Copper has been quiet, with sales at 18@18¼c ₩ ℔.

CRANBERRIES.—Sales of choice Cranberries have been made at $11@12 ₩ bbl; common to good, $8@10 ₩ bbl.

CORN.—The stock of old Corn is very much reduced and the sales confined to small lots at 88@90c ₩ bush. New Corn is beginning to arrive more freely and has been selling at 75@85c ₩ bush, as to condition. To arrive from Chicago old Corn is held at 85@87c ₩ bush and new at 74c ₩ bush for high mixed.

DRIED APPLES.—The demand is moderate for quartered and sliced. New Evaporated are in fair demand. We quote sales of Southern quartered at 4½@5c ₩ ℔; do new sliced, 6@9c ₩ ℔; New York quartered, 6@6½c ₩ ℔; do sliced, 6@6½c ₩ ℔; Eastand North quartered, 6½@7c; do do sliced, 6½@7c ₩ ℔; choice evaporated, 15@16c ₩ ℔; do common to good, 12@14c ₩ ℔.

DRUGS, DYES AND CHEMICALS.—There has been a moderate demand for articles under this head and prices are without material change. We quote sales of Alcohol at $2 25@2 27 ₩ gal; Bleaching Powders at $1 07½@1 10 in round lots; Soda Ash at $1 55@1 60; Sal Soda at $1 15 from wharf, and $1 17½@1 20 from store; Caustic Soda in small lots at $3 17½@3 20; Potato Starch at 4⅝@5c; American Castor Oil at 14½@15c in barrels and cases; Shellac ranges from 28@32c for common and DC; Brown Sugar of Lead at 7c; White Sugar of Lead at 12c; Bichromate Potash at 15½c for American; Prussiate at 24c for yellow and 50@51c for red; Cutch at 7@7½c; Sulphate Quinine at $1 60@1 80 for German, and American at $1 80@1 90; Chamomile Flowers are firm at 40@50c, as to quality; Cubebs at 70@80c; refined Borax at 13½@14¼c, in barrels and cases; Balsam Tolu at 48@50c; Assafœtida is firmer, and prime grades have sold at 20@60c; Cream Tartar at 31@31½ for crystals, and 32@32½c for powdered; Opium is dull at $4 25@4 30; and other articles have been taken at previous prices.

DRY GOODS.—There has been more doing in Cottons, but the market is still comparatively quiet. Woollens are quiet and unchanged.

DYEWOODS.—In St Domingo Logwood there have been sales at $20@24 00 ₩ ton. All other Dyewoods are quiet.

EGGS.—The market has been dull with a weak tendency in prices. Island and Nova Scotia are quiet. We quote sales of Eastern at 31@32c ₩ doz; Aroostook county, 30@31 ₩ doz; New York and Vermont, 30@31c ₩ doz; Northern, 30@31c ₩ doz; P E Island and Nova Scotia, 30@31c ₩ doz; Western, 29@30c ₩ doz; held stock, 26@29c ₩ doz; limed, 25@26c ₩ doz.

FEED.—Sales of Shorts have been at $18 50@19 00 ₩ ton. Fine Feed and Middlings have been selling at $19@22 ₩ ton, as to quality. Cotton Seed Meal has been selling at $..@.. ₩ ton.

FISH.—The demand for Codfish has been moderate. Sales of large dry Bank have been at $5 75@6 ₩ qtl, and medium at $5 ₩ qtl; large pickled cured Bank at $5 50@5 62½ ₩ qtl, and medium at $4 25@4 50 ₩ qtl. Shore Codfish have been selling at $6 50@6 ₩ tl. Hake have been dull and sales have been at $3 50@3 75 ₩ qtl; Haddock at $3 50@3 75 ₩ qtl, and Pollock at $3 75@4 25 ₩ qtl. Mackerel are firm at and have been in demand. Sales at $8 50 ₩ bbl for No 3, $11 50 for No 2, and $14 50 for No 1. Good 3s are firm in jobbing lots; No 2 at $13@13 50 ₩ bbl. Pickled Herring have been in demand, with sales at $5 ₩ bbl for large shore splits. Smoked Herring have been selling 24@25c ₩ box for medium scaled. In Alewives sales have been at $4 ₩ bbl.

FLOUR.—The market continues dull and business has been limited. Flour is now arriving quite freely from all points and stocks are rapidly accumulating. Prices are low and holders are not disposed to submit to any further concessions, but if sales were forced low figures would have to be taken. Some of the fancy brands are still sold up close and for immediate delivery are scarce. In winter wheat patents business has been light. We quote the last sales as follows: Spring wheats—Western superfine, $3 25@3 75; common extras, $3 75@4 25; Wisconsin, $...@....; Minnesota bakers, $4 75@6 25; Minnesota patents, $6 50@7 50. Winter wheats—We quote Choice patents, $6 50@6 75; do common to good, $6 00@6 25; New York and Michigan roller flour, $5 50@5 75; Ohio, and Indiana roller flour, $5 65@5 85; St Louis and Illinois, $5 75@6 15 ₩ bbl; Illinois and St Louis straights, $5 50@5 90; Ohio and Indiana straights, $5 00@5 50; Michigan straights $5 00@5 25; Winter wheat seconds, $4 00@4 50 ₩ bbl. Rye Flour, $3 75@4 25 ₩ bbl; Cornmeal, $3 65@3 70. Oatmeal, common to good Western, $5 60@5 90; Oatmeal, fancy brands, $6 75@7.

FREIGHTS.—Ocean freights are firm and the business has been fair. Rates to California the same, and we quote rates on the basis of $9 dead weight. To Melbourne the rates are 20@22½c ₩ foot for measurement goods; to Sydney 20@22½c ₩ foot for measurement goods, and 20@22½c to Adelaide for measurement goods. To Brisbane 25c ₩ foot for measurement goods; and to New Zealand ports 25c for measurement goods. By steam to Liverpool—Provisions, 25s 0d; butter and cheese, 27s 6d; cotton, 1¼d; leather, 50s ₩ ton; sack flour, 20s 0d ₩ ton; measurement goods, ₩ 40 cubic feet, 20@25s; corn, 5d ₩ bush; barrel flour, 2s 6d ₩ bbl; wheat, 5d ₩ bbl. We quote rates to London—Bbl flour, 2s 6d; measurement goods, 27s 6d; sack flour, 25s 0d; corn, 7d; wheat, 7d; butter and cheese, 30s 0d; provisions, 30s 0d ₩ ton. To Glasgow—Corn, 6d; bush; wheat 6d ₩ bush; provisions, 30s 0d; sack flour, 27s 6d ₩ ton; barrel flour, 2s 9d; apples, 3s 6d. Coal freights from Philadelphia have been at $1 50@2 00; from Baltimore at $2.

FRESH MEAT.—There have been steady prices for Beef and Mutton, with a light demand. We quote as follows: Beef, choice hindquarters, 10@12c ₩ ℔; do common, 8@9c ₩ ℔; do choice forequarters, 7@7½c ₩ ℔; do common to good, 5@6c ₩ ℔; extra Mutton, 7@8c ₩ ℔; common to good do, 3@4c ₩ ℔; choice Spring Lamb, 8@9c ₩ ℔; common to good do, 5@7c ₩ ℔; choice Veal, 10@11c ₩ ℔; fair to good do, 8@9c ₩ ℔; common do, 4@5c ₩ ℔; Worcester county choice do, 10@12c ₩ ℔; Worcester county do, 7@9c ₩ ℔.

FRUIT.—There has been a steady demand for Malaga Raisins, and we quote the sales of loose Muscatel at $1 80@...., and London layers at $2 25@2 30. Valencia Raisins have been selling at 8@....c ₩ ℔. In Smyrna Figs last sales have been at 12½@20c ₩ ℔. Currants have been sold at 5¾@6c ₩ ℔. Citron has sold at 14½@15¼c ₩ ℔; Turkey Prunes have been selling at 7½c ₩ ℔, French at 11½@16 ₩ ℔; Dates have sold at 6½@6¾c ₩ ℔ for African. Peanuts have been in fair demand, with sales at 8@11c ₩ ℔ for Norfolk. Florida Oranges have sold at $4@5 ₩ box, and Valencias at $6@7 50 ₩ case. Sicily Lemons have been selling at $2 50@5 ₩ box, as to quality.

GUNNY BAGGING.—The demand has been steady for domestic Bagging. We quote sales at 7c for 1½ ℔s average, 7½c for 1¾ ℔s average, 8¼c for 2 ℔s average, and 9¼c for 2¼ ℔s average.

HAY AND STRAW.—The market for Hay has been well supplied and trade is slow; it is not easy to get over $18 for best, while medium grades run down to $15@17 ₩ ton. Rye Straw is steady. We quote Eastern and Northern choice new Hay at $18 00@..00 ₩ ton; choice Hay, $....@.... ₩ ton; good, $16 00@17 00 ₩ ton; fine, $15 00@16 00 ₩ ton; poor, $10 00@13 00 ₩ ton; Western Timothy, $17@18 ₩ ton; Swale Hay, $9 00 ₩ ton; choice Rye Straw, $15@16 ₩ ton; do common to good, $14@... ₩ ton; Oat Straw $9 ₩ ton.

HEMP.—In Manila Hemp there is no change to notice and we quote at 11⅜@11½c ₩ ℔ on the spot and to arrive. Sisal Hemp has been quiet and sales have been at 5¾@5½c ₩ ℔. Jute Butts have been in light request, and we quote at 2 7-16c@2¾c ₩ ℔ for paper and bagging grades.

HIDES.—There has been a firm feeling for Hides and prices are well sustained, but stocks are sold up close, both on the spot and to arrive, and nothing of any consequence has been done. Sales include dry Buenos Ayres at 26c ₩ ℔, and Western and Southern at previous prices. Calcutta Hides are quiet and nothing of any consequence has been done. Goat and Sheep Skins are firm and in good demand; sales of East India tanned sheep at 72½c, and do do tanned goat at 62½c.

HOPS.—There has been a quiet market for Hops, and no transactions of any importance have taken place. Buyers are extremely cautious in purchasing since the break in prices, and expect to see a lower market. We quote sales of good to prime Eastern, 1882, 95c@$1 ₩ ℔; do 1881, 90c@$1 ₩ ℔.

INDIA RUBBER.—Prices have ranged from $1 05@1 09 for fine; coarse do, 60@75c.

INDIGO.—We quote sales of Indigo as follows: Fine Bengal at $1 65@2 00; good consuming grades at $1 40@1 60; ordinary at $1 10@1 30; Guatemala at $1@1 25.

IRON.—There has been rather a dull feeling for Pig Iron, and the sales of American Pig have been at $26 00@29 00 ₩ ton, as to quality. In Scotch Pig sales have been at $24 00@28 00 ₩ ton. Bar Iron is dull and sales have been at $2 40@2 75 ₩ 100 ℔s. American Sheet Iron remains the same and has been sold at 4@5c ₩ ℔, as to quality. Steel Rails continue quiet and remain about the same. Sales have been at $40@45 ₩ ton, with large sales at $40, which is understood to be less than than cost of production.

LEAD.—Pig Lead is dull with sales at $4 75 ₩ 100 ℔s. Lead Pipe has sold at 7½c ₩ ℔; and Sheet Lead at 8c ₩ ℔; Tin-lined Pipe at 15c, and Block Tin Pipe at 45c ₩ ℔. Old Lead has been taken in exchange for new at 4¾c for solid and 4¼c for tea.

LEATHER.—The demand for Sole Leather has been fair and sales of Hemlock have been at 21@26 ₩ ℔, as to quality. Union tanned ranges from 35½@38c for backs, and 32@34c for crop. Rough Upper Leather has been in fair request and sales have been at 23@28c ₩ ℔, as to quality, including selected lots. Rough Calf Skins are in fair demand, with sales at 48@5.c; and finished Calf at 60@90c, as to quality. The different kinds of finished Leather continue in steady but moderate demand.

LIME.—There have been sales of Rockland at $1@1 05 ₩ cask.

LUMBER.—We give the following as the quotations: Clear Pine, Nos 1 and 2, $50@60; No 3, $40@45; No 4, $32@38; No 5, $25@26. Coarse pine—No 5, $17@18; refuse, $..@..; shipping boards, $17@18. Spruce—Nos 1 and 2, $13 00@14 00; coarse and refuse, $....@...... Hemlock boards—Planed, $1 higher—Nos 1 and 2, $11 00@12 00; refuse, $..@... Southern pine—Flooring boards, Nos 1 and 2, $32@34; flooring boards, ¼ and ½ step, $33 00@35 00; ship stock, $27@31; dimension factory, $21@24; random cargoes, assorted, $21@22; refuse two-thirds price; black walnut, $60@90; cherry, $60@70; white wood, inch, $28@33; do do ⅝, $22@26; oak, $38@42; ash, $38@42. Clapboards—Heart pine, $3.@50; saps, $30@45; spruce, $18@30; shingles, $1 75@5 75; spruce laths, $1 85@2 00; pine do, $2@2 25. The market for Lumber remains about the same, with a steady demand.

MOLASSES.—There has been no change in Molasses and the market continues dull, with prices nominally unchanged. We quote sales of common to choice Porto Rico at 30@55c ₩ gal; Barbadoes at 40@42c ₩ gal; Cienfuegos at 33@37c ₩ gal. New Orleans Molasses has been in active request in New York, more particularly for the better grades, for which there is a firmer feeling, with sales to some extent at prices ranging from 40@58c ₩ gal, as to quality.

NAILS.—There is a light demand, and we quote the sales at $3 75 ₩ keg for assorted sizes with the usual d[illegible]

[illegible] T[illegible] ...come lower for Spirits Turpentine, and sales have been at 51@[illegible] Tar, Resin [illegible] a [illegible] been quiet and sales confined to small lo[illegible]

NITRATE OF SODA.—Nitrate of Soda has been selling at [illegible]@2 7. ₩ 100 ℔s.

OATS.—There has been a steady market with fair demand for Oats. We quote sales of No 1 white at 52@54c ₩ bush; No 2 white at 50@..c ₩ bush; No 3 white at 48@..c ₩ bush, and for the different grades of mixed at 43@48c ₩ bush.

OILS.—W[illegible] Oil is dull and prices easier; sales have been at 5.@...c for Western; Calcutta, 60c. Lard Oil [illegible] light demand, with the sales of Western and Boston extra at $1 00@1 05 ₩ gal; No 1 at 78@82c ₩ gal. In Red Oil sales have been at 55@55½c for saponified and 55@..c for Elaine. Palm Oil has sold at 6¾@.. ₩ ℔. Fish Oils have been sold at 44@50c. Sperm and Whale Oils continue in moderate demand. Petroleum has been steady and in fair demand, and sales of refined have been at 8¾@9½c ₩ gal for 115@120 test, and high test brands at 1.¾@14½c, bbls extra. Case Oil has sold at 11¼@....c ₩ gal, tins included. Naphtha has been selling at 10@10½c ₩ gal, as to gravity, and 11@11½ for 76 gravity.

ONIONS.—We quote sales of Onions at $2 00@2 25 ₩ bbl.

PEAS.—There has been a very fair demand for choice Canada Peas, and we quote at $1 20@1 25 ₩ bush; do common 90c@$1 00 ₩ bush; Northern Green Peas, $1 20@1 30 ₩ bush; do Western, $1 40@1 50 ₩ bush.

POTATOES.—The market has been well supplied and prices are barely maintained. We quote the sales of Northern at 78@80c ₩ bush; Eastern at 78@80c ₩ bush; Early Rose, 70@75c ₩ bush; Prolifics, 78@80c ₩ bush; Peerless, 70@75c ₩ bush; Brooks, 70@75c ₩ bush; Chenangoes 60@65c ₩ bush. Sweet Potatoes have sold at $2 25@2 75 ₩ bbl.

POULTRY AND GAME.—Good Poultry cleaned up well before Thanksgiving, and there is very little stock here. No reliable quotations can be given for fresh supplies, but the indications are that prices will not vary much from rates of last week. We quote choice Western Turkeys 15@17c fair to good, 12@14c; choice Chickens, 15@16c; fair to good, 13@14c; Scalded Poultry, 10@12c. Northern—Choice Turkeys, 18@20c ₩ ℔; fair to good, 15@17c; Chickens, 15@18c; fair to good, 12@14c; Live Fowl, 1.@12c ₩ ℔; Woodcock, 50@60c each; Wild Pigeons, $2 00@2 25 ₩ doz; Partridges, 60@80c ₩ pair; Quail, $2@2 5. ₩ doz; Venison, saddles, 12@14c ₩ ℔.

PROVISIONS.—There has been a moderate demand for Pork and prices have become weak. We quote the sales of prime at $17 50@18 ₩ bbl; mess at $20@20 50; clear has sold at $23@24 ₩ bbl, and backs at $24@24 50 ₩ bbl. Beef has become easier, and the sales of Western mess have been at $10@11 00. Western extra mess and plate at $12 5.@14 50 ₩ bbl; and Western extra plate at $15@16 ₩ bbl. Lard has been a little easier and selling at 12½@12¾c ₩ ℔. Smoked Hams are easier, with sales at 13¼@14c.

RICE.—There has been a quiet market for Rice and price tend slightly in favor of buyers. We quote the sales of Carolina at 5¾@7½c ₩ ℔; Rangoon at 5¼c; and Patna at 5¾c ₩ ℔.

RYE.—The market is quiet, with sales in small lots at 74@75c ₩ bush.

SALT.—There continues to be a good demand for Turks Island, and prices are firm at $2 20@2 30 ₩ hhd in jobbing lots, according to place of delivery. St Martins is jobbing at $2 40@2 50 ₩ hhd.

SALTPETRE.—The market is quiet for Saltpetre, and sales have been nominally at 6@6½c ₩ ℔.

SEEDS.—Calcutta Linseed is quiet and prices are nominally $1 80 ₩ bush. Western Flaxseed has been selling at $1 30 ₩ bush. Grass Seeds have been in fair demand and remain unchanged.

SPICES.—There has been a better demand for Pepper. Other kinds of spices remain about the same, with a fair jobbing demand.

SPIRITS.—Domestic Spirits have been in fair demand at unchanged prices. Foreign Spirits remain quiet. New England Rum has been in steady demand and we quote sales at $1 45@1 50 ₩ gal for new and $1 60@5 for old, as to quality and age.

STARCH.—We quote the following as the current prices: Potato 4⅞@5c; Corn, 4@4½c; choice do, 4⅛@5c; Wheat, 7@8c.

SUGAR.—There is no material change noticeable in the market for raw Sugars, which is dull, with a limited demand. We quote sales of fair to good refining at 7¼@7¾c. Refined Sugars are dull, with sales of Cubes at 9¾c; powdered at 9¼c; granulated at 9c; confectioners' A, 8¾c; standard A....c; extra yellow C, 8⅛c; yellow C, 7½c; golden yellow C, 7@7¼c ₩ ℔.

SUMAC.—We quote the sales of Sicily at $72 50@...₩ ton. Lots from store at $75 ₩ ton. American Sumac has been selling at $50 00@55 00 ₩ ton.

TALLOW.—We quote sales of rendered at 7½@7⅝c ₩ ℔. Grease has been selling at 6¼@7¼c ₩ ℔, as to quality.

TEAS.—Gunpowder, 20@45c ₩ ℔; Imperial, 20@45c ₩ ℔; Hyson, 17@35c ₩ ℔; Young Hyson, 15@40c ₩ ℔; Twankay, 13@25c ₩ ℔; Hyson Skin, 13@25c ₩ ℔; Congou, 18@55c ₩ ℔; Souchong, 18@55c ₩ ℔; Oolong, 15@55c ₩ ℔; Japans, $16@34c.

TIN.—The demand has been moderate, with sales of Straits at 22⅝@22¾c ₩ ℔, and English at 23¼@23½c ₩ ℔.

TIN PLATES.—The demand has been moderate for Tin Plates, with sales at $5 25@7 75 ₩ box, as to quality.

WOOL.—The market is quiet for all kinds of Wool. Choice lots of fine fleeces are held with more firmness than other kinds, and sales include several lots at the highest figures obtained this year. Sales include Ohio delaine at 43c ₩ ℔, Fine and No 1 combing are steady at 47@48c ₩ ℔. In unwashed very little has been done, and coarse combing grades are very little inquired for. Fine fleeces have been quiet, with sales at 40@41c for X, Ohio and Pennsylvania, 41@42½c for XX, and 44½@45c for choice XX and above and XXX. No 1 Michigan and Ohio fleeces have been in fair demand at 43@45c, principally at 44@45c; Ohio at 38@40c. Foreign Wool has been very quiet.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

SATURDAY, December 2.

Flour dull and depressed. Corn meal dull and unchanged.

COTTON.—Spots quiet and unchanged; sales, 179 bales; middling uplands, 10 7-16c; do Gulfs, 10⅝c. Futures variable, closing slightly lower, at 10 13c for December, 10.27c for January, 10.37c for February, 10.49c for March, 10.60c for April, 10.72c for May, 10.84c for June, 10.94c for July, and 11 03c for August; sales, 106,700 bales. Receipts at the ports today, 31,581 bales.

PROVISIONS.—Pork was dull and nominally unchanged; sales on the spot 50 bbls mess, $10; no prices for the options. Lard opened weak, but recovered, and closed steady; sales on the spot, 75 tcs prime city 11c; 22 tcs do Western, 11.35c; closing, 11.40c; refined, continent, spot, 11 65c; December, 11.25c; sale of 175 tcs, January, 10.95c; South America, 12.25c for future delivery, sales, 22,000 tcs, including December, 10.95@10.90c; January, 10.80@10.75c; February, 10.82½@10.80c; March, 10.87½@10.82½c; April, 10.90@10.87½c; May, 10.97½@10.92½c; June, 10.97½c. Bacon, cut meats, beef and beef hams were quiet and unchanged. Dressed hogs firm at 8⅛@8¼c for heavy to lights; and pigs, 8⅜c. Butter quiet; creamery, 27@38c; State, half tubs and pails, 25@34c; firkins, 25@31c; Western dairy, 16@28c; do factory, 15@18c. Cheese dull; State factory, 7@13c; Ohio factory, 5@12¾c; skimmed, 3@8c. Eggs steady; New Jersey, 32@33c; New York and Pennsylvania, 29½@30c; Canada and Western, 24@29c.

GRAIN.—Wheat quiet, and though firm on the spot was a shade lower for options; spot sales, 92,000 bush at 90 @$1 13¼ for red, including No 2 in elevator at $1 09@1 09¼, and delivered at $1 10@1 10¼, and No 3 at $1 05¾@98¾c@$1 13¼ for white, including No 2 at 98¾c; of options, sales, 960,000 bush No 2 red at $1 09@1 09½ for December, $1 11¼@1 11⅜ for January, $1 13⅝@1 13¾ for February, $1 15½@1 15½ for March, and $1 15¾@1 16 for May. Barley dull at 94c for No 1 Canada and $1 for bright do; 10,000 bush ungraded Canada sold on p t. Rye dull and unchanged. Oats lower; sales 350,000 bush at 40@44c for mixed and 43@50c for white, of which No 2 at 43@43¼c for mixed, and 46c for white; also No 2 mixed at 42⅞c for December, 44@44½c for January, and 45⅛c for February. Corn 1@3½c lower, and active for options; sales on the spot, 96,000 bush, at 83@84c for No 2 mixed, 42@72c for ungraded mixed, 59½@60c for No 3 mixed, 75@77c for No 2 white, and 65c for Southern white on wharf; of options, sales, 3 320,000 bush No 2 mixed at 76¾@79½c for December, 69½@70¾c for new do, 65 @65½c for January, 63@63½c for February, 64@64¼c for March, and 61½@62c for May. After 'change—Wheat closed dull; No 2 red winter, cash, $1 10¼; December, $1 09¼; January, $1 11⅜; February, $1 13⅝; May, $1 15¾. Corn weak No 2 mixed, cash, 83c; December, 77½c; January, 65⅜c; February, 63⅝c; May, 62¼c. Oats dull; December, 42⅞c; January, 44⅛c; February, 45⅛c.

GROCERIES.—Rio coffee was dull and nominal on the spot at 7¼c for fair; options active at lower prices; sales 18,750 bags at 5.25@5.40c for February, 5.35@5.40c for March, 5 40@5.45c April, 5.50@5.55c for May, 5.55@5.60c for June, 5 75c for September, 5 80c for October, and 5.30@5.90c for November, and 7.30c for No. 7 for March; mild grades dull. Rice, molasses and raw sugar quiet and unchanged; refined lower at 8¾@9½c for hards and 8⅜@8½c for standard "A."

SUNDRIES.—Rosins were quiet and nominally unchanged at $1 75@1 85 for common to good strained. Spirits turpentine dropped to 49@50c in yard; jobbing lots, 51c. Refined petroleum for export was quiet at 8@8⅛c, as to test; crude certificates declined from $1 10½ to $1 08, closing at $1 09¼@1 09⅜; sales 12,402,000 bbls. Tallow quiet; 40,000 ℔s prime sold at 7⅝c. Stearine dull at 12c for prime and 10c for oleomargarine. Hops were dull; there were no demands from brewers, and the export interest has ceased for the moment; crop of 1882, choice, 95c; ordinary to prime, 85@90c; crop of 1881, choice, 90c; common to medium, 80@85c. Oils are quiet and tend to lower figures. Ocean freights were steady and quiet, the offerings of room are slight. Grain to Liverpool by steam, 7d; cotton, 15-64@5-16d; bacon, 30@35s; cheese, 35s; flour, 22s 6d; grain to London by steam, 8d; refined petroleum to the Continent, 3s 6d; do. to Bremen or Hamburg, 3s 6d.

GLOUCESTER FISH MARKET.

[Special Correspondence of The Sunday Globe.]

GLOUCESTER, December 2.—[For the week past.]—The receipts of fish for the week have been very light, there having been but about 13 arrivals from the different fishing grounds, with 85,000 pounds codfish, 45,000 pounds halibut, 60,000 pounds hake 40,000 pounds cusk and 4500 pounds haddock. Trade has been dull, as it usually is during Thanksgiving week. We quote as follows: large Georges Cod, $7 25 per quintal; medium do, $5 50@.... per quintal; large Bank at $6 00 per quintal; medium Bank Codfish, $5 00@.... per quintal; large shore Cod, $6 75@.. per quintal; medium, $5 25 ₩ qtl; large dry cured Bank Cod, $6 25@.... per quintal; medium dry cured Bank, $5 25 per quintal; Cusk, $5 25 ₩ quintal; Hake, $3 25@3 50 ₩ quintal; Pollock, $4 00@.... per quintal; Haddock, $3 75@4 00 ₩ quintal. Fresh Halibut—Last sales at 12c ₩ ℔ for white and 9c ₩ ℔ for gray. Salt mackerel—sales out of pickle have been made at $11 25@.... ₩ 200 ℔s. barrel included. No 1 mackerel have sold at $14@15 ₩ bbl; No 2 at $11@12 ₩ bbl; No 3, $8 00@8 50 ₩ bbl; Halibut Heads, $3 ₩ bbl; Halibut Fins, $8 00 ₩ bbl; Fins and Napes, $4 25 ₩ bbl; Cod Tongues, $8 ₩ bbl; Tongues and Sounds, $11 ₩ bbl; Pickled Haddock, $6 00 ₩ bbl; Pickled Codfish, $7 ₩ bbl; Swordfish, $12 ₩ bbl; round Shore Herring, $4 50 ₩ bbl; split Labrador Herring, $6 ₩ bbl; scaled Herring, 18c ₩ box; No 1 Herring, 15c ₩ box; smoked Halibut, 12½c ₩ ℔; boneless and prepared fish, 5½@9c ₩ ℔; dry Hake Sounds, 65c ₩ ℔; dry Cod Sounds, 30c ₩ ℔. Fish Oils—Tanners oil, 46@...c ₩ gal; Medicinal Oil, 75c ₩ gal; Porgie Oil, 38c ₩ gal; Blackfish Oil, 65c ₩ gal; Livers, 70c ₩ bucket; Fish Scrap, $16 ₩ ton; Fish Skins, $14 50 ₩ ton.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Brighton and Watertown Markets.

Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Watertown for the week ending Friday, December 1, 1882:

Western cattle, 1927; Eastern cattle, 93; Northern cattle, 536. Total, 2556.

Western sheep and lambs, 1800; Northern sheep and lambs, 7196; Eastern sheep and lambs, 3390. Total, 12,986.

Swine, 21,389. Veals, 270. Horses, 64.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE PER 100 LBS. LIVE WEIGHT.

Extra quality	$7 00	@7 50
First quality	6 00	@6 87½
Second quality	5 00	@5 87½
Third quality	4 00	@4 87½
Poorest grade of coarse oxen, etc.	3 00	@3 87½

PRICES OF HIDES AND TALLOW.

Brigh. hides	10 @ ₩ ℔	Country tal.	5@ ₩ ℔
Brigh. tallow	8½@ ₩ ℔	Calfskins	@12½c
Country hds.	7½@ ₩ ℔	Sheepskins	85c@$1 12½
do do h'vy	8½@ ₩ ℔	Lambskins	85c@$1 12½

Prices of beef cattle, ₩ 100 pounds, dressed weight, $4 50@9 50.

RAMS AND IRON-CLADS.

The Monitor and the Merrimac —Atlanta's Fate.

How the Indianola Was Whipped —A Terrible Concussion.

A Great Victory Won in Fourteen Minutes—Plans Upset.

[Detroit Free Press.]

One of the great disadvantages under which the Southern Confederacy labored was in having such a long coast line to defend; another was in having so many water highways over which Northern gunboats could pass. It took as many men and guns and hard work to prevent a gunboat from passing up the Yazoo as it did to hold a division of Federal infantry in check on land. While the Mississippi was of inestimable value to the Confederates in one sense, in another the forts and men and guns defending it were so much muscle lying idle seven-tenths of the time. While the Confederate Army of the Potomac had no lines to defend, the Western Confederate armies had half a dozen, and as fast as one of these was lost to the South the result was felt clear to Charleston. One of the first meetings of the Confederate cabinet discussed the question of privateers, rams and iron-clads. While the North flattered itself that the South was upset with excitement and was fighting the war without further plan than to save Richmond, the very opposite was the truth. Within a month after the battle of Bull Run the Confederacy had its military plans for the defence of every mile of territory. The defences of Richmond were begun no sooner than those of New Orleans. The idea of an iron-clad like the Merrimac was being worked out before the land forces had had a skirmish. Had this same monster been set afloat on the Mississippi or in Mobile bay, or in other Western waters, her career would have had a different climax. She was not seaworthy and could not be made so. She could have traversed the Mississippi

In Defiance of Every Federal Cannon.

There were some curious facts connected with the history of the Merrimac. It was generally believed that she would sink of her own weight as soon as the guns were put aboard, and the Confederate president was severely criticised in scores of papers for throwing away money on a scarecrow. Her guns were mounted for point-blank firing, thus placing her under a great disadvantage the moment she was attacked by the Monitor. Her great draught made her unwieldy, and when first brought out four men had hard work to control her helm. None of her guns had been fired; there had been no drilling, and an hour before she sailed for Hampton Roads her crew was not yet made up. She fought in water so shallow that she twice got aground, and her guns would bear on the Monitor only when the latter drew away and came under their range. If the guns of Fort Sumter, two years later, bored through the nine-inch plates of Federal iron-clads, what must have happened had the Merrimac been provided with bolts instead of shell to hurl against the five-inch plates of the Monitor? Federal history has asserted over and over that the Monitor won a great victory. The man who asserts that has never looked up the facts. It was a drawn fight, with the advantages resting with the Confederate. He who disputes this is asked to explain why it was never possible in after days for the Merrimac to again get alongside of the Monitor. She returned to Norfolk and altered her steering gear, took aboard steel-tipped shot, rearranged her guns for better firing, and then went down and tried her best to bring on a fight with the entire Federal fleet. The Monitor never again approached her within cannon-shot.

While No Stigma Attaches to Her

for this failure, as she had already accomplished more than her inventor anticipated, it is just as well for history to give the facts in the case. Had the Monitor, as she was then armed, again attacked the Merrimac, her turret would have been knocked into the sea inside of five minutes. In February, 1863, after the Federal iron-clad gunboat Indianola had passed the batteries at Vicksburg, the Confederates fitted out an expedition to capture or destroy her. The steamer Queen of the West, captured a short time before, had her vulnerable parts protected by bales of hay and cotton, a false bow or "ram" attached, and was armed with two heavy guns. The second of the fleet was the Webb, a wooden steamer with powerful engines and great speed. She had been partly iron-plated, furnished with an iron bow for a ram, and carried four guns. There were two other boats in the fleet, each armed with field-pieces and riflemen, and their machinery protected by cotton, but they did the gunboat no real damage in the fight. The Indianola was supposed to be invulnerable. Indeed, she had been hit twenty times by shot from the Confederate batteries without cracking a plate or starting a bolt. In addition to her natural strength she had stacked up bales of cotton around her pilot-house and elsewhere. When attacked she had a coal barge lashed on either side. While these were a defence against the rams they impeded her movements, and in that respect were a disadvantage. The gunboat was toiling slowly up stream on the evening of the 24th, when she discovered the four steamers in pursuit. As they were certain to overtake her in the course of an hour, even if she dropped her barges, the gunboat cleared for action and turned and

Ran Down the River to Meet Them.

This action on the part of Commander Brown proves that he was a man of coolness and pluck. As the Indianola ran down she made a bee-line for the Webb, whom she had most reason to fear. In doing this she had to entirely neglect the Queen of the West. This latter steamer, ringing the bell for the engineer to pull her wide open, rushed for the gun-boat on the port side and cut clear through the barge laden with coal and rammed the Indianola with force enough to heel her over at a sharp angle. Although this blow left the barge a wreck of planks and timbers held alongside by the lashings, the gunboat did not change her course a point. Ringing her bell for all steam, the commander of the Indianola crashed her straight into the Webb. The ram had also held a straight course for the gunboat, and they came together as square as two locomotives, but with greater force. The shock was distinctly heard four miles away. The guns were knocked about, men flung here and there, and the crunching and munching of timber and breaking of iron led both contestants to believe that they would sink together. Strangely enough the Webb, which was supposed to have by far the strongest bow, sustained all the damage. Her starboard bow was crushed in with such force that a horse could have been led through the breach. One of her guns was upset on its back, and the ram was held down until her crew thought she was sinking. Then at the end of three or four minutes the boats drew away from each other and the fight began.

While the Gunboat Had Sustained No Damage

from the shock, she now found herself in a perilous position. She was short-handed, entirely surrounded, and a furious fire was being rained upon her, while the two rams were determined to sink her. While the Webb was recovering herself, the Queen backed off and rushed upon the gunboat from the other side, this time cutting through the other barge as if it had been paper. Boards and splinters from this collision were hurled one hundred feet high, and came down in a shower. This left the Federal vessel free to move, and Commander Brown strained every nerve to sink his opponents by ramming. Both were his superiors in speed and dexterity, and thus avoided his blows. The night being dark all the fighting was done by the flashes of the guns, or, rather, by the light of the sheet of flame which was bright enough to read by. As each and every craft was continually moving most of the shots were thrown away. The third blow was from the Webb, the fourth from the Queen, and the fifth and sixth from the Webb. The fight was now so close that the rams could not get full headway before striking, and their blows were glancing ones, though the collision in each case knocked men down and made every timber groan. One who fought on the Webb that night told me that every time she rammed it seemed as if the boilers and machinery of the boat moved backwards a foot. After the Queen had cut away the coal barges she made only one assault, her commander having discovered that he would soon sink his own boat instead of the enemy. She therefore backed out of the way, and while the three boats maintained

A Steady and Terrific Fire on the Gun-Boat,

the Webb watched every opportunity to use her ram. In delivering the sixth blow she took a run of an eighth of a mile, being driven with such vengeance that the flames blazed out of her smoke-stacks and lit up the river for a mile around. She struck with a force which would have carried her through a brick wall five feet thick, crushing one of the gun-boat's wheels, breaking several plates and starting a dozen leaks. The fate of the gun-boat was decided by that blow; but, with the water rushing into her like a mill-race, half her guns upset and her crew unable to hear an order on account of the terrible din, the Indianola continued the fight. The Webb again backed off, this time pulling away for a quarter of a mile. When she rushed for her victim the sight was one never to be forgotten, with her powerful engines working at their best, her whistle screaming, her smoke-stacks vomiting sheets of flame, and the craft herself seeming to rush upon the surface, she struck the gun-boat for the last time. The concussion would have shattered the sea wall of Fort Sumter. The stern of the Indianola was lifted high out of the water, a dozen plates were broken, and as she settled back on the river the water poured into her by the barrel. Both Grant and Sherman have officially complained that, after certain Confederate forts were surrendered, the officers winked at the destruction of public property. In this case the commander of the gunboat officially says that he kept his vessel in deep water until she would be useless to the Confederates, and then ran her bow on the bank. It was by no means a fair fight, and yet, had it been broad day instead of night, the Indianola might have been the victor. The loss on either side was trifling, and the

Damage by Shot and Shell Not Worth Mentioning.

The Indianola was struck at least 150 times by the guns of the enemy, but rolled the shot away without breaking a plate. On the other hand, as before mentioned, nearly all her own shot were thrown away. The shells from her seven-inch guns missed their targets in the darkness and went screaming into the woods to shelter the trees. The fate of the Indianola was surrounded by both glory and ridicule. Knowing nothing of the conflict and surrender below Vicksburg, the fleet above rigged up a sham monitor out of barrels, beams and planks and sent her adrift to fool the Confederate batteries. She was under fire for hours without the deception being suspected, and the current finally carried beyond the last gun. The Indianola was still on the bank and believing that the sham was a real iron-clad coming down to recapture the gunboat, the Confederates blew up their prize and hurried down the river at their best speed. A Confederate who examined her the day after the fight said that she had a mark of ball or bullet for every square foot of hull surface. The pilot house was struck by thirty-four cannon balls, mostly from the field-pieces on the cotton-clads, and by over 300 bullets from the riflemen. Not one single missile from the Indianola struck the cotton-clads, though a well-planted shell would have been enough to sink either one. In June, 1863, the Confederate iron-clad Atlanta was at Savannah and ready to run down and engage the Federal blockading fleet. She was an English-built steamer, provided with powerful engines, and had been altered from a blockade-runner to an iron-clad. She had six of the best English guns, a crew of 170 men, and was better equipped and provisioned than

Any Other Confederate Craft Afloat

during the war. Her armor was a mixture of wood and iron, and was plump twelve inches thick. I talked with men at Savannah who helped build her, and their opinion was that she was the stoutest craft built by the Confederates from first to last. Her officers had not the least doubt of being able to whip the Federal fleet and get to sea. The Confederate iron-clad had been heard of almost daily through deserters, and when it was known that she was in Wilmington river and ready to come out, the Federal iron-clads Weehawken and Nahant took their station at the mouth of that stream and waited. One morning, at the end of a week, the Atlanta was suddenly sighted. Before the Federals had cleared for action the Confederate was within a mile of them, being accompanied by two gunboats, which were to tow the captured Federals to Savannah. Both iron-clads had to weigh anchor and run out into the sound and turn around, and in making this move the Weehawken got the lead and kept it. As the Weehawken turned about she steamed straight for the Atlanta, and the latter was coming down at the rate of ten miles an hour. Suddenly, and before a shot had been fired, she ran hard aground. In this position, while trying to work off, she opened fire on the advancing iron-clad. Such shooting was never done before in naval combat. She fired altogether six or seven times, the last shot when the Weehawken was only 600 feet away, and yet none of her missiles even grazed the Federal.

The Weehawken Fired Only Four Times,

and every shot counted. Her second missile knocked the pilot house clean off the Atlanta, and the fourth knocked down nearly every man in the ship and wounded a full dozen. In fourteen minutes from the firing of the first gun the Atlanta surrendered, and that without the Nahant having taken any part in the action. Her going aground, of course, placed her at a great disadvantage, but had this not occurred it is doubtful if she would have won a fight with such poor gunners as she had aboard. She could have brushed past and got to sea, and had this occurred she would have been a veritable terror to Federal commerce. It was a loss of a full $1,000,000 to the Confederate government, and her capture upset the plan to raise the blockade at Charleston and dash into New York harbor.

"GOOD FAT CAPON."

How It is Prepared for the Market and at What Cost.

"Is it not about time for capon?" a reporter of the New York World asked the proprietor of one of the large hotels.

"Almost," was the answer. "I expect to serve up this prime favorite of the epicure in a few days. It is always greatly sought after by those who understand what good living is. I think Sydney Smith must have had capon when he said 'Fate cannot harm me; I have dined today.'"

"What do you pay for capon when it first comes?"

"I have given as much as sixty cents a pound for it, and have been glad to get it at that price; but if you want to find out all about the bird go to one of the large poultry yards on the Hudson river or in New Jersey and see for yourself."

Following this advice the reporter visited a poultry yard at Brick Church, N. J. The farm is pleasantly situated, and contains many novel expedients for the hatching and raising of chickens. Six incubators are placed in a row in a room where the temperature is kept at seventy degrees. They are all furnished with an improved thermostat bar, which is extremely sensitive. These thermostats are connected with electric bells in the sleeping-room of the manager. The doors and windows of the houses are all connected with a burglar-alarm in the same room, so that a chicken thief would receive a warm reception should he endeavor to force an entrance.

To Avoid any Change of Temperature

which would damage or kill the eggs, an attendant is awakened by the ringing of a bell, a drop exposes the number of the machine which is in fault, and steps are at once taken to restore the temperature to the right degree.

"Do you consider the process of hatching eggs by incubation a success?" the reporter asked the manager.

"I do for a large percentage of chickens; and stronger chickens are hatched in this way than by the hen. The incubator cannot break the eggs and will not neglect them or destroy the chickens by exposure to the heat or cold."

"What percentage do you obtain by artificial hatching?"

"From 60 to 80 per cent. of the eggs are hatched. The eggs are tested by holding them to a very powerful light on the fifth day, when the embryo, if the egg be fertile, can easily be detected. The unfertile and clear eggs are then removed. The chickens are kept for forty-eight hours without food. Their first feed consists of hard boiled eggs chopped fine. After this they are fed most generously and kept growing until the sexes can be determined. The time taken to mature them varies in different breeds, about three months being the usual period. The pullets are then separated from the cockerels, and the best marked are raised for fancy stock, and when full grown sell for from $3 to $3 50 a trio. The remaining pullets are sold as spring chickens or broilers, and weigh from two and a half to three pounds a pair. They will sell in the early spring for from $1 50 to $2 a pair. Later they are sold by the pound. The cockerels are all caponized."

"Do you sell many capons?"

"Yes; I raise as many of my fowls as I can for this purpose. I find they pay me better than anything else. The capon is considered

The Greatest Delicacy in the World,

and will always bring a good price. The capon at the end of eight to ten months will weigh from eight to fifteen pounds, and it costs to raise about $1 30 per bird."

"When does the capon first appear in the market?"

"Late in the fall, and it is then worth from forty to fifty cents a pound. It afterwards declines to about thirty-five cents a pound, so that a profit of over 200 per cent. can be made out of them."

"Do you think that it is possible to obtain these birds at all seasons of the year?"

"Yes, I can supply them all the year round. This, of course, can only be done by hatching and rearing them by artificial means. I have now running about 2000 capons, and I attribute all my success to hard work, constant care and the incubating machine."

"Do you have any difficulty in caponizing birds?"

"No. My method is very simple, and if proper care be taken very few birds are lost. After the operation the bird's whole nature and constitution seem to change; they expand, lose their comb and wattles, and often their plumage will fade; they increase rapidly in weight, and their flesh becomes delicate, tender and delicious."

"Are capons harder to rear and more sensitive to disease than other birds?"

"I have never found them so. Cleanliness, light and proper ventilation, warmth and shelter in winter, and regularity in feeding, is all that is required for their successful rearing."

"Do the hotels and restaurants require many capons?"

"Yes; Delmonico's, the Brunswick and all the first-class hotels have a constant demand for them, and often are obliged to pay large prices to obtain them."

Storming a Bee Castle.

[Gridley Herald.]

For nearly fifteen years past a colony of bees have had their quarters in a large cave situated on the highest bluff of the Buttes. The rock is generally known as the "Bee rock." It stands alone at the head of a picturesque glen. The rock is about 50x100 feet at the base and is from one to six feet wide on top. To reach the top from three sides it is necessary to climb a perpendicular wall from 150 to 200 feet in height. The top is accessible at only one point, and there by crawling through a crevice barely wide enough for a man to pass. Then a bridge twenty feet long and one foot wide has to be crossed. It is about 400 feet from the bridge to the ground beneath. On the 16th of last month a party of men living in the neighborhood of Pennington went to the place, determined to rob the mammoth hive. They were supplied with powder, fuse, drills, bars, etc., with which to assail the stronghold. Few of the invaders had nerve enough to cross the bridge, but three of them got over all right and fired a blast. The result was a cloud of bees that made them retreat. Next day the assault was renewed, and, after a lively battle of three hours, the bees were defeated. The dead bees filled three grain sacks to overflowing. The cave was then blasted open and the party found a solid mass of honey in the comb two and a half feet thick. The expedition was a success, but many of the participants paid dear for their victory.

FROM SHORE TO SHORE.

A Journalist's Experience in the Steerage.

How Poor Folks Cross the Ocean ---Coffin-Like Bunks.

Economy at the Expense of Comfort —Hints and Duties.

Crossed in the steerage? Yes. It's the inevitable sequel to a good many tours in Europe—a sequel never to be revealed—till years after. Indeed, I have been surprised in New York, writes Prentice Mulford, to find how many of my journalistic brethren who, as they waxed confidential, acknowledged that they had been and done likewise. The experience was an interesting one from first to last. It commenced with the supercilious demeanor of the clerk in the London steamship office, to whom I applied for a ticket. He seemed to consider that the mere application for a steerage passage was of itself an outrage on the dignity of the office, and that it was his duty, not so much to sell it, as to impress upon the applicant a sense of his inferiority and reduced standing. His answers to my questions were curt and rude, and any attempt to obtain any information beyond the merest details was promptly repulsed. However, on that particular occasion he did a poor day's work for himself, for a private letter to the company, informing them that their steerage ticket-clerk had evidently mistaken the nature of his calling and that his services were more likely to drive passengers away than to attract them, had, as I had reason to know, a beneficial effect on that particular young Englishman. I deem it appropriate to say here that it might be a good practice for the heads of great corporations at times to go themselves incog., after the Al Raschid fashion, and observe how their subordinates demean themselves to the smaller patrons of their business, whatever that may be. Dollars are dollars, no matter from whose pockets they come, and

Dollars are what the Company is After,

and the bearing of the small man who is placed to receive the dollars from such small people as present themselves should be of that quality which shall attract and not repel dollars.

The next profitable experience was going on board the great steamship, being at first taken for a cabin passenger and acknowledging one's self a steerage. The sudden transition in the manner of the cabin flunkeys from that obsequiousness which is inspired by the hope of a five-dollar "tip" at the end of the voyage to an insulted, injured and contemptuous air is really entertaining, if you can look on yourself as a third person and sink all self-importance, as well as the weakness of deeming it possible to be snubbed by an English cabin steward. The ocean steamer steerage may be forward or it may be aft. It may be in one part of the vessel this trip and in another part the next. If there be a thousand steerage passengers it may extend the whole length of the "'tween decks," and that is a long distance on a big Atlantic steamer. If there be but fifty steerage passengers it is but a small cavity excavated in the cargo, as it were. The steerage is newly constructed every trip. There are bunks and partitions and tables. These are made of clean white-pine timber. The trip over, bunks, tables and bulkheads are ripped up and thrown overboard. This is in conformity with the English law, and is done to ensure cleanliness. The ship's carpenter knocks up these steerage accommodations a day or two before the passengers come on board.

Word is Sent from the Company's Office

how many people are going in this way, and he determines the location and size of the "steerage" accordingly. The English steamer steerage stateroom holds twelve persons, six on a side, three in the top bunks and three below. The passageway between the opposite rows of bunks is just wide enough for a respectably portly person to turn round in. Six persons will crowd it. For the twelve it is impossible to find standing room all at once, unless they be hydraulic rammed or pressed. Such baggage as the passenger must use on the voyage—small trunks, portmanteaus, etc.—must also be carried in the bunks. There is never any spare room for such accommodation, though the vessel, before or behind the steerage partitions, be empty of cargo.

If ever it is your luck to cross in the steerage, beware of the promises which may be held out as to the getting ready access to your baggage which is stored in the baggage-room. They may inveigle you into placing your smaller packages there, such as may contain articles needed for daily use, and if so, farewell to any hope of seeing them for two or three days. They may do this to save themselves a little trouble, or to get them out of the way, for the vessel may be taking in cargo almost up to the last minute of leaving dock. The freight may be going down directly through the steerage hatchway into the hold, and in such case, bales, boxes, barrels and the steerage passengers' traps are very apt to get mixed up. It is the common regulation, after getting out to sea, that at certain intervals the passengers shall have access to such trunks as cannot be stored either in the steerage or cabin.

But at the Beginning of the Trip

this is not always probable, nor is it at all if the weather is very bad. We were obliged to crawl into the steerage bunks head first, like going into an oven. The sleepers did not lie parallel with the passage between the rows, but endwise. Getting out of the lower birth was a more troublesome job than getting in, because with one's head at the farther end, one had to turn around within a space of not more than eighteen inches in height. It suggested trying to turn over in one's coffin after the lid had been screwed on. Indeed, it was very coffin-like on a rough night. The incessant rolling and tumbling of the steamer, the grinding of the propeller, the straining and racket generally, the occasional crash of bottles or clanking of tinware at some extra lurch, as some steerager's illy secured traps "fetched away," the inability ever to sit upright without bumping your head against the bottom of the top bunk, the bending of the bottom boards of that bunk as its uneasy tenant rolled about with the motion of the ship, and the seething, bubbling and swashing of the water without, suggesting the fact that all between us and the dark dreary sea was a thin skin of iron, two inches in thickness—all this was very suggestive of a floating coffin with a living tenant.

Each steerager is required to furnish himself with a bed, blanket, plate, knife, fork, spoon and a tin can for holding water, served out daily. The total cost of these articles in London is not more than three or four dollars. Then, if he has the wisdom of an old steerager, he will provide himself with a "hook pot," to

Contain the Tea and Coffee Served at Meals.

The hook attaches it to the rim of the table and prevents it from being rolled off. If he is wiser he will take with him tea, coffee, chocolate, canned meats or fish and a few spices or condiments for helping out the ship's bill of fare. Many of my fellow-passengers had so provided themselves, and we enjoyed many sociable private "teas" on the trip. The daily bill of fare, as near as I can recollect, was as follows: Breakfast at 7—coffee, hot rolls and butter. The so-called "rolls" were in reality small loaves, of which each passenger was entitled to one at a meal. At 10.30 or 11 soup or gruel for the children, of which the older passengers, through contrivance or good will, often got a share. Dinner at 12 m.—Soup, roast beef and potatoes, or codfish and potatoes, rice or bread pudding. Tea at 6—Cold bread and butter and what was called tea. Often in the afternoon at 4 a plate of soup or gruel were among the things possible. There was certainly enough to eat—of the kind. I venture to say that one-half of our steeragers were never on shore fed with so much regularity, or even variety. The beef tasted as though the life had been taken out of it by some process. It was cut up before being brought to the table. It was brought in a huge tin can. This can was taken to the table by one of the assistant stewards, and out of it he deposited the pieces on our plates with a long fork. The potatoes came next in another huge pan. Another steward laid the requisite number by our plates. Our soup plates were filled in a similar fashion. The table service, as may be imagined, was entirely

Practical in Its Nature—There Was No Formality.

The meal finished, each guest was required to wash his or her own tableware. For this purpose the cook after each meal placed a large vessel of hot water near the galley, on deck. To this the passenger repaired with his own soap and towel, plunged therein his tin plate, cup, knife, fork and spoon, washed, wiped and retired. There was no change of hot water for the company. Of course at the latter end of this lavatory process it became more and more greasy, and as it cooled this grease took on a more and more solid consistency. The guest is required also to clean that part of the table allotted to him; to gather up all the scraps, especially the potato peelings. These were generally fired into the "chute" from whence the cinders and coal ashes were emptied into the sea. When this chute was on the leeward side of the vessel all went well, and the debris slid readily into the ocean. When the chute was to windward things did not go overboard so readily. Then a larger amount of the smaller scrappage found its way to the general wash-pan. The trip from the steerage table with this table furniture was on an even keel a matter of one hundred and odd feet, involving also the climbing of the steerage stairs to the main deck. The main deck, I would inform the ultra landsman, is not meant the upper deck, which commands the view of the sea. It is the enclosed deck on which are located all the offices of the little floating world, such as the engine-room, cook-room, steward's room, butcher shop, pastry cook, etc. Ours was one deck below this. Having had some sea training all this dish-washing and

Other Discipline was for Me no Great Hardship.

I had done it all before in the forecastle. But some of the poor fellows went erratically for many days in this unaccustomed service. There was often a clangor of pots and plates and precipitations of human forms in all shapes on deck, and a spilling of slops in all directions during heavy weather. The Italians on board pulled the longest faces at the fare and the necessities of the situation. The food was not what they were accustomed to. They would look at the black decoction called tea, as it was poured into their cups, long and suspiciously ere they tasted it, and on tasting it acted as if it was medicine; acted in the most practical manner during the first three days out, before their Napolitan stomachs had acquired their sea-legs. But one must draw a thick and heavy veil over this part of the situation. It is something which must be seen to be realized, and I don't think it's an object to go far to see it. Socially the steerage is divided into three separate parts—that for the single men, next the single women, and lastly the married couples. The head steerage steward endeavors also to class people together according to nationality and even social grade. Affixed to boards, and in several languages, are notices enjoining on the officers, crew and others the strictest propriety in their conduct toward the women of the steerage, any deviation from which is threatened with severe penalties. There may often be found refined, well-bred persons taking steerage passage. In our vessel were two young men, university graduates, by their own report, and

Certainly Showing All Evidence of Good Breeding;

a refined young woman, seeking in America the position of governess; a young English shipmaster, with a delicate wife; a Dissenting minister, and several other very pleasant people. We had our share of the finest peasantry in the world, some of whom, I believe, live a fifth of their lives in the steerage on their frequent crossings. They make as little of going to and coming from Ireland as they would of travelling from New York to Boston. The crew seemed the scum of the London docks. They were rude, lubberly, uncouth, and miserably clad. At the commencement of the voyage their language and bearing were offensive to some of the lady steerage passengers. One of their amusements was the throwing of refuse or vegetable parings among the women or making improper remarks in their hearing. This was soon stopped, but it was uncomfortable for any steerage passenger to show his head on deck during the early morning washing down process, for, on pretence of his being in the way, they would turn the hose upon him and deluge him with salt water. The mates were generally civil. Mine, for a steerage trip, was a very fortunate one. The steerage passengers were few in number (not over eighty), and of these the English decent people constituted a majority. But for an American or an Englishman to be caught on one of these steamers in the vortex of 1200 Italian, German or other peasantry, such as form the bulk of the loads now coming over, would

Involve the Experience of a Hell on Earth.

One of the trying, yet profitable, experiences of the steerage is that of being regarded from afar with a sort of disdainful curiosity by some of the cabin passengers. Then one feels his inferiority. We of the steerage are not allowed past a certain line aft. Between ourselves and the cabin lies a great gulf, caused by the difference of about $45 in the passage money. The steerage fare is about $30, and if a man can endure this temporary humiliation he is the better man for it. A trip to the steerage by the cabin company, more or less, is one of the methods resorted to to kill time on the voyage. Thus were we once shown up at dinner to a company of cabin ladies, attended by the purser. They wished to see the "animals feed!" We were not allowed to reciprocate this attention. We never saw the "animals" feed in the cabin. However, we daily saw and sometimes smelt of the choice viands while on their way to the cabin table.

The principal abuse of the modern steerage lies in the contracted space occupied by the berths. There is no necessity for so crowding twelve people into a space not large enough for four. The steamers take as a rule full cargoes from America, but they are not so loaded coming back. Nor is there any real necessity that the steerage passenger be obliged to furnish his table service. Cleanliness would be far better regulated were the tables set with the ship's plates, knives, forks and cups, and these removed, washed and stored by the ship's attendants. As it is, four-fifths of the people are entirely inadequate to

The Proper Cleansing of Their Own Table Ware,

even in fair weather, and the result is the storage in their bunks of greasy plates, which are continually getting loose and clattering about under foot in rough weather. As for the fare, I would in the mines of California have been very glad to live as well as I did in the steerage. I have seen worse fare on some vessels when a sailor, and even worse in some cheap boarding houses on shore. We had a very calm passage until within four days of New York. The steamer was light, and such rolling for three days I never deemed anything afloat capable of. The oscillations were as regular and almost as rapid as those of a common pendulum. It was one steady see-saw night and day. The deck for ever so few seconds like a mansard roof up, and without the pause of a second it was the mansard roof down again. I was rolled like a log to and fro in my bunk, and no amount of self-chocking would secure me. At last I hit upon a fashion of screwing my head into one corner of the berth, and somehow—I don't know how—I could make that end of my body stay there, but all below the waist, especially the legs, thrashed about like a pair of whiplashes. I became so tired of this involuntary exercise that my whole body ached. I asked the second mate on the second day of this commotion if he never ached. "Ache!" said he. "Yes, —— blast and —— —— a life like this. I wish I could get something to do on shore. The trip before the last we rolled worse for six days. The end of the officers' bridge touched water half a dozen times an hour, and we were all

Worn Out with the Movement and Racket."

This comforted me. Besides I heard some of the cabin passengers screaming and praying in the cabin. That comforted me more. The cabin steward was busy putting up extra bunkboards to keep them from rolling out. One morning I saw the stewardess en route from the cook's room to the cabin with a breakfast for some state-room victim. She carried in one hand a tiny coffee-pot and in the other a plate of sausages, fried a beautiful brown—how beautiful they looked! The ship gave an extra double-twist, a flop, a fling and then a sharp rebound. The stewardess flew one way, the coffee pot another, and the sausages, broken plate and all, slid in a confusion of pieces straight before her. That comforted me more still. Then a seasick woman, who for the sake of fresh air had been brought out on the main or covered deck and tied in her East India reclining chair, shot out of her lashings like a bolt from a catapult and brought up, a confused and limp heap of mortality, in the lee scuppers. Before she could be secured the ship mansarded, and she shot back again, bringing up in the legs of her chair, to which she clung until one of the hands, darting forward, secured her with a half-hitch. All this I noted as I clung to an iron stanchion, expecting every moment to see the deck jerked off or the masts out, and, though eternity seemed a trifle nearer than usual, still I was even more comforted.

The Draped Locomotive.

(Burlington Hawkeye.]

"To me," the sad passenger said, "there is something inexpressibly mournful in a draped locomotive; and especially so when it is draped for a dead engineer. The president of a railway company stands a long way from the engine, and when he dies the engine mourns as we sorrow for a rich uncle whom we never saw and who left us nothing. But the man who was a part or the engine's life, who spurred her up the long, steep mountain grades, and coaxed her around dizzy curves, and sent her down the long, level stretches with the flight of an arrow, who knew how to humor all her caprices and coaxed and petted and urged her through blinding storms and rayless night and blistered heat and stinging cold, until engine and engineer seemed to be body and soul of one existence—then, when this man at last gets his final orders and crosses the dark river alone with only the fadeless target lights of sure and eternal promise gleaming brightly on the other side, and a new face looks out of the engineer's window, then I think I can see profound and sincere sorrow in the panting spirit of power, standing in the station, draped with fluttering emblems of woe, waiting for the caressing touch of the dead hands that it will never feel again. And engineers tell me that for days and days the engine is fretful under the new hands; it is restless and moody, starts off nervously and impatiently sometimes, then drops into a sullen gait and loses time; that no man gets so much out of an engine as its own engineer."

An Early Exhibition of Mother-in-Law Rule.

Last Tuesday, says the Council Bluffs Nonpareil, a young man called at a private boarding-house on Fourth street and engaged quarters for "himself and lady." The proprietor supposed he meant "himself and wife," and had a room prepared for them. In the evening the man returned, accompanied by a young lady—and an old one. When the young lady was addressed as the man's wife, she replied: "That is my name now, but was not ten minutes ago." Later in the evening the proprietor of the boarding-house, supposing the old lady expected to remain over night, had a room prepared for her. About 9 o'clock the young lady announced that she was ready to retire and would like her mother to sleep in the room with her. The groom had been walking and still continued to walk up and down the hall. The man of the house was getting sleepy, and finally asked the stranger if he was not ready to go to bed. He replied, he "guessed he would go up town and find lodgings," and he soon left and was seen no more until breakfast was ready, when he appeared, asked for his bride, and was glad to see her, as one can imagine.

Death Without Decay.

The great curiosity of the Monastery of the Mount St. Bernard is the morgue. Here is death without decay; here, in this wondrous air, on this pass more than 800 feet above the sea level, putrefaction is unknown, and bodies found in snows in winter—or after the white shroud has melted away from the bosom of nature in the spring—are preserved entire so long as the monks care to keep them. The grimness of the spectacle is enhanced by the fact that nearly everybody found is contorted, twisted, strained and knotted up in fantastic shapes. Now and then one which bears all the appearance of tranquil sleep is brought in, but in most cases there are indications that man and woman, in their battle with nature, fought hard and desperately, and refused to be overcome until every particle of force was exhausted. The brethren gather up the bodies with tender care, and place them in the dead-house in the usually vain hope that some relative may come to recognize them.

ENGLISH NATURE.

Its Perfection of Rural and Pastoral Beauty.

Lacking the Element of Surprise ---Missing the "Sky-Splitters."

The Impressions of One Used to American Woods.

[John Burroughs in the Critic.]

For rural and pastoral beauty—beauty of fields, parks, downs, holms—beauty of grass, trees, groves, etc., go to England. You shall there see at its full that of which you catch only glimpses in this country—the broad, beaming, hospitable beauty of a perfectly cultivated landscape. Indeed, to see England is to take one's fill of the orderly, the permanent, the well-kept in the works of man, and of the continent, the beneficent, the uniform, in the works of nature. It is to see the most perfect bit of garden lawn expanded till it covers an empire; it is to see the history of 2000 years written in grass and verdure, and in the lines of the landscape; a continent concentrated into a State, the deserts and waste places left out, every rood of it swarming with life; the pith and marrow of wide tracts compacted into narrow fields and recruited and forwarded by the most vigilant husbandry. Those fields look stall-fed, those cattle beam contentment; those rivers have never left their banks; those mountains are the paradise of shepherds; those open forest glands, half sylvan, half pastoral—clean, stately, full of long vistas and cathedral-like aisles—where else can one find beauty like that? The wild and the savage flee away. The rocks pull the green turf over them like coverlids; the hills are plump with vegetable mold, and when they bend this way or that their sides are wrinkled and dimpled like the forms of fatted sheep. And fatted they are, not merely by the care of man, but by the elements themselves; the sky rains fertility upon them; there is no wear and tear as with our alternately flooded, parched and frozen hilltops; the soil accumulates, the mold deepens;

The Matted Turf Binds it and Yearly Adds to It.

All this is not simply because man is or has been so potent in the landscape (this is but half the truth), but because the very mood and humor of nature herself is domestic and human. She seems to have grown up with man and taken on his look and ways. Her spirit is that of the full, placid stream that you may lead through your garden or conduct by your doorstep without other danger than a wet sill or a soaked flowerpot, at rare intervals. It is the opulent nature of the Southern seas, brought by the Gulf stream, and reproduced and perpetuated here under these cool Northern skies, the fangs and the poison taken out; full, but no longer feverish—lusty, but no longer lewd.

But the charm of the wild, the fascination of the savage, the sublime—I did not wonder, after being in England a few months, that so many of her sons hungered and thirsted after these things and pursued them with such a zest to the uttermost parts of the earth. What a godsend Niagara would be to England—something they could not saddle or bridle—or a section of that awful chasm below the falls, or a bit of Colorado valley. Dover cliffs, which their poets have magnified, are pleasing but not grand; they are a broad meadow, propped up by a piece of chalk 350 feet high. The plough and the scythe come to the brink of them and there is no terror in their frown. A load of hay the same height and breadth would be as impressive. Amid these scenes one comes in time to feel as I imagine a well-fed dog feels that has not had a bone to gnaw in a long while; like a squirrel whose teeth are spoiling for a nut,

Like a Hawk Ahunger for the Quarry,

the sparse, the shy, the furtive are good, too. One wants the element of surprise—beauty that darts upon one like a wild spirit from unexpected places; the perilous charm that lurks on the brink of the abyss. Amid the daily, gentle, tiresome ruins, and the weather "kind o' thundery," as my Surrey farmer put it, but never actually "coming to a head," I could have put up cheerfully with one or two of our sky-splitters when the veritable Crack of Doom seems to have come. One does not see the stars in England except now and then, dimly and through a veil of vapor. Never is that awful abyss of the heavens stripped bare as with us and brought immeasurably near, almost overpowering in its sublimity.

On the Scotch moors, amid the Cumberland hills, under the shadow of Snowden, on the heights at Dover, one may find solitude most profound and impressive, beauty delicious and satisfying as a bath in a fountain; but of the purely wild and sublime only now and then a glimpse, while of aboriginal power and savagery, piled, cleft, contorted—power elemental and inhuman, like the sea in a storm—he will behold none.

There is no wood life in England as there is here. I could find no distinctive wood birds, no distinctive wood flowers, as at home. Everything takes to the fields and the hedges—the rabbits to the pasture, the hares to the corn. The jackdaws feed with the poultry, the crows perch on the chimney-tops. All the birds are semi-domestic, all the plants love cultivation. Every weed that has come to us from Europe takes to the fields, while

Most of the Natives Flee to the Woods

or hide in the fence-corners. Our native mints are delicate and shy, but behold the bounce and the boldness of the cat-mint, spear-mint, motherwort, basil, balm and the rest. English song-birds have not the sweet plaintiveness and melody of our songsters, but more strength, loudness and vivacity of voice, as if they had been trained to sing in the open air instead of in the woods. We have nothing like the color of the blooming heather. It suggests the rarest oriental dies and tints; it covers the lonely moors and the mountains with a purple more royal than that of kings; we can not match the dark sculpturesque foliage of those parks and groves, nor the greenness of those fields and hills, nor the witchery of that sunshine, when sunshine there is; but in the recesses of our forests, along our unruly streams, on our mountain tops, about our ragged farms, under our starry nights, one may catch glimpses of a grace and beauty, of a sublimity that

> Make the wild blood start
> In its mystic springs,

and that is to these as a line of Emerson or Whitman is to a couplet of Pope or Thomson.

How It Feels to be Hanged.

What are the sensations experienced during hanging? Some of the few who have been able to give any account of their consciousness at so critical a moment say that, after one instant of pain, the chief sensation is that of a mass of brilliant colors filling the eye-balls. The Quarterly Review, volume 85, treating on this matter, says: "An acquaintance of Lord Bacon, who meant to hang himself partially, lost his footing, and was cut down at the last extremity, having nearly paid for his curiosity with his life. He declared that he felt no pain, and his only sensations were of fire before his eyes, which changed first to black and then to sky-blue. The colors are even a source of pleasure." A Captain Montagnac, who was executed in France during the religious wars, but was rescued from the gibbet at the intercession of Marshal Turrene, complained that, having lost all pain in an instant, he had taken from a light of which the charm defied description. Another criminal, who escaped through the breaking of the halter, said after a second or two of suffering a light appeared, and across it a most beautiful avenue of trees. All agree that the uneasiness is quite momentary, that a pleasureable feeling immediately succeeds, that colors of various hues start up before the eyes, and that, these having been gazed at for a limited space, the rest is oblivion. The mind, averted from the reality of the situation, is engaged in scenes the most remote from that which fills the eyes of the spectator.

An Indignant Barber.

"Why don't you fix up your ship in modern style?" a New York Sun reporter asked of the German barber in the neighborhood of Cooper Union the other day.

"Oh!" exclaimed the German, his eyes gleaming angrily, "dot's der question, is it? Vy I ton't make out of my shop a balace, eh? Vot's der metter py you? Ain'd der dowels glean? Ain'd der razors no goot? Ain'd der zoap chenuine? Or do you dink I been grazy und ought to vent py a lunydic asylum so soon as der bresent oxcitemend dies oud und der asylums sdart up again? Do you vish to haf a gromo mit your shafe, or how vould you like to haf your shafe done up in a pundle und zent arount py a nicker vaiter mit your house? I dink you been choost zuch anuder vool like der parber py der negst chair. I mean der veller vich got in his het so many chokes all der vile he don't got for prains any room. He vanted to know vy I don't get anudder parber steady der whole veek. By chiminy, hooky, dot mate me mat! 'Dot's so,' I said; 'den you und him can, ven I vent py my tinner oud, lock der door und blay benuckle or leaf von py der shop vile der udder von goes oud und mashes der vimmen py der sdreet.'"

"He said something funny, didn't he?"

"Vell, dot don't matter vot he said. He's grazy. He said he vos vrightened, und dot if he hat my disbosition he vood lock himselluf up in a room und sheare himselluf to death."

When Widows Are Most Dangerous.

[Exchange.]

The second year is that in which the widow is really happy. The sombre depths of mourning cast aside she enters the world again and reopens her jewel case. Even with a very becoming widow's cap on life is more or less a blank to a woman if she can not wear her jewels. Now, however, the diamonds, pearls and opals may reappear, and with what delight are they not worn? Visions of dresses in delicate half-tints, pearl grays, soft lavenders, mixtures of white and gray or black and white float before her mind, soon to be realized. Her year's absence from balls and parties and crowded rooms has renewed her beauty, and the same retirement has brightened her eyes and tinged her cheeks with the freshness of enjoyment with which she prepares to re-enter the fashionable world. Now, indeed, is the fashionable widow a dangerous and seductive creature. She knows that she is prettier than ever, and the consciousness making her more certain of coming victories, gives a genuine softness to her manner. Beware of widows in their second year! Always dangerous, they are then more so than ever. Light-hearted as a girl, she feels younger every day, and from her own point of view there is no more enviable being to be found than a young, handsome, rich and lively widow, whose heart is not inconveniently soft, nor her feelings too acute to prevent her going through life "well pleased and careless," and extracting from it as much of the pleasure and as little of the pain as may fall to the share of any mortal creature.

FLOATING FARMS.

How a Yankee Avoided Paying Taxes—Acres at Anchor.

[New York Sun.]

"Speaking about paying taxes," said a man who had perhaps been performing that pleasant duty, "reminds me of an old fellow, a sort of hermit, who lived where I did in a small town in New Hampshire, and if he wasn't the out-and-outest chap for avoiding the demands of the State, then I'm mistaken."

"Why didn't they sell him out?"

"Because they couldn't get hold of the property. No, it wasn't air castles, and he didn't live in a balloon, but on solid property, and every time the tax collector came around in New Hampshire Ezra and his property were in Massachusetts."

"Oh, I see. He had the State line on wheels, and shoved it about to suit."

"Not exactly, but he had his property fixed so that he could shift it anywhere he wanted. It was nothing more nor less than a floating island made up of bog and stuff, and for a good many years it blew about the pond, until finally the old chap put up a hut on it, kept a cow, chickens and ducks, and had a regular floating farm. But one day he heard the assessor was coming, so he cast off the moorings that he had rigged to the island, and before the next day the wind had carried him over the State line that ran through the pond into Massachusetts, and when the collector went out in a skiff the old bog-skipper, as they called him, actually threatened to have him arrested for trying to collect the taxes of a neighbor State.

He Anchored the Island on the Massachusetts Side

until the selectmen got after him there, and for several years he dodged back and forth and didn't pay a cent on his four acres. But finally they put up a job on him, and two assessors—one from each State—went out in skiffs, the island being anchored in the middle of the lake. The old man said he was ready to pay, only he wanted it just right, as he lived in both States—the house was in one State and the barn in the other. The collectors got so mixed up trying to straighten it that I believe they had to take it into court. Anyway, I don't think the old man's taxes are square yet."

"A similar case might happen at another place in New England," said one of the group of listeners. "On Lake Menomenauk there is an island that for a long time was called the mysterious island. It belonged to the town of Winchendon, Mass., contained about six acres, and was covered with trees thirty feet or more high. Some of the people declared they had seen the island move years ago, but they were generally laughed at, until one morning they found it gone, and now it is, or was a short time ago, over the State line in New Hampshire, nearly three miles from where it at first stood. It was originally bog held together by roots, and the water had gradually undermined it, until a good, sharp breeze took the trees as sails and away it went.

"Many lakes have similar islands, even in streams affected by tide. They are found anchored by roots, rising and falling with the water, and swinging by their vegetable cables. Some of the European lakes have such islands, that are used for pasturage, and they often carry the island population to great distances.

"During the great flood in the Mississippi in 1874 vast

Floating Islands Were Formed in the River

and carried far out into the Gulf stream. One that a vessel ran into 300 miles from the delta was over an acre in extent, and populated with a great variety of snakes, frogs and turtles, besides a number of land animals that had sought protection there from the rising waters, only to be swept out to sea. The geographical distribution of life, it will be seen, depends much upon these floating islands—a fact proved by comparing the inhabitants of islands miles apart. Several years ago a large snake was picked up off the Bermuda islands clinging to a floating island that, without doubt, had come from the Amazon. Miles of cordage float out of the great river in the same way, carrying seeds and even animals far around the circuit of the Atlantic. The same is true of the Ganges. Great rafts, populated with animals from the interior, have been found by vessels over 200 miles from the mouth of the river.

"The great mass of seaweed, occupying an area of many thousand square miles in the Atlantic, better known as the Sargasso sea, is a vast island inhabited by a fauna entirely different from that of the surrounding waters, and all the animals are in some way peculiarly adapted or modified to their surroundings. Similar tracts occur in various parts of the world, often so thick that the passage of vessels through them is seriously impeded."

"Well, I declare," said the first speaker, "then old Ezra's floating farm wasn't such a very singular thing after all; but I reckon he made an original use of it."

THE NEW LETTER-SHEET.

How It is to be Made and Used—Will It Lead to Cheaper Postage?

The new combination letter-sheet and envelope, which Postmaster-General Howe has contracted for with Leo Ehrlich of St. Louis, is to be manufactured with gummed flaps, which when the sheet is folded lap over two open edges and secure the missive. The government stamp is to be embossed on one of these flaps, which comes over like the flap of an envelope, and the whole thing is licked, stamped and sealed with the same motion. This brings the stamp where the old wafer and seal used to be, instead of being on the upper right hand corner as at present. The postmaster will not be compelled to apply the cancellation stamp, as the letter cannot be opened nor the embossed stamp removed without destroying the stamp. The principal advantage is its cheapness both to the government and the business public. To the man who writes his communication on one side of the sheet, as most business men do, it will be a saving of 50 per cent. in time and expense. To the government it will be equally advantageous. It will cost but a trifle more than an ordinary envelope, and in general use will save, it is alleged, half the present weight of the letter mails. The contract with the inventor provides that the stamped article shall be manufactured under the supervision of the government stamped envelope agents at Hartford or New York; that the government is to take no risk of the public demand and receive no profit from such demand beyond the convenience and advantage in handling. Those that are to be put on sale at the stamp windows will be of the denomination of three, two and one cent, the latter or circular form being minus the end flap or open. This patent letter-sheet will be sold at a price ranging from $2 to $4 per thousand, according to the quality of paper used. The contractor retains his rights as patentee, the government merely acting as his agent and making returns of sales to him every ninety days for the use of the scheme. Every facility for their sale is to be offered as now offered in the sale of stamps and stamped envelopes. The importance of this innovation on the future of the Postal Department will depend wholly on the favor and prejudice of the general public. It may be an important factor in hurrying up cheap postage. The government loses nothing in case of spoiled sheets, having reserved the right of cancellation.

How Lyman Beecher Caught Trout by Tickling Them.

[New York Herald.]

Mr. Beecher told a pretty hard "fish story" to his people at the Plymouth prayer meeting last evening. He said that whenever his father went down to Guildford, Conn., to visit his wife's relatives, he used to think of nothing but finding a good place to catch trout. In a certain pool there was a particularly large trout, and for several years the old gentleman vainly tried to hook him. Finally, during one of his annual visits, he saw the old trout's fins sticking out of the water in a shady spot under the bank. The reverend angler bethought him that he had heard or read that fish could be tickled and captured with the hand. He softly slipped a hand into the water under the motionless fish and slightly tickled its belly with his finger tips. It shot a little distance off, but returned almost immediately, and Pere Beecher moved his hand lightly along its scales until approaching the gills he slipped his forefinger in and jerked the surprised trout high and dry upon the bank. The fish weighed three pounds.

Too Much "Business" in It.

[London Era.]

On Sunday, November 8, the "Patience" troupe crossed from Kingston to Holyhead in the mail steamer Leinster. It blew a perfect hurricane, and only nine of the passengers were able to remain on deck. A traveller evidently well known to the male members of the troupe and who is also a capital actor and singer, suddenly exclaimed: "Let us sing the opening chorus in 'Patience,' but as I have re-written it," and they sang as follows:

> Twenty sea-sick maidens we,
> Sea-sick all against our will;
> Three hours hence we all shall be,
> Twenty sea-sick maidens still,
> Ah mal de mer,
> Ah mal de mer.

As the last note was sung one of the singers had an appointment with the fishes, and the climax caused roars of laughter among those on deck. The Sisters Finch, duettists and dancers, were on board. Miss May said to her sister: "Jenny, I don't like this duet." "No," said Jenny, "there is too much 'business' in it."

BRIC-A-BRAC.

December.

> The kindly year, his liberal hands
> Have lavished all his store.
> And shall we turn from where he stands
> Because he gives no more?
> Oh stay, oh stay,
> One grateful hour, and then away.
> —[William Cullen Bryant.

> Winter's dumb!
> God made his ministry a silent one.
> And he has given him a foot of steel,
> And an unlovely aspect, and a breath
> Sharp to the senses—and we know that He
> Tempereth well, and hath a meaning hid
> Under the shadow of his hand.
> —[N. P. Willis.

> Beauty is December's dower,
> Beauty passionless and chill,
> Cestus of a freezing power,
> Her enamored ones to kill,
> Who endure her kisses pure
> Turn to crystal at her will.
> —[Anon.

> Sad and sad to look before us
> Every year,
> With a heavier shadow o'er us
> Every year.
> To behold each blossom faded,
> And to know we might have made it
> An immortal garland braided
> Round the year.
> —[Charles G. Halpine.

> Then, too, the old year dieth,
> And the forests utter a moan,
> Like the voice of one who crieth
> In the wilderness alone.
> —[Longfellow.

> E'en the old posts that hold the bars,
> And the old gate,
> Forgetful of their winters' wars
> And age sedate,
> High-capped and plumed, like white hussars,
> Stand there in state.
> —[Anon.

> Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
> And the winter winds are wearily sighing;
> Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
> And tread softly and speak low,
> For the old year lies a-dying.
> —[Tennyson.

> The sun that brief December day
> Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
> And, darkly circled, gave at noon
> A sadder light than waning moon,
> Slow tracing down the thickening sky
> Its mute and ominous prophecy.
> A portent seeming less than threat,
> It sank from sight before it set.
> A chill no coat, however stout,
> Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,
> A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
> That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
> Of life-blood in the sharpened face,
> The coming of the snow-storm told.
> —[Whittier.

> Dying at last, Old Year!
> Another stroke of yonder clock, and thou
> Wilt pass the threshold of the world we see,
> Into the world where yesterday and Now
> Blend with the hours of No More To Be.

> I saw the moon last night
> Rise like a crown from the dim mountain's head,
> And to the Council of the Stars take way;
> For thou, the King, though kinsman of the dead,
> Sway'd still the sceptre of Another Day.

> I see the moon tonight,
> Sightless and misty as a mourner's eye
> Behind a veil; or, like a coin, to seal
> The lids of Time's last-born to majesty,
> Press'd on the eyes that look a Last Appeal.
> —[R. H. Newell.

A Chance for Arizonians.

[Arizona Star.]

Tom Fitch is a man of infinite resources. Over in Cochise county they tell an anecdote about him which possesses a peculiar interest. When his tax suit against the Southern Pacific railroad was up Tom stoutly advised the indictment of Crocker for alleged perjury. The ground taken for the indictment was Crocker's affidavit that the railroad property in Cochise county was only worth $2000 a mile. "But," urged the foreman of the grand jury, "what's the use of it? We can never convict him." "But we can indict him and bring him here for trial," protested Mr. Fitch. "But he'll get clear," replied the foreman; "what can you accomplish by it?" Tom looked the foreman squarely in the face, and hitching his chair a little closer to the listening jury he replied, confidentially: "We'll make twelve men in Cochise county comfortable for life." That settled it.

Kissing.

[Anon.]

> Some say that kissing's a sin;
> But I think it nane ava,
> For kissing has woun'd in this world
> Since ever there was twa.
>
> Oh! if it wasna lawful,
> Lawyers wouldna allow it;
> If it wasna holy,
> Ministers wouldna do it.
>
> If it wasna modest,
> Maidens wouldna tak it;
> If it wasna plenty,
> Puir folks wouldna get it."

The Court's Mistake.

[Peck's Sun.]

Judge Davis used to tell some admirable stories of an old Illinois judge, one of which we chance particularly to remember. One of the judges was rather remarkable for conveying to jurors in his charges to them his own opinions with regard to the merits of the case. In one case he had done so with great plainness, but to his amazement the jury hung out for hours without coming to an agreement. The judge inquired of the bailiff what was the matter, and learned from him that one juror was hanging out against the other eleven. He sent for the jury at once, and, stating to the jurors that he had plainly intimated how the case ought to be decided, said he understood one juror was standing out against the other eleven. He proceeded to rebuke the juror sharply. The obstinate juror was a nervous little man, and as soon as the judge was done he rose and said: "Judge, may I say a word?" "Yes, sir," said the indignant judge; "what have you to say?" "Well, what I wanted to say is, I am the only feller that's on your side."

Rhymed Ideas.

[Anon.]

> Let stern fate come with pain or smart;
> Abide the blow!
> For everywhere it strikes the heart
> A pearl will grow.
>
> Crush the ripe rose! from every pore
> Rich perfumes rise;
> Wound the fair swan,—she spurns the shore,
> And, singing, dies.
>
> Smite the dull flint,—the living fire
> Is its reply
> That glides and glows, and reddens higher
> Towards the sky.
>
> From drops of pain that rudely gushed
> Come energy,
> Each precious thing of sorrow crushed
> Brings liberty.

"Hasn't It, George?"

[Wheatland (Cal.) Graphic.]

There is quite a good joke now going the rounds down at Vallejo. A young lady visiting there is quite sweet on a certain young journalist. One morning the pair started out for a long ramble over in the Contra Costa hills. Being gone all day they returned in the evening completely worn out and fatigued. The young lady and gentleman were met by a party of their friends soon after their return, and were asked as to what kind of a time they had. Now the young lady has a very unhandy habit of proving any assertion she may make by appealing to any friend that she happens to have with her at the time. So, as usual, away she went, and answered the inquiry as follows: "Oh, we had a fine time. But climbing over rocks and bushes has made me black and blue all over, hasn't it, George?" (appealing to the young man who had gone out with her.) George said emphatically that he'd be hanged if he knew anything about it, and now that young couple get no rest from the chaffing of their friends.

Little Simplicity.

[Horace Lennard.]

> Golden her tresses, and blue were her eyes,
> Beaming with innocence, loving and baby-like,
> Cheeks like a cherry's which never disguise
> Modesty's blushes—whatever may they be like!
> Peeping from under her bonnet of straw,
> Trimmed in the fashion of simple rusticity,
> These, when we met, were the features I saw,
> Features belonging to Little Simplicity.
>
> Dressed in a faded and old-fashioned gown,
> She with her prattle so sweet captivated me.
> Gladly forgetting the belles of the town,
> Love in a cottage I fancied awaited me;
> Sighing no longer for fortune and fame,
> Life seemed to dance with renewed elasticity;
> Out in the meadows I whispered, "Be mine!"
> "What is your income?" asked Little Simplicity.
>
> Oh! disenchantment, to ask what I earned,
> I who had been such a dutiful slave to her.
> Vainly I begged she would then see returned
> All the odd presents (unpaid for) I gave to her.
> This small adventure was ten years ago,
> Still am I verging on genteel mendicity,
> Five little pledges of love I can show—
> Wonder how many has Little Simplicity!

Lucy's Sealskin Sacque.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Lucy placed her Lily-White Hand on her papa's brow and began to smooth his hair, saying how glad it would make her if she could only smooth the Furrows of Care that time had placed there. Then she artfully Shifted the Subject and spoke of how cold the weather was getting and what lovely Sealskin Sacques she had seen in the store windows down town that afternoon. Then her papa saw what she was up to and Dropped On Himself. So by the time Lucy got around to that part of her talk where she put her arms around his neck and kissed him and asked him to buy her a Sealskin he had neatly Arranged his Lie. He told her of how poor the Crops had been and that Trade was in a very dull state because of the uncertainty as to what office Ben Butler would want next, and Sung Such a song that Lucy began to think she was lucky to have a place to sleep in and a pair of Heavy Shoes for the winter.

"No, my child," he said, "I cannot think of spending $300 for a sealskin sacque when times are so hard"—and Lucy said that she was sorry she had mentioned the subject, and went away feeling quite sorry for her papa.

Soon after she had left the room her big brother came in. "I saw that horse you were talking about," he said to his papa.

"Did you?" asked the old gentleman. "How fast can he go?"

"Two-thirty," replied the big brother, "and $1000 will buy him."

Rising quickly from the sofa Lucy's papa wrote a check and handed it to his son. "Go and close the trade tonight," he said, "and tomorrow afternoon I will make some of these people that think they own trotters look like hired men."

So, you see, children, that some papas think more of beating 2.40 than they do of making an only daughter happy.

A HASTY PROMISE;

OR,

A REJECTED LOVER.

CHAPTER III.

ANOTHER LOVER.

By the fountain Belle sat alone, yet enjoying solitude thoroughly, to judge by the happiness irradiating her face.

She had been at Whitelea two days—two perfect days spent without one sad moment, one dull thought. Time had flown; an atmosphere of unreality had encompassed her. She had told Mrs. Lemecier a while since she was happy; now she was repeating her assurance dubiously. Was this enchanting delight dancing in her eyes, rippling in her voice, only happiness? Was it not something deeper, infinitely more precious—ecstasy?

White clouds were sailing in the sky; birds were singing; insects innumerable darted hither and thither; Belle lifted her voice and poured forth a flood of melody, singing with delicious self-forgetfulness.

"Thank you," said a voice; and she turned to see Reuben Daintree.

A flood of crimson dyed her delicate face; unutterable rapture choked her for a moment ere she cried rebukingly:

"You should not have listened to me."

"Why not? Am I to be less privileged than the birds? Miss Belle, I did not know you sang in that fashion. Will you let me hear you again?"

"Not now."

"No? Tonight?"—"Perhaps."

He looked at her coolly. Surveying his impassive face, she could not guess the wild emotion that shook him.

"My godmother," she said, "tells me there is a fine lake not far from here. Can you not persuade her to drive to it this afternoon?"

"Surely. Have you not seen it?"

"No; I have not been at Whitelea since I was ten years old."

He smiled, and the girl was vexed.

"I suppose Maren has been so attractive that you have not cared to come to this out-of-the-world region."

"Maren!"—she raised her eyebrows—"Maren attractive! It is the most dull, sober house; there is nothing bright in it or about it."

"I beg your pardon. I thing you are wrong."

"But—you have never visited it?"

"I have not. I have however met one of its inmates, and she would make sunshine in the shadiest place."

It was impossible to affect to misunderstand him.

"You flatter me"—and Belle laughed. "Indeed it would require a vision of light to brighten Maren. Instead of my lightening the gloom, it completely overshadows me."

"How is that?"

Belle clasped her hands; she forgot she was unburdening herself to a comparative stranger, and spoke freely; with downcast eyes she told her tale.

"My father hates gladness; he is an embittered and disappointed man. His heart's desire was to have a son, and I am his only child. I declare I have often wished I could run away; it is terrible to know you are not wanted—that you are regarded as an interloper. It was not my fault that I was born a girl and not a boy; one would think I was to blame for my sex."

With difficulty Mr. Daintree kept his gravity. He perceived Belle suffered acutely in this matter. He took her slim hand; she did not repulse him, though his grasp was almost a caress. She went on impetuously.

"We all suffer because there is no male heir to Maren. My stepmother's life is a burden to her, and her son Gilbert suffers in her pain."

"You have a stepbrother?"

"No; Gilbert is not related to me. He is a brother by affection; what I should do without him I cannot imagine. He is deformed. He lives with us. He has but little property of his own."

"And have you no other friends?"

The question, for some subtle reason, was asked diffidently. Belle's heart fluttered painfully. She withdrew her hand and looked beyond the splashing water to the horizon.

"Yes; I have a friend beside my brother—Mr. Carne."

Her eyes were filmy; but she dared not brush the moisture away. Reuben Daintree scrutinized her narrowly; her mouth was quivering slightly, but her head was raised. How daintily beautiful she was—fragile, slight, with unlined brow and budding womanly form! His gaze travelled from the golden hair to the trimly-shod feet peeping from beneath her pretty gown. He had seen many world-famed beauties, but never until now had he beheld such perfect loveliness. His heart beat violently; a gnawing anxiety seized him. Yet only forty-eight hours before Belle Maren had been to him a name, an abstraction. Without thought—for he had no right to ask—he queried—

"What is he to you?"

Humbly, deprecatingly, as though she would fain plead with him for sympathy, she answered—

"I am engaged to marry him."

"Ah!" He pulled his beard a trifle viciously, paused for a few seconds and then responded cheerily:

"He is a lucky man. Miss Belle, I would not let sombre Maren plague you. You will be finding another home; that knowledge should comfort you."

Belle dipped her fingers in the water, whilst a spasm of pain disfigured her face. What ailed her? She was angry with Mr. Daintree—angry, she knew not why. Her lips trembled; but ere she could utter a word Mrs. Lemecier appeared.

"The luncheon-bell has sounded; what are you doing? Belle, you are pale!"

"The sun is so strong," Reuben Daintree said. "Miss Maren has shown more hardihood than wisdom in braving it. She has a headache."

Belle did not deny his statement; yet, had she truly accounted for her pallor it would have been to a heartache rather than to a headache that she would have confessed.

"'Twilight gray hath all things clad,'" Belle quoted in a lazy tone.

It was after dinner. Mr. Daintree was smoking a cigar, pacing up and down the lawn. Belle talked to him from the window—talked airily and profoundly by turns. It was the pleasantest time of day—evening; and Belle felt the spell of the bewitching gloaming. She leaned her head on her hand and fell to musing. Then Reuben Daintree petitioned her in tender accents—

"Will you come on the water?"

She did not reply, but he extended his hand, and she sprang to the ground. Mrs. Lemecier protested.

"Reuben, is it prudent? She will take cold."

"Oh, no!"—he was wrapping a shawl about her. "I will be very careful; the night is quite warm. You can trust me," he added to Belle.

She lifted her face, transfigured with a strange exaltation, to his.

"I can trust you," she avowed, under her breath.

It was a glorious night, windless and balmy. The sky was gemmed with stars; the trees rustled pleasantly. He drew her arm within his with an excuse that she must be fatigued, and they walked in silence. The lake was placid; he looked into its clear depths.

"Shall we go on it?"

She assented; the pleasure was so tempting. If any doubt as to propriety assailed her she cast it from her. What harm could there be? Was not Mr. Daintree nearly twice her age? Did not he know she was engaged to be married? He was but treating her as he would a young sister. She sat at one end of the boat, he at the other; he made a few strokes with the sculls, while she trailed her hand through the blue water.

"Will you sing to me?" he asked softly.

The request did not startle her; singing was a joy to her. At first her voice shook a trifle; but soon she mastered the unusual tremor and sang as was her wont—dainty songs of every school, French, Italian, English. When at last she ceased Reuben was dumb.

Slowly they walked home. Mr. Daintree knew quiet was dangerous; he talked industriously—talked as one who talks to avert peril. Belle scarcely comprehended the drift of his conversation. She was lost in a dream of exquisite rapture. Suddenly a bat, with its ghostly, featherless wings, hovered about them. She cried in a fright—

"A bat! They say bats forebode ill-luck—death, mischance."

"Silly child!"

He spoke banteringly; yet, try as he would, he could not drive sweetness from his tone.

Outside Whitelea he came to a stand.

"Have you had a pleasant day—a day you would care to live over again?"

Ah! could such another day be? For the one would there not be a heavy reckoning to pay?

The candle light dazzled her. Mrs. Lemecier was on the sofa dozing calmly. Belle sat down to compose herself. Why was she so feverishly happy? A letter on the table caught her attention. She picked it up. It was addressed to her. As the cool night air flew in upon her through the open window already she was disenchanted. Her letter was from Miles Carne.

CHAPTER IV.

IN TROUBLED WATERS.

"Nothing lasts; the brightest hours are fleetest," Mr. Daintree grumbled. "Tomorrow you will be at Maren, and I——"

"You will be on your way to New York; to-day and all the days I have spent here will be partly forgotten."

Was she serious? There was a saucy sparkle in her eyes, glowingcarmine on her cheeks. Reuben Daintree felt a thrill of jealousy. Was she not sorry to leave Whitelea? He cast an upbraiding look at her. She folded her arms above her head with a long breath.

The rain was beating against the panes, the trees were bent by the strong wind, the flowers were sodden, the grass drenched, everything wet and forlorn.

"Who says the rain is beautiful? Nothing depresses me as a steady down-pour in summer does. If it were winter we could lounge over a fire and not remember out-of-door ills, but—"

She shrugged her shoulders emphatically. Mr. Daintree yawned; he had planned a stroll, and the storm had spoiled his plans.

"Won't you go into the study and read the newspaper? Men are always happy when reading of the affairs of the nation."

"And what will you do?"

"Write a letter I ought to have written before now."

"There's plenty of time for letter-writing; the post does not go until the afternoon. Let me read some poetry to you instead."

"No; I must do my duty. I must write my letter."

"Ah, inditing your letter will be more agreeable than listening to my reading!"

He spoke irritably; she stared at him, and answered, a trifle stiffly:

"I do not know why you should suppose that; but, if it is so, what then?"

He was silent; a minute more, and Belle was alone. With impatient fingers she found her writing materials. Had she offended Mr. Daintree? Certainly not. Was he not a little selfish to expect her always to do as he desired? With more force than needful, she dated her paper, paused abruptly. She was about to write to Miles—about to write her first love letter. Was it because the task was a novel one that she sat biting her pen in indecision? At last "My dear Miles" was inscribed. The words were strange; she studied them curiously. What should she write next? She pulled his letter out of her pocket and glanced over it. Did he think she would write to him in a similar strain? If he did, he would be disappointed; she could not pen endearing language, loving epithets. She had promised to tell him everything, to describe the inhabitants at Whitelea. He knew Mrs. Lemecier; to draw a portrait of Mr. Reuben Daintree was out of her power. With slow hand she wrote an account of some portion of her holidays; she was conscious her sentences were halting, conscious she was omitting much of that which had most pleased her. Not an unnecessary adjective did she use; she read her composition critically, heaved a sigh of relief, signed herself affectionately his, and came to a full stop.

Her cheeks were brilliant; her work had been difficult. Devoutly she prayed Miles would not often write to her if he needed every epistle answered. She slipped the paper into an envelope, sealed it, and then jumped up as one freed from a burden. It was still raining; she broke into a song. Mr. Daintree peeped in.

"Have you finished?" he asked; and Belle replied in the affirmative.

"Come to the billiard-room, and have a game with me," he begged.

They knocked the balls about, but to little purpose; Belle was excited, Reuben Daintree distrait.

"Will it be long ere you visit my sister again?" he said.

Belle's under lip was tremulous.

"I am afraid it will be very long. My father objects to my going from home."

"Does he object to every rational and pleasant thing? Miss Belle, what would he say if I came to Maren?"

Never, in the days that followed, did he cease to recollect the swift change that came into the mobile face. To the last hour of his life the dainty figure clothed in soft mouse-color was distinct to him. Painted on his memory in fadeless hues were the waving golden-brown curls tumbling about the ivory-white forehead; the flushed dimpled cheeks, the arched brows, the black-lashed gentian eyes, the chiselled mouth. A pang of remorse touched him. For one short week he had created an atmosphere of Elysium around this girl. With ardent glances, sweet beguilements, he had striven to ensnare her. Had he succeeded? If he had, what must he do? His head was hot; he resolutely put aside all bootless self-communing, and went on explanatorily—

"I have some friends in your neighborhood. Mr. Trevenon and my father were comrades. I thought of paying them a visit at Christmas; you know the Trevenons?"

"Yes, but not intimately; my mother goes sometimes to Trevenon and they come to us. About half a dozen calls are exchanged during a year. I am not 'out' yet, you know."

He smiled his winning, irresistible smile.

"What does that matter? Will not Archibald relax some of his rigor at Christmas? Any way, depend on it, I shall not be only a stone's throw from Maren and not see you. I shall beg Mrs. Trevenon to intercede for you. Trevenon is hospitality itself, the best country-house with which I am acquainted; the girls are all girls should be. It would do you a world of good to know them."

"Maud Trevenon is very lovely."

"Is she? She is dark; I do not care for dark women."

He gazed at her meaningly; she felt the tell-tale red sweep over her face, forehead, neck. A sound of silken draperies warned them that Mrs. Lemecier was near. Very hurriedly did Reuben Daintree whisper:

"Miss Belle, it shall not be good-by, but au revoir."

His hand and hers met; as he strode away from her her brain whirled, and she was nigh falling to the ground.

"Something has occurred. What is it, Gilbert?"

Belle laid her face against Gilbert York's. Crimson replaced his usual pallor. He patted the wilful hands. It was very pleasant to have her back; he dearly loved his so-called sister.

"Why do you think this? Does anything ever occur at Maren worth narrating?"

"Nothing had when I went away; something may have since. It is not probable even Maren will always stagnate. Tell me, dear old boy."

The voice was very coaxing. Belle kissed him with fervor and rested on the arm of his chair.

"I have found a friend—done a deed the *mater* dignifies as heroic. They say I saved Miss Gabrielle Trevenon's life last Saturday."

"You saved Miss Gabrielle Trevenon's life!"

"Yes. I am not surprised at your surprise. I do not look very capable of doughty actions"—with a wintry smile.

A caress rebuked him; he continued—

"I did nothing very extraordinary. I was walking by the river's side, when I heard a cry of distress and saw a young lady in the water. A rope lay at hand. I flung it to her, and by its means she was rescued. Anyone would have done what I did; a boy of fourteen would not have done less. But the Trevenons are kindly people and insist on deeming themselves indebted to me."

Belle was pondering.

"Gilbert, you are not strong. Did you hurt yourself?"

"A trifle; the strain was severe for me."

"Ah, my darling, and you would make light of the matter! I am proud of you!"

"Nonsense! I was glad to be of service; but it is absurd to make much of what I did."

"Miss Trevenon thinks so, I presume."

He laughed a low laugh of mixed amusement and emotion, and answered with a question.

"Have you ever seen Gabrielle Trevenon?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"She is the youngest child, and her father's darling. Belle, you will like her; Archibald does."

Belle's blue eyes dilated.

"No, no, no!"

Mr. Trevenon brought her here to make a pretty speech to me. She made it so well she captivated us all. Archibald said you should call at Trevenon with my mother. I hope you will be friends."

"Is the world turning upside down? Gilbert, I felt you had altered. Miss Gabrielle must be a fairy."

"She is better, a single-hearted girl."

"I see"—Belle raised her chin with a naughty smile.

Gilbert was constrained.

"Give me the history of all that has befallen you," he pleaded; "we have missed you.

The Trevenons were people of importance in Ireshire. Mr. Trevenon, a plain and homely man, was immensely wealthy. His daughters, co-heiresses, would inherit handsome fortunes. Trevenon was renowned for its hospitality, its invitations were eagerly sought after. Maude Trevenon was the belle of the county; Annie was a genial blue-stocking, Gabrielle the household darling.

Belle Maren understood this immediately she saw her, clad in pink and white, a fairy-like girl, of a clinging nature, fragile as an exotic. Mrs. Trevenon was enraptured with Belle. She insisted Archibald must no longer conceal her at Maren, and pleaded so skilfully that she might be much with her children that he was fain to grant her wish.

It was the beginning of a new existence for Belle. While Maude and Annie Trevenon treated her affectionately, Gabrielle almost worshipped her. She was constantly at Trevenon, and, if absent a few days, the girls made excursions to Maren. Mrs. Maren brightened visibly. Archibald did not oppose the endeavors of Belle's friends to disperse the sombre gloom of his house. Gilbert was enchanted. Belle openly rejoiced in the lucky accident that had brought about so pleasant a state of affairs. With picnics, tea parties and wood rambles autumn passed away by far too quickly. A dull day was rare. She had seen little of Miles, but his absence did not grieve her unduly. He would come to Maren directly he was at liberty.

November was approaching, and in-door amusements were in vogue. The festivities of Christmas were the theme of gossip. Belle listened to gay proposals, manifold schemes, in bewilderment. The church was to be decorated, a ball was to be given at Trevenon, the place was to be filled with guests. Belle was to be introduced into society. Archibald was to be cajoled to deliver her up into madame's keeping. Gilbert Yorke participated in all Belle's hopes and fears. She divulged her dream to him freely; only one *chateau en Espagne* did she hide—that one even she did not look boldly upon; she shrank from examining it keenly lest its airiness should frighten her. Christmas meant for her the coming of Reuben Daintree—Reuben Daintree, whom she had not seen since the summer-time, but in whom she trusted with immutable faith. He was due at Trevenon; once more she would behold him, once more it might be they would be together under one roof.

CHAPTER V.

DEEPENING DOUBTS.

It was the 10th of December. Snow lay sparsely on the ground, a thin sheet of ice covered lakes, brooks and ponds. It was cold, seasonably cold; winter had set in early. Belle Maren welcomed it; glad was she the old year was speeding away; her face grew more bonnie and winsome daily, not a tinge of sadness dulled the radiance of her eyes. Mrs. Maren wondered. She had not thought Belle loved Miles thus intensely; yet what but the idea of his coming had caused her countenance to glow with the brightness of expectancy?

Archibald sought Belle. He came into the breakfast-room, an open letter in his hand. Mrs. Maren breakfasted in bed; the girl was at the head of the table.

"Pour me out a cup of coffee. I am obliged to go to New York for a few days on business."

Belle exclaimed; and Archibald glanced at her. She was a pretty creature. In her soft blue dress with its creamy lace, she looked charming; his grim brows unbent, his sterm mouth relaxed.

"I must bring you a Christmas gift from town," he cried. "By-the-bye, Miles will be here today."

The carmine did not deepen, the coral lips smiled serenely.

"I know."

Archibald nodded; he was not addicted to talking while eating. Belle attended to him sedulously. He kissed her when he rose.

"I shall give you warning of my return."

She watched the carriage drive away, and then ran up to Mrs. Maren. With the departure of the master the house seemed to have brightened. Would she ride? No; she had a bad headache, she would rather rest. What was Belle to do? To

The Turks hate John Bull, but they like Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup as the best remedy they know of.

stay indoors would be a sin; a lonely ride was not desirable. Gilbert was busy writing; she must not disturb him; so she resolved upon a long walk. The north wind blew her kisses until her cheeks were aflame with blushes. Her hands were tucked snugly in her muff; her dark hat, with a red-breasted robin perched on its rim, looked delightfully picturesque. Rejoicing thoughts travelled swiftly through her brain as she trod briskly along. Happiness irradiated her face; she knew not that it was spurious. A bird sang on a leafless branch with exuberant mirth. Belle stood to listen; she, too, would have liked to burst into song. She turned as the strain ended. Down the road towards her came a man of kingly stature and handsome face. Like fire coursed the blood through her veins; her eyelids drooped involuntarily. It was Reuben Daintree.

"I have been puzzled where I should find you. I was coming to Maren," he said, holding her hand as if loath to let it go. "You have not changed?"

"Changed?" She looked at him inquiringly. He dropped her hand and strolled along by her side. She was trembling, coy. With some difficulty she asked if he had been long at Trevenon?

"No; only since last night. I told Miss Trevenon I had a message for you; she bade me bring it, with one from herself. Will you go to her tomorrow?"

The black eyes gazed into the tender blue. Belle answered bravely—

"Yes. What is your message?"

"My sister's love to you. I am commanded to report on your appearance."

The dimples showed themselves.

"You should have sent me word; I would have made myself charming; it is not fair to steal a march on me."

"Is it not? Ah, Miss Belle, you could not have dawned on my sight more charming than you are now!"

She looked incredulous.

"You will come to Maren?"

"Yes; I must pay my respects to Mrs. Maren and Archibald."

"He is from home."

They moved on. Reuben Daintree was astounded to find how Belle affected him. He had imagined he had learned to think of her calmly; he now discovered how he had erred. He chatted with insouciance, but under his assumed nonchalance a lava tide smouldered. It was not the first view he had had of Maren; he was wont to admire it greatly; today he hardly cast a glance on it. Sympathetic attention, deferential homage, won Mrs. Maren's good will. She regretted Gilbert was absent; he had gone to Trevenon with a volume for Annis. Mr. Daintree deplored the circumstance, but comforted himself and her ladyship with the reflection that their acquaintanceship could not be deferred for long. He lunched with them, and entertained them with stories of travel, of the hunting field, of foreign lands. When he left, Mrs. Maren avowed that she was fascinated.

"A brilliantly clever man, my dear," she said; "he is staying at Trevenon until after Christmas. What does Maude think of him?"

"I have not heard her say."

"Ah"—her tone was significant—"Miss Maude will have to be taking a husband! Is he likely to be her choice?"

"I fancy not"—gazing into the coals abstractedly.

Maude Trevenon was very beautiful, very delightful; but, no, Belle did not think Reuben Daintree would ask her to be his wife.

. . . .

"My dear little girl!" Miles Carne cried, as he passed his arms about Belle joyfully.

A tremor passed over her; in dismay she covered her face that he might not kiss it. He stared at her. Was she not pleased to see him? He spoke distressfully.

"Do you think I have come too soon? I have not seen you for many weeks. Belle, I counted on a kinder greeting."

She would not see the pleading in the eyes fixed upon her lovely face, and she hardened her heart against him.

"Of course I am glad to see you; but you are foolish."

Foolish! His spirits sank below zero. He had yearned for a glimpse of her while exiled from her—had yearned with an irrepressible yearning to touch her hand and lips. He walked to the hearth and poked the fire angrily. Belle did not understand the curious sensations that troubled her as he turned away.

She knew in a dull fashion she was paining him; she wished he was not so terribly fond of her—wished he would regard her with brotherly esteem. She sat apart from him unhappily. Suddenly he came to her.

"Belle, be yourself," he urged. "Child, have mercy. Remember you are all the world to me."

In spite of herself, she relented.

"If you will only be sensible, Miles, we shall be happy."

He sighed. Assuredly she did not love him, or her words would have been less hard; he consoled himself determinedly; he must teach her to care for him. Gradually they slipped back to the old familiar terms. Belle told him all likely to interest him. In different tones she mentioned Reuben Daintree. He had been listening to her dreamily, debating whether her shining hair, her forget-me-not eyes, or her bloom-painted cheeks were her greatest charm. That name startled him into attention.

"Did you say Reuben Daintree was at Trevenon?"

"Yes."

"You do not like him?"—eagerly.

His look was intent, but he did not guess the pallor of her cheeks was provoked by his question. She laced her fingers nervously in one another as she answered curtly:

"I do like him. Why should I not?"

"He is not your style."

"Oh, how can you tell that?"

"Belle, how irritable you are! Reuben Daintree is so many years older than you. He is a *blasé* man of the world; to think of you liking him is about as natural as to think of the dove and the serpent as friends."

She flew up in impatient ire.

"Dove and serpent, indeed! Miles, you are vastly polite!"

He snatched at her dress.

"You little virago! Do you know your eyes are blazing? What is Mr. Daintree to you that you should vex yourself about him?"

Her excitement subsided, and she burst into passionate tears. He caressed her tenderly.

"Belle, you are not well"—with an air of conviction. "My dear, how you burn! You have taken cold."

He insisted on her resting on the couch, lingering near her until the reddened eyes closed. Then he stole from the room; he must find Mrs. Maren and tell her Belle wanted nursing.

The door closed gently. Absolutely still lay the girl for a moment, the footsteps died away, then a low cry issued from her lips.

"Am I going crazy? What can ail me to act in this way?"

She pressed her forehead—oh, the agony of pain there! Were her pangs but physical merely? If she could but think so! No, truth would be heard, let her turn a deaf ear as she might. She buried her face in the cushion, and sobbed in woeful distress.

"Miles, Miles, if I had not promised to marry you!"

CHAPTER VI.

A DECLARATION.

Trevenon was alight from one end to the other; the ball-room was thronged with the brave and the fair. The band had just struck up an entrancing waltz. Gabrielle Trevenon, clad in pure white, danced with Mr. Daintree; Miles had Belle for a partner—Belle, whose unique loveliness was winning admiration from all. She was dressed in opal silk, her only jewelry a string of opals round her wax-like throat, opal bracelets at her wrists.

Then the waltz ended. Belle returned to Mrs. Maren, and, unwillingly, Miles was driven away to do his duty elsewhere.

"At last!" somebody at her elbow cried. Mr. Daintree had come to claim her. "Are you tired? Shall we sit it out?"

"Yes."

She offered him a seat; but he was not inclined to pass the time under public survey.

"Come into the oak room; it is empty," he murmured.

Many a glance followed them as they walked the length of the room; many a man envied Reuben Daintree. She was so wondrously beautiful; envious tongues could not deny that she utterly eclipsed the whole company of fair women. Gabrielle Trevenon felt a pang of distrust as they vanished. Oh, divine dower of beauty, would it overshadow with fatal influence his affection for her?

The oak room was only dimly lighted. A large fire glowed and burned; the windows were open. Belle flirted her fan. She did not glance at Reuben Daintree; he was anxiously watching her. She almost wished she had not left the ball room; then she put the wish far from her; for just once she would drain the cup of nectar, let come what would afterwards.

"Belle"—his voice had wellnigh a tone of roughness—"have you purposely avoided me tonight?"

She was compelled to raise her eyes. The ardor in his terrified her. She would have risen, but he restrained her forcibly.

"You are scared. I have alarmed you; and I—I—I would slay myself rather than cause you one jot of anxiety."

"Hush!"

He put his lips to her hand, with a word of emotion. She drew it from him and resentment gave her courage.

"How dare you, Mr. Daintree? Are you mad?"

"Mad!"—he looked at her vacantly. "Yes, I am mad—mad with excess of love!"

Belle was frightened, yet her heart bounded with perilous joy. Had she forgotten Miles? Her face grew suddenly ashy.

"Please take me to my mother."

Her request brought him to his senses.

"I beg your pardon. Miss Maren, will you forgive me?"

Irresolutely she demurred. He went on fluently.

"I will not offend you; but have I been wrong in deeming your engagement with Mr. Carne an arrangement in which you were little consulted? My sister tells me you were betrothed to him when a baby, and that, in obedience to your father, you have consented to marry him; but ——." He paused; Belle essayed to speak, but could not. "I should be a monster of dishonor if I tormented you with my story. I had no right to ask what I have. I merit your rebuke; but, pardon me, I will not sin a second time. I go away tomorrow."

"You go away tomorrow?"

"Ay!"—bitterly. "Why should I stay here? I care for you; the murder is out; crush me with your wrath, if you will. I love you, and you are the *fiancée* of Miles Carne."

A deathly faintness seized her. Oh, the pity of it! She longed to fly, yet was rooted to the spot. He came closer, and she cried aloud, her cry charged with mortal agony.

"Do not tempt me! If you care for me, leave me."

"Belle, you do not hate me?"

She was but a weak woman, he a crafty, wily man. With artful cunning words he calmed her. Would she not be a self-convicted criminal in her own sight, as well as in Carne's, if she wedded him? She resisted him faintly; safety for her was in flight; but she lingered with him. Ten minutes later she returned to the mazes of the dance; but, though her step was light, her soul was paralyzed with shame. She had disgraced herself; it seemed to her that her fault, her mad, wicked folly, was branded on her brow.

Midnight had passed; supper was over. Maude Trevenon had drawn aside the curtain to gaze on the white earth. Gilbert Yorke was with her, but he missed much of the splendor of the scene; he was preoccupied. Maude addressed him without receiving a reply; she touched his arm playfully.

"Is your study so profound?"

He started; the expression of his face puzzled her. He had shifted his position, and was looking at a girl some yards from them. It was Gabrielle. Maude's face was very grave.

"Mr. Yorke, will you give me your opinion of Mr. Daintree?"

She smiled as he showed his astonishment.

"Does that sound strange? Ought I not to have put the question to you? But I—we all—think highly of your judgment; and Gabrielle is so dear to us."

He bowed.

"We have reared her too ideally perhaps; she is 'our' child. I am not many years her senior, but I regard her more as a mother would do than a sister. I believe you are concerned in her welfare. Is it not so?"

"Yes."

A gray hue was spreading over his face. Maude did not observe it.

"We must, we know, lose her some day, but we desire to give her into the keeping of one who will cherish her as we have done. Would Mr. Daintree?"

He furtively wiped heavy drops from his forehead.

"How can I answer? Does he wish to marry her?"

"Nay, he has not said so much; but, Mr. Yorke, you will not misunderstand me? She is verily our darling. Reuben Daintree's toils are dangerous. He seeks her, and I do not fancy she is averse from him."

"Miss Trevenon, why do you tell me this? I have known him only a short time."

The lady dropped her lace handkerchief, stooped and picked it up again.

"I will be frank with you. Is he inclined to sue for Belle?"

Gilbert Yorke's countenance cleared momentarily.

"Has that fear vexed you? Dismiss it for ever. Belle is to be Miles Carne's wife."

"You surprise me!" Maude Trevenon exclaimed. "Belle has been very shy with us. I must scold her. Thank you heartily, Mr. Yorke."

She glided away. Gilbert remained, his face quiet, his eyes dark with a great sorrow. So Gabrielle was learning to love Reuben Daintree—gallant, handsome, well-favored Reuben. He shivered and groaned inarticulately. He crossed the room, and, in doing so, caught a vision of himself in a mirror.

"Great heaven, how could I have deluded myself thus? How could I imagine that Gabrielle could care for such a one as I?"

He reeled to a chair; the room swam around him, and for a while he was scarcely conscious. Miles Carne awoke him from lethargy; awe and dread oppressed his heart. Miles' face was full of horror. He grasped Gilbert until he winced beneath the pressure.

"Archibald is dead!"

"Dead?"

"Read this"—giving him a telegram. "Sheriff has just brought it to me."

It was from Archibald Maren's solicitor, and was very brief. Archibald had been seized with apoplexy, and was dead.

"What must be done?"

"We must get Belle and Mrs. Maren away and break the intelligence as best we can. I shall go to New York at daybreak. Do you find Mme. Trevenon, and tell her; then order the carriage. I will invent some tale to satisfy Belle."

CHAPTER VII.

IF YOU LOVE ME, GO!

Dreary days succeeded. Archibald was brought home and buried. Mrs. Maren mourned him sincerely. He had not of recent years been a kind husband to her; but, womanlike, she remembered not the immediate past, but the "long ago," when he had treated her, if not lovingly, with chivalrous respect. Belle, too, forgot his want of tenderness; he was her father.

Archibald had left no will. Mrs. Maren was provided for by her jointure. Belle inherited all. She would be a wealthy woman. Maren was hers. No compulsion was to be used to enforce her marriage with Miles Carne; unless she chose, she need not wed him. At this thought, when first it came to her, her heart swelled almost to suffocation; afterwards came the unwelcome reflection—did her dead father so trust her pledged word that he scorned to bind her by threat or penalty? She strove to get rid of the idea; but it returned again and again persistently. She must marry Miles, or she would be haunted by her perfidy all her life.

Miles was very good to her in the weeks of retirement, so good and considerate she could not but be kind to him. He studied her every whim and vagary with amazing unselfishness, and seconded Gilbert in every attempt to cheer her; she had not been human had she altogether repulsed him. Night after night did she toss restlessly, wondering why fate had decreed she should love Reuben Daintree and not Miles Carne. She contrasted the men, and owned that Miles did not lose by the comparison. She prayed her love might die, even if its death brought her pain. She shrank from vowing a false vow; and, sooner or later, she must do so, unless her love for Mr. Daintree was exorcised.

February winds were blowing. Belle, in her sable dress, presented a mournful picture as she sat reading in the firelight, her tresses coiled around her head, her short-sleeved bodice showing her beautifully moulded arm and elbow.

A servant announced Mr. Daintree.

Was it Belle who met him with graceful dignity, whose blue eyes glanced into his without a shade of embarrassment? The touch of the small fingers was so cool and friendly, a piqued annoyance distracted him. With tact he offered his condolence. Belle heard him, her features composed. She censured herself continually because her father's memory was less vivid already, and tried by many devices to keep her regret alive. All endeavor was wasted—she had not loved him; and the unloved dead are not long recollected. The conversation drifted to other topics, and Belle insensibly brightened as she joined in easy talk. Reuben Daintree moved; where he was he had not a good view of her. His movement startled Belle; silence supervened; alarm seized her, and she quivered. Passionately, he ejaculated—

"Belle, is your icy mood real or feigned? Are you less disposed to consider me your friend?"

A fitful color dyed her cheeks. The last time she had seen him, with ardent tongue he had craved her love, and she had not checked him, although she was bound to Miles Carne. Ah, only upon the wishes of the living would she have trampled then had she broken her troth! Now a dead hand, a still voice numbed her love—demanded that she should stamp it unlawful.

"I hope you are my friend," she said, her face blanching to a deathly white; "but more than my friend you can never be."

She passed her arm about her chair and fought desperately with her emotion.

He hissed in her ear:

"Why?"

"I must marry Miles Carne."

Volition was gone; mechanically the words fell from her straightened lips.

"You love him? You can go to the altar with him, knowing the oath you will take will not be profane, knowing you are loyal, that your heart will never throb with sweeter emotion for another man than for him? Your life will be a symphony without discord, you will never wish it had been ordered otherwise? You will walk softly in rejoicing content henceforth forever?"

She shivered; then calm came upon her—a calm such as at times precedes dissolution. Her tone was steady—if tuneless, not hard.

"You are cruel. What have I done that you should treat me ruthlessly? It has been my sin that I have loved you better than I have loved Miles. And he—he is a nobler man than you. If he knew I had deceived him, think you he would link his life with mine? Nay; but you would not hesitate to marry me, though I came to you with a dead father's trust violated."

Her flaming indignant eyes seemed to pierce him scathingly; he ventured nearer to her.

"I would not. I love you, Belle. You could not estrange yourself from me. I love you."

The repetition of his passionate words seemed to strengthen him. Almost solemnly he entreated—

"Belle, I adjure you, do not cast me from you rashly. If you love me, think well ere you give Miles Carne the title of husband. A sorry kindness it will be to bestow yourself on him, a sacrifice to filial obedience merely."

He would have continued; but with a gesture she stayed him.

"I cannot hear you. So long as I am affianced to Miles I will not hearken to words I should not. Oh, Reuben"—lamentingly—"why do you make it so hard for me to do right?"

She did not weep, though she wrung her hands and moaned convulsively. He knelt beside her.

"Darling, forgive me. If you did not love me, I would not plead with you; but how can I bear that we should both suffer—both be eternally parted?"

So silent was the room, the soughing of the wind sounded doubly melancholy. Belle's desolation was terrible.

She cried suddenly, with emphatic command: "If you love me, go!"

Struck with the energy of her voice, he caught her hand; she snatched it from him, and he left her.

The fire had burned low. Mr. Carne, entering the room, walked lightly over the carpet and lifted the poker. Who was that cowering on the tiger-skin with closed eyes, wan face? Could it be Belle? For one minute he was unnerved. Was imagination playing him a trick? Was this Belle, or an illusion? She dissipated his fear, and, with a sigh, sat erect. Gently he placed her on an ottoman. He did not hide his concern, but said tenderly—

"My dear, you are grieved. Let me help you."

The temptation was great. He loved her; he would scourge himself rather than that she should suffer. His was verily a mightier love than Reuben Daintree's. Why did she cleave to the lesser and not to the greater? With clenched teeth, she forced back the tears that had welled up to her eyes.

"Miles, you see what I am—a capricious, fickle, ever-changing girl. Do you think you can care for me always?"

"Belle, always. Need I tell you I shall never love you with abated love? Will you marry me? You are not obliged to do so. I release you from

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your promise. Archibald has left no will; you are free to marry whom you choose."

Admiration and respect for him crimsoned her brow. She was unaware of it; but at that moment she was very near loving him.

"I will marry you if you will make me your wife. I gave my word to my father I would. Miles, do not turn from me because I frame my speech badly. Heaven helping me, you shall never rue the day you give your name and trust your honor to me."

He pressed his lips to hers, and kissed them.

"Belle, this is our true union."

Was it? She felt as if she had signed her death warrant rather than ratified her nuptials. Gently she drew from him, her face bathed in tears.

CHAPTER VIII.

A LAST FAREWELL.

The library at Trevenon was an immense room, with long windows, books everywhere, tables scattered about, chairs and lounges in all conceivable and inconceivable corners. It was a room in which to be solitary or social at pleasure—a room in harmony with sad moods or with merry, with tears or with laughter. Gabrielle Trevenon and Belle Maren lounged over the fire and gossiped as girls will. Mr. Daintree interrupted them.

"Ladies, do you know the sun is shining? Won't you permit it to tempt you from the fireside?"

They looked up. Gabrielle flushed; Belle's pale cheeks gained no tint of scarlet. They required very little persuasion, consenting with alacrity. They equipped themselves in furs and sealskins, and soon joined Mr. Daintree and Miles Carne.

It was a happy stroll. Gabrielle, in her sweet fashion, was blithely glad. Belle forgot her trouble. Surely, with Miles beside her, she did well to be joyful.

"Let us go to the mill!" she cried. "I have not been there this winter. We have plenty of time."

Every one was willing. Gabrielle asked where the mill was.

"Do you not know, living so near? It is most picturesque—fit scene of a romantic love episode. In the summer the garden is a wilderness of luxuriant blossom and foliage; in the winter it is romantic, and—— Well, you will see it."

Truly the mill was all Belle Maren had asserted. In the glancing sunlight the yellow stones, moss-grown, looked golden. Silvered with snow were the fields through which they went to it. The mill-wheel was still, clogged with ice. Not a sign of life was there; everything was stagnant. Gabrielle trembled as they unclosed the door; Belle was subdued a while, but not for long.

She constituted herself cicerone, led them over the place, mimicking the ordinary guide's gabble so perfectly that her companions were convulsed with laughter. But, when she would have mounted a ladder leading to a loft, Miles cried:

"It is not safe. You must not go up."

Belle was wilful; she sprang up on the first step. Miles would have restrained her.

"At least let me go before you," he pleaded; but she waved him back imperatively. Reuben Daintree was amused at the chargrin Miles could not hide. Gabrielle's jealous eyes noticed his satisfaction with dismay.

Belle had no thought of mischance. Miles watched her fearfully. The ladder was long; a fall would be dangerous. Why was she so daring? Ah, she was nearly to the top! He drew his breath less painfully; he had alarmed himself unduly.

Whether the intense gravity of her companions shook her courage, whether a panic of terror seized her, who shall say? She paused, quivered, looked down, shook from head to foot. The ladder creaked, her hands loosened their hold; her very lips grew white; the ladder was breaking; she was falling—falling!

"Reuben, Reuben," she screamed in frenzied agony, "I shall fall—I shall fall! Help me—help me!"

"Jump, my darling. I will catch you."

His voice was hoarse; the veins stood out rigidly on his forehead. Miles was dumb, Gabrielle petrified. Only a minute, and all was over.

With a quick appealing cry of "Reuben!" she jumped, missed him, and fell on the ground at his feet. Reuben lifted her in his arms with wonderful ease.

"Carne, fetch a docter. Gabrielle, get water," he ordered.

Out in the wintry blast Miles Carne stumbled as a drunken man; he hurried swiftly on his errand. Gabrielle dipped her handkerchief in water and laid it on the quiet face.

"Is she dead?"

"No"—fiercely; then, with something like a sob, he put his lips to Belle's and kissed them tenderly.

Gabrielle turned faint. He loved Belle Maren, and she had been dreaming he loved her. Her fool's paradise was wrecked, devastated. She did all he bade her; but, oh, that she could have changed places with the girl in his arms! It would be good to be maimed, wounded, if in all her sufferings he suffered. Belle opened her eyes and looked at Reuben with miserable fear. He put his hand on her cheek caressingly.

"Do not stir; keep perfectly still; you have hurt yourself a little."

She obeyed. Gabrielle observed she never asked for Miles, but lay apparently content. Dr. Edenham found them grouped together. Rapidly he examined Belle.

"Her arm is broken—nothing worse," he assured Gabrielle and Reuben Daintree. "We must get her home; she will be very much bruised. Drink this!"—to Belle.

He had taken a glass and a bottle from his pocket. Belle drank the cordial and smiled as Mrs. Maren advanced. It was a slow home-going. When it was accomplished Belle was carried to her room; the arm had to be set, the fluctuating nerves composed.

Mr. Daintree's work was over, so far as Belle Maren was concerned. Gabrielle must be taken home, and then——. He dared not look beyond; breakers were ahead. He dallied in the hall, feeling like a schoolboy doomed to punishment. Miles Carne touched him.

"A word with you, if you please."

He followed him into the dining-room. Miles' face was sternly set.

"Mr. Daintree, what am I to conclude from your behavior and Belle's this morning?"

There was an awkward pause then; Reuben Braintree braced himself to reply.

"Is it fair to question me? I betrayed myself inadvertently. I love Miss Maren. I am not ashamed to admit this to you."

"And she?"

"She is tied, according to her belief, in honor to you."

"Does she care for you?"

"Nay, you must ask her; I must not answer. You should know if she cares for you; if she does, you are but mocking me.

Miles' eyes were dim; Reuben Braintree felt a twinge of compunction.

"Of one thing be sure," he cried. "If she cares for me, she would have crushed her love rather than make sport of you."

Sleet was falling fast. Mrs. Maren came into the study where sat Miles Carne, his attitude betokening dejection, his head bent down; Gilbert Yorke was writing. Mrs. Maren spoke to Miles.

"Miles, Belle wants you."

A ruddy hue spread over his face. He rose.

"Belle wants me! How is she?"

"Better—she will be well in a week or so; she has asked for you several times. I think your not having seen her has fretted her."

In a becoming dressing-gown Belle reclined on the sofa in her boudoir. She turned her wistful imploring eyes upon Miles, holding out her hands with a beseeching gesture. He bent over her and kissed her kindly; but she thought the kiss cold, and missed the fervor she had never hitherto sought vainly. Ere she could speak he said—and his words caused the blood to ebb from her heart:

"Dear, I know your secret. I am not angry with you. I wish you had told me, instead of leaving me to find it out. But I can give you back your promise and bid you be happy."

He faltered a little, and she clung to him.

"No, no, Miles!"

"Hush, child; you are weak! You must not blame yourself—you told me you did not love me. I was a fool to let you bind yourself to me. Thank heaven, at least, that we are not bound by chains we cannot loosen."

She bent low her head that he might not see her face; he passed his hand over his tear-dimmed eyes. He continued—

"By and by, when we have grown accustomed to the knowledge that we shall spend our lives apart, we will be as brother and sister."

"Brother and sister! We are to be husband and wife."

Husband and wife! He had been less than a man had he been unmoved. He battled bravely with his love, his anger, his jealousy—bowed as a young tree in a storm.

"No"—with sharp disdain—"you and I will never be husband and wife. I would sooner see you in your coffin than marry you. You will wed him whom you love—Reuben Daintree."

"Miles, Miles!"

She would have flung herself on his breast; but he could not endure her clinging fingers. She fancied he spurned her, and suppressed her sobs, sighing drearily. An irresistible impulse compelled him to look at her. Winsome dainty Belle—sadness, grief should not harass her! He forgot his own woe, and, remembering only that she was his love, his own sweet love, stooped and kissed her with a kiss of passion.

"Good-bye, my darling—good-bye! I have loved you—oh, how I have loved you! May Heaven bless you and make you happy—good-bye!"

Fervent words rose to her lips, but remained unuttered. A mighty despair shook her soul. One yearning glance, and he was gone—gone out of her sight. Utter hopelessness took possession of her, wild desperation rent her spirit. He was gone; and she knew she loved him with a love she had not thought woman could taste and yet live.

"Miles," she cried, "Miles, come back; it is all a mistake! Come back to me!"

Not a sound! Her words fell dead. With a wail such as might escape from one sliding into an abyss of utter darkness, she fainted.

CHAPTER IX.

A FATAL MISTAKE.

Spring had returned, clothing the fields and woods in fresh beauty.

Belle was engaged to Reuben Daintree; but to explain how the engagement had come about would not be easy. She had agreed to marry him, actuated by motives she could scarcely understand. Miles had cancelled their betrothal; he would not wed her. Reuben cared for her; she had cared for him. He reiterated the story of his love until her ears were tired of hearing it, until she permitted him to announce to Mrs. Maren that she was to be his wife. His importunity had conquered her.

She stood in the conservatory thinking. Was she indeed Belle Maren? So short a time since she had been careless, happy, blithe. Could it be she was oppressed with nightmare, or was her happiness utterly shattered? Was she always to walk in the twilight, never in the dawn or the noon? Would her heart ache forever and ever? She chafed restlessly. She wished to be glad and gay, and she could not. It was impossible. Something had gone wrong; some string jarred; the music of her life was out of harmony.

SKINNY MEN, "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, impotency. $1.

"Belle, why are you moping here? I have been searching for you up stairs and down stairs and in her ladyship's chamber. How sad you look! Your accident has induced melancholia. You are not at all like my Belle."

Reuben Daintree drew her to him fondly. Belle was loath to accept his caress. She was vexed at being disturbed; he had interrupted her reverie. He raised her face, saying, dictatorially:

"You must be cheery; I abhor a spiritless woman. You want rousing. You move and talk as if you were half asleep."

His tone aroused her. Her delicate face crimsoned; she cried haughtily:

"Your language is bold. If I am half asleep, what is that to you? Maybe it will not be well for you if I awake."

His dark eyes flashed.

"Belle, are you getting ill-tempered? You have behaved strangely for many days past. If I have done aught to irritate you, speak. I will not be treated capriciously. I will not be the sport of your moods. I am of tougher stuff than Miles Carne."

He stood erect; she quailed. Oh, for the days that were no more, that she might undo some lamentable deeds! Her face grew white as driven snow. Did he see he had gone a little too far? He laid his hand on her.

"Belle, are we to quarrel? Let us kiss and be friends."

She chafed at his words. Was she a child, to be pacified with sweetmeats, to be fed on milk and not on meat? Yet she allowed him to kiss her. He placed her in a lounging-chair and sat beside her, turning round and round the ring he had put on her finger.

"Belle, what use is there in our remaining as we are? I have been talking to Mrs. Maren. She is very sensible; she thinks we had better be married speedily."

"Yes?"

She was studying the play of the sunbeams, wondering which would prevail—blue, yellow, or opal. Her inattention aggravated him. Had he dared, he would have shaken her vigorously.

"This is April. Can you be ready by June?"

Doubtfully she looked at him; then the meaning of his words flashed upon her.

"That is only two months. There will be so much to do."

"Nonsense! Your dresses can be made in a few weeks."

"But the settlements?"

She glanced from him. Had she seen the sombre gloom that darkened his face, she might have less absolutely believed in his perfect love for her.

"Yes, I will go to Shaen and Tasmin. Belle, you understand we are to be married in June."

A pitiful faintness came over her. She was to be married in June! What was this sickening drowsiness overpowering her? Reuben Daintree caught her as she reeled.

"My darling, it is high time I had you to care for. Lay your head here a moment, and do not speak or think."

She struggled from him.

"No, I am not ill; it was but a passing faintness. I will go to Mrs. Maren."

He detained her; cruel or kind, he must have a reply.

"I would not worry you; but I go to New York at noon for a couple of days, and it would simplify affairs if I knew I had your promise."

A sense of fleeting relief came to her.

"Yes, yes," she cried. "I will do anything you and mamma think best!"

He had her promise and he kissed her warmly. She ran from him, leaving him to meditate on the change in her conduct.

It wanted exactly half an hour to dinner when Gilbert Yorke, entering the drawing-room, planted himself on the rug in front of the fire and watched the glow of the coals. Presently Belle stole in; he gave her a welcome smile. How slight and graceful she was! She slipped her arm into his. Silence fell upon them, when Gilbert Yorke gazed from the graceful figure to the lovely face he was startled to see pearly drops on it.

"My bonnie blossom!"

She clung to him, flinging her arms about him for support, as the ivy throws her tendrils about the oak and whispered in excuse:

"I am silly; but we have been so happy, and I go from you all in June."

"You marry Reuben Daintree?"

She nodded; her voice was lost in the flood of emotion that swept over her. Very gravely he surveyed her.

"Belle, I have said little to you, but are you sure you love this man? Forgive me for asking. To me he does not seem comparable with Miles Carne."

She shivered; her face was sheltered from sight.

"What good is it," she murmured, "talking of Miles? He refused to marry me; he"—with a wan smile—"jilted me."

"Belle; he loves you."

"No, no!" But the assurance caused her heart to beat as it had not beaten since his "Good-by" rang the death-knell of her desires.

She had not loved him when he was near; alas, she loved him now he was away! Poor child, she felt this, as, the gloom of the fading day reaching her, the gloom of a dead hope swept over her. She took Gilbert Yorke's hand and fondled it as would a creature who, shut out from all human love, suddenly experienced human kindness. Gilbert Yorke was troubled in thought.

"They say 'love is enough.' Would you be happy, really and truly happy, with Mr. Daintree without Maren?"

She stared at him.

"Without Maren? Gilbert, I could not part with Maren. I love it dearly."

"Ay; but of course you love Mr. Daintree better! Suppose you must perforce give up one or the other; which would you?"

"I do not care for such suppositions. I love Maren. I like to see it at all times—when the sun is bright upon it, when the clouds overshadow it. Ask me some other question; do not ask me that."

"But I must. Come, Belle, answer."

Slowly, uncertainly, bewildered, she replied then.

"I would give up Maren."

"Right. Belle, I had thought you a cold woman had you given up your lover even for your home. Had it been Miles, it had been otherwise. You chose Mr. Daintree freely, without undue pressure being put on you. You love him, and will love him faithfully always."

His words stunned her. She swayed; surely her heart was dead! How tired she was! She staggered to a chair. Gilbert did not touch her; had he done so, the clammy moisture of her hand would have frightened him.

"Belle, I want to ask Miles here. May I?"

Ah, feeling was not utterly extinct! She pressed her temples; they were trobbing wildly with joy.

"Why?"

"I have some important business to transact with him. I could go to town, but I would rather he came here. Dear, you must see him again; you did not part ill friends; you must learn to forget his former position, and treat him as you do ordinary acquaintances."

She bowed her head, a spot of vivid crimson burned on either cheek, her heart beat wildly. Miles was coming to Maren; they must meet as strangers—they who erewhile had been sweethearts! Oh, death in life! Oh, bitter sweet! Oh, mornings that should break without the sun's rising! Oh, level days and gray noons! She clenched her teeth; she swooned not, but stood erect, relapsing into wide-eyed abstraction; her breathing was faint. When she opened her pale lips her voice was labored.

"I will bid mamma invite him," she said, gaspingly.

CHAPTER X.

THE TRAIL OF THE SERPENT.

Miles Carne met Belle with an indifference which, if assumed, did him credit as an actor. Mrs. Maren was unfeignedly glad to see him. Belle listened to their gossip over by-gone times with a tormenting anguish; they did not shut her out of their lengthy conversations; she isolated herself. Miles was not cold to her; she fancied, however, he was; she did not guess that the mere sight of her blue eyes and her lovely face all but distracted him. He had need of stoical self-possession to conceal the passionate yearning in his breast. He marvelled somewhat at her dull air, but set it down to the fact that Reuben was away. How she must love him if his temporary absence so dimmed her beauty and brilliance!

Whatever business Mr. Carne and Gilbert had together they kept entirely to themselves. Belle did not dream that it concerned her. She was in the oriel window on the day following Miles' arrival, working industriously, when he came to her. He looked at her. He did not like her white roses so well as he had her red. With playful fingers he drew from her the flannel she was stitching.

"Will you put on your habit and ride with me?" he asked.

She folded her work, and laid it neatly in her basket. At the door she observed that she had on her thimble; she offered it to him.

"Please put this down."

She was gone; he raised the thimble to his lips and kissed it ardently. It had been worn by her; it was sacred. Without a suspicion of shame, he slipped it into his waistcoast-pocket.

The horses were waiting impatiently for their riders. Miles lifted Belle into her saddle. What a glorious morning it was—a morning to blow care, distress, to the far corners of the earth! They galloped briskly; the breeze brought color to the waxlike countenance, to the bloodless lips. After riding a mile or two, Belle was a new being; they slackened rein.

"How is everybody at Trevenon?"

Miles' question was put more for the sake of making conversation than aught else.

"I have not been there for some time," Belle answered. "Gilbert said, a night or two ago, that Gabrielle was very unwell."

"She is not strong?"

"No."

"So, Belle, you are soon to give up your girlish liberty?"

She stroked Draco's mane musingly.

"Miles," with a quick glance, "would my father have liked me to marry Reuben Daintree?"

The interrogation was abrupt. He had not time to hide the agitation the query caused him. He stammered; she waited determinedly.

"Belle, is it not too late to ask me that? We both know what your father's wish was."

Too late! A wild cry broke from her. Reckless of what he might think of her, she held out her small gloved hand and grasped his.

"Miles, you will never entirely forsake me, let the years bring with them what they may? You will never revoke your promise to befriend me?"

He checked his horse, gazed at her steadfastly, and raised her hand to his mouth.

"I swear I will always be your friend, through good and ill report, in storm and sunshine."

"Thank you"—a tear fell unheeded on his glove; he was wonder-stricken.

"You must not think I am crazy," she said, nervously; "but you and I are linked together by dear memories."

She touched Draco smartly and he broke into a trot. They turned home and not another syllable was exchanged. The park, with its broad acres of turf, its lordly oaks, towering chestnuts, stately limes and ancient thorns, was crossed; numerous groups of graceful deer, with branching antlers, were passed. Up the avenue, bordered with elms, they entered, too engrossed to heed the sunshine filtering through the boughs, gilding the grass. Maren, with its brick walls and fantastic chimneys, its gravelled walks and quaint gardens, was attractive indeed seen in the brilliant light. Belle cried with irrepressible delight:

"Is it not a beautiful home? Is it strange I love it? Ah, Maren, any other house must indeed be dreary to me since I have known you!"

"I hope you will have Maren for your home always," Miles rejoined; and she heard a break in his voice, misinterpreting it.

On the hall-steps, waiting to receive them, was Reuben Daintree. Belle's countenance shadowed.

"Reuben!" she exclaimed; and he heard the intonation of surprise in the word.

"Yes. I am back more quickly than I thought I could be. How are you, Carne? You were wise, Belle, to avail yourself of the fine weather. The wind is rising; by-and-by we shall have a storm."

Gabrielle Trevenon was ailing. Loss of appetite and weariness were all she complained of; but those about her heard with apprehension her hacking cough and noted with concern the black shadows beneath her eyes. She could not sleep at night, could not rest during the day. Frequently Maude detected traces of tears; she was visibly ailing. No one hinted there was cause for her failing strength; but every one comprehended that Reuben Daintree's conduct had brought her bitter grief. His name was seldom mentioned; mother, father, sisters, all strove to teach her to forget him. Their endeavors were useless. She had loved him. He had beguiled her insidiously, had won her affection for amusement; while she had thought him true, sincere. When she learned he was betrothed to Belle Maren her eyes were opened. He was counterfeit, a very sham. But she had loved him!

Ostensibly to pick wild flowers, she had gone to the woods; in reality, to escape the loving attention worse to bear than neglect. She wandered along the shady path, basket in hand, now and then stooping to gather a blossom, but ofttimes crushing them heedlessly. She was unhappy; she wanted comfort, and though so many of those she loved would have solaced her, one withheld the boon she craved. The sound of voices attracted her; her blood coursed wildly through her veins; without consideration, she crept behind a tree—anywhere, anywhere to hide herself. Reuben Daintree and Miles Carne came along; the one swung a whip carelessly, the other was speaking earnestly. Gabrielle heard his words.

"Maren must be settled on Belle—settled securely."

Reuben Daintree laughed sinisterly.

"You must be mad, Carne, if you think I shall permit you to dictate me in this way. I shall do all that is right by Belle; but tie up the property as you suggest I never will."

"Then you shall never marry her."

"Can you stop me? You are in love with her still, I presume, but even you must know your love will not influence her a jot. It is very disinterested of you to bother about her future, but I can take care of her, and, confound it all, I will!"

Miles Carne came closer.

"Is it Belle Maren you care for, or Maren?"

"What is that to you? I shall marry her. Look here, Carne; I do not wish to quarrel with you, but I will not be interfered with. Belle belongs to me, Maren will soon belong to me; if I choose to make ducks and drakes of the place, who shall prevent me?"

"So that is how you show yourself!"—Miles Carne's face was livid. "But not so fast, Mr. Daintree. Unless you prove you intend to act justly by Belle, you shall never call a stick or stone of Maren yours."

"I shall never what?"

Mr. Carne repeated his words, adding—

"I had not thought to threaten you; but I was under the mistake that you cared for Belle."

An ugly word burst from Reuben Daintree's lips. Miles muttered something in his ear; what it was Gabrielle could not hear, but the transformation in his countenance was startling. He fell back, with an ejaculation of horror.

"It is true," added Miles; "now can we not come to terms?"

"No. Miles Carne, I will be even with you. It is a lie—a lie!"

He strode off. Miles Carne looked after him for a minute, and then turned in the contrary direction. Gabrielle, overwrought, knelt on the gnarled stump of a tree and sobbed bitterly. How long she had knelt there she knew not, when Gilbert Yorke disturbed her.

"Miss Gabrielle!"

She was too upset to overcome her distress. She poured out her tale, mingling with it many words of self-betrayal. Gilbert Yorke execrated Reuben Daintree angrily. Who was he that, wherever he came, he should bring misery? The trail of the serpent seemed to mark his track.

"Be brave, Miss Gabrielle," he cried. "He is a bad man—a bad man. Heaven help Belle if she weds him! If I can hinder her wrecking her life, I will. If you were wise you would go on your knees and thank heaven you had escaped him."

The rebuke was in season; with shamefaced contrition she wiped away her tears.

"Mr. Yorke, you will keep my secret?"

"I will, Gabrielle—I will."

She sped swiftly away; he looked eagerly after her and then covered his face.

The trees swayed above him in the southern wind; the thrush sang sweetly overhead.

"I will reckon with him for the wrong he has done her. Oh, Gabrielle, Gabrielle!"

Over the grassy sward he went, implacable hatred in his heart, eager to meet the man who had injured him through her for whom he would have laid down his life—eager to denounce his enemy.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A BEAR-MAN.

Description of a Wonderful but Disgusting Freak of Nature.

[Hartford Times.]

There is on exhibition in this city a deformed man, 24 years old, whose physical action and appearance are suggestive of a bear. His jaws are prognathous and double-socketed, having for the lower jaw (and perhaps the upper also) two, instead of one, of the formations called by dentists the alveolar process, in which the sockets of the teeth are fixed. He has a heavy shock of hair, growing low down towards his eyes, which organs appear to be weak and blinking. His face is repulsive, but he does not lack a certain kind of intelligence, though his speech is very difficult, scanty and at times unintelligible. His legs are bent like a bear's hind legs, and he walks, not exactly on all fours, but something like it, in the few shuffling movements which he does make. He has six fingers on each of his broad, paw-like hands, one (the little one) being but half grown. His feet are malformed, and so shaped that in snow or mud the bare foot would leave an impression just like a bear's. Other markings are still more ursine and peculiar; and among other points he has a rudimentary tail—a fleshy growth, something like the "pope's nose" on a dressed turkey, only larger. His skin, generally, is fine, soft and fair, and his hair is rather fine. He sits more like a bear on his haunches than a man, and has an inclination to dive headlong between the legs of spectators. His head, too, has a certain swaying motion, much like a bear's.

This unfortunate person is said to have come from the wilds of New Brunswick, where, according to his keeper, an event occurred, two months before his birth, which produced this deplorable deformity. His mother had a pet bear cub, two-thirds grown, which her husband heedlessly killed in her presence—stabbing it in the neck. The wonderful power of ante-natal influences on the unborn child, through any sudden and great shock or emotion of the mother, so often exhibited in "birth-marks" and other effects on the offspring, is here lamentably illustrated in this unfortunate person; even the red, lurid scar across the side of the neck is all there to attest the terrible fidelity of this power of mind, or spirit, over the formation of all parts and features of the body. This unfortunate young man seems to be harmless and fairly intelligent and by no means ill-natured, though subject at times—as when the reporter was examining too closely one of his great paw-like hands—to snap at the intruder with a kind of bear-like sound, which is evidently involuntary. He seems to understand his condition, and to be much of the time sadly pondering his unfortunate fate.

How He Catches Them.

The prosecuting agent of Hartford county, Conn., has adopted an ingenious and effectual though exceedingly simple device for ensuring the enforcement of the provision of the State liquor law, which requires the permanent closing of all doors connecting liquor saloons with living rooms in the same building. He takes a piece of stout paper about an inch in length, bearing his signature, tacks it on the door casing and closes the door. The paper is then lapped over on the inside of the door, and a long screw driven obliquely through it into the casing. This is covered with sealing-wax, and stamped with a seal about the size of a twenty-five-cent piece—a regular Chinese puzzle, and which it seems impossible to counterfeit. If the door is opened, not only is the seal destroyed, but the paper is broken, and detection is sure. Any person opening the door renders himself liable to have his license revoked and thereby lose his fees.

[New York Graphic.]

O'Donovan Rossa's Opinion.

O'DONOVAN ROSSA, speaking of the Great German Remedy to a friend, said: "Mrs. Rossa has been cured of a very severe attack of neuralgia by St. Jacobs Oil, as she will gladly tell you, if you call at my residence, 879 Bushwick avenue Brooklyn, N. Y."

The Thanksgiving Issue

of the *Youth's Companion* will be a double number enclosed in a colored cover with a full page picture of a Puritan maiden paring apples. The artistic beauty of the number shows how much is being done in these days to attract the young to reading which instructs while it entertains. A glance through its pages is sufficient to indicate the result of the *Companion's* popularity, which has given it a welcome into 300,000 homes.

COOKS AND GIRLS FOR GENERAL HOUSE WORK SHOULD CALL OR WRITE TO THE Y. E. A. OFFICE, 19 WINTER STREET. WE CAN GIVE TWENTY GIRLS GOOD PLACES AT ONCE. CALL AFTER 10 A. M.

CONFEDERATE CRUISERS.

A Letter from an Officer of the Shenandoah.

Statements in Vindication of Commander Waddell.

How the Florida Contrived to Slip into Mobile Harbor.

To the Editor of The Weekly Globe:

In THE GLOBE of last Sunday appeared an article—copied from the Detroit Free Press—with the caption "Confederate Cruisers," the writer of which, in referring to the Shenandoah, has evidently drawn too copiously from the well-springs of imagination. The misstatements contained in the article referred to would not have been deemed worthy of notice were it not for the imputation of dishonorable conduct on the part of her commander in taking the ship into an English port, instead of making for the nearest United States navy yard. As an officer of the Shenandoah, during the whole of her eventful cruise, I claim the knowledge of a little more of her history than has become known to the facile writer in the Detroit Free Press.

In the article in question the Shenandoah is styled a "Confederate privateer." She was a regularly commissioned ship of war under orders from an acknowledged belligerent power, and no more a privateer than any ship in the United States navy. This fact applies as well to the Alabama, the Florida, the Tallahassee, the Chickamauga and the Georgia. If these ships were privateers, why was not the Merrimac ever mentioned as a Confederate privateer? In the first year of the war there were two privateers, the Jeff Davis and the Nashville, both fitted out by private enterprise, but the Confederate government, realizing the objections of the nations of Europe to privateering, granted no more letters of marque.

In the article of the Free Press the Shenandoah is accredited with or accused of capturing five whalers "inside of three hours, four of which were burned and the fifth bonded that she might be loaded with the prisoners." This is well enough as far as it goes, but the fact is that

On the Day Referred to She Captured Eleven Ships

within twelve hours, burning nine and bonding two; this was accomplished at the entrance to Behring Straits. I do not wish to be considered as exulting in this fact, but merely give it as a matter of history. The destruction of these unarmed whalers was distasteful alike to officers and men, but the orders of the government under which we were acting were imperative as to the destruction of the whaling fleet, as it was considered the nursery of the Federal navy.

The writer referred to again asserts that "the Shenandoah was twice disabled at sea and in great peril, and on one occasion some captured whalers set fire to her in two places at once and came near causing her destruction." The only time she was seriously disabled was some twelve hours after leaving the island of Tristan d'Acunha, where we had landed a number of prisoners. This was an accident to her machinery—a break-down. We were then some 120 miles south of the island and within six hours after the departure of the Shenandoah, a Federal iron-clad (the Iroquois, I believe) touched at the island, took off the prisoners and started under full steam for Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope, in search of the Shenandoah, while the object of her vigilance was heading towards Australia. As to the statement of whalers having set fire to her—this is too absurd for even the marines to swallow. With sentries constantly pacing the deck it would have been worse than madness to have attempted anything half so desperate.

The Charge of Dishonorable Conduct.

Now as to the charge of conduct not in accordance with honor on the part of the commander of the Shenandoah. The Free Press says: "While the war closed in April the Shenandoah received no tidings of it until midsummer. Her commander should then have laid his course for the nearest United States navy yard and surrendered everything, but he did not do so, much to his discredit as an honorable commander. He headed for England, and the Shenandoah ran into Liverpool with the Confederate flag flying and surrendered to the English authorities. Of course the craft was at once transferred to the Federal government."

August 2, 1865, the Shenandoah overhauled the British bark Barracouta of Liverpool, from San Francisco, bound for London, from the captain of which was received the first intelligence on board the cruiser of the assassination of Lincoln, the surrender of Lee and the termination of the war. Immediately on the receipt of this news Captain Waddell summoned his officers in council to express their views as to the best course to be pursued under these—to us—unforeseen circumstances. Some were in favor of making for an English colonial port in Australia or New Zealand, but it was finally decided to steer direct for England, and, after dismounting her guns and disguising the ship as much as possible, her course was laid for Liverpool. From newspapers received from the master of the Barracouta, we learned sufficient to justify Captain Waddell in his decision, for in the excited state of public feeling throughout the North a spirit of vindictiveness amounting almost to frenzy even among leading men, making no allowance for

The Position of the Ship on the High Seas,

out of the track of vessels recently from civilized ports, no other course was open to him. It would have been suicidal in him to attempt to run into any United States naval station, and, fully aware of his status, his course in this respect has been commended by the best men North and South.

When the pilot came alongside of the ship off Hollyhead he refused to take the ship into port unless she showed her flag. She was not then an English ship, as she had been sold by her former English owners to the Confederacy, thereby forfeiting her English register. She had no United States register, of course could not use the stars and stripes, and the pilot persisting in his refusal to take the ship into port without showing her colors nothing was left but to hoist the flag under which she was commissioned.

As soon as the ship's anchor was dropped in the Mersey, the captain of the Shenandoah mailed a communication to the English government (through Earl Russell, then prime minister), in which he announced the arrival of the ship in the harbor of Liverpool, and detailing the circumstances under which he sought refuge in an English port, and concluded by craving the English government to be the medium by which he might surrender to the United States government the ship and all its appurtenances which by the fortunes of war reverted to the victor.

And now, Mr. Editor, begging your indulgence for trespassing so far upon your valuable space—my sole object being the vindication of as chivalric and honorable a gentleman as ever trod a quarter-deck, I am, sir, respectfully,

your obedient servant,

FREDERICK J. MCNULTY, M. D.

Boston, December 2, 1882.

THE FLIGHTY FLORIDA.

How She Succeeded in Slipping Through the Federal Blockading Fleet Off Mobile.

Concerning also this article upon Confederate cruisers, a gentleman, who states that he was "one of the crew under Preble," sends us the following extract and the subjoined comments thereon:

The Florida had both steam and sail, and her first commander, a naval lieutenant named Stribbling, was a perfect dare-devil. He left Havana with only two guns in position and a crew of eight or ten roustabouts, and laid his course for Mobile. He had information that four or five Federal gunboats were on that station, but he steamed boldly on and reached the coast to find that his arrival had been expected. The entire fleet at once set upon her, but by crowding on all steam and holding her course with shells whistling all around her, the privateer made the harbor. She was struck eight times in her hull, her masts were chipped by five different shots, and twenty ropes were cut by as many different missiles. During the excitement of the escape two of the crew jumped overboard and were drowned.—[Detroit Free Press.

The above extract from the writings of "M. Quad" of the Detroit Free Press needs a trifle of correction. The blockading fleet off Mobile, when the Florida ran in, was composed of three, not five, vessels. Her commander was Lieutenant-Commander Moffatt, formerly of the United States navy, and not Lieutenant Stribbling, as "M. Quad" has it. Her arrival was not expected, as nothing had been heard of her for months. The "shells whistling around her" existed only in the imagination of the writer. And as to her having only two guns mounted and a crew of roustabouts, that also is a humbug. The real facts of the case are as follows: The Florida appeared among the fleet on a rather foggy morning under easy sail, jogging along leisurely towards the anchorage outside the bar. She flew from her peak the English colors, and had also an English man-of-war pennant flying at the mainmast truck. She appeared to have a full crew in English sailor uniform on her decks, and her officers wore the uniform of English naval officers. She was pierced for about eighteen guns, and every porthole had its gun protruding. The Oneida, Commander George H. Preble, now rear admiral, was the flagship of the station. Commander Preble hailed the Florida and was answered that it was her majesty's ship Racehorse, from Havana. It was no unusual thing for English men-of-war to mix with the blockading fleets, and the Racehorse was known to have sailed from New Orleans for Havana about a month before. Commander Preble requested the pseudo Racehorse to heave to until he could send a boat on board. He was answered in the affirmative, but still the seeming Englishman kept forging ahead. Getting out of patience Commander Preble fired a shot across her bow. Steam was at once crowded on the Florida, and she dashed ahead towards the bar. The Onedia was left in the rear, and Commander Preble, recognizing his mistake when too late, fired several ineffectual shells after her, none of which hit her, and she escaped into Mobile without a scratch. No men jumped overboard and not a rope yarn was cut. On receipt of the news at Washington President Lincoln promptly dismissed Commander Preble from the service for neglect of duty. When the Florida ran out she was chased by the gunboat R. R. Cuyler for over sixty miles, the chase being finally abandoned owing to an accident to the boilers of the Cuyler. After the excitement of the affair had died out, Commander Preble succeeded in having his case reopened, and by the aid of strong pressure brought to bear on the President the order of dismissal was revoked and Preble restored to the service.

THINGS RICH AND STRANGE.

A Philosophic Car-Driver.

[New York Sun.]

The car-driver slowed up carefully as the reporter stepped aboard, and, by various twists of the neck and divers sidelong glances, displayed a disposition to talk as the car rattled on its way down town. After going several blocks in silence he turned around suddenly and remarked, briskly:

"Oi have thim on, zur!"

"You have, eh? What are they?"

"Me wintur's socks. I'm as warrum as a babby, an' twoice as comfortable."

"I s'pose car drivers suffer on cold days?"

"Well, there's snow in bed whin oi git left, zur. Oi 'ave struck the best thing that iver wuz. I put on a pair av cotton socks first, an' then draw the woollen ones over thim, an' yez could walk in the river till midnight, an' it stan's ter reason you'd niver git cowld."

"Why not?"

"Fur the reason that you couldn't. The cowld, whin it comes in through the wullen sock, stops at the outside of the cotton sock, and the warrum which goes out from yersel' through the cotton sock stops at the wollen sock. Accordingly yer fate is always warrum, and the cowld gits left, yer see."

Having relieved himself on this head, the driver turned contentedly to his horses, and said nothing more.

John Morgan's Inattention.

[Louisville Commercial.]

A rather amusing accident befel an old man named John Morgan, who lives on the river front near Clay. For several weeks he had been drinking heavily, and a total absence of mined seemed to mark all his actions. Every night before retiring he is accustomed to throwing out at the window what water might be in the wash-bowl and then jumping in bed himself. Thursday night, when he returned home after a big carouse, he found considerable water in the bowl. He prepared himself for retiring, when a sudden freak of inattention seized him. He caught the bowl and placed it in bed, taking particular pains to tuck it in snugly, and then raising the window pitched himself out. Happily for him he lived in a cottage. There was a side yard under the window and he fell on the soft ground without getting much hurt. The next morning, when his daughter went to rouse him, to her great surprise she found the bowl of water. The window was up, and she involuntarily looked out of it and saw her father snoring at the bottom. He was in a kind of stupor and almost frozen to death. The old man tells it on himself and says that he is cured of drinking.

Guying a Statistician.

A Swiss physician, having to collect statistics of mortality from the wide district in which he held office, sent a circular to the presidents of all communes, asking: "How many persons may die in your commune during the year?" One village magnate replied: "Nobody may die in our commune;" and another: "In this place all may die." Many other ridiculous answers were received, and, blaming himself for the loose phraseology of his question, the physician sent out an amended inquiry in two forms: "What is the average number of deaths in your commune in each year?" and "How many deaths are probable during a single year in your commune?" Most of the answers were satisfactory, but one president wrote back: "Every one dies here who cannot help it"; and another: "The undersigned, Ortsvorstcher, cannot prevent anybody from dying."

Cheese Made from Beans.

The last Indo-Chinese steamer which arrived at Marseilles, writes a correspondent from that city to the London Daily News, brought us specimens of a bean which has long been used by the Chinese and Japanese as an article of food. Not only is it cooked and eaten like other vegetables, but it is made into very excellent cheese. By its composition it more closely resembles animal food than any other vegetable known to us, containing much greasy matter and albumen. A trial will be made to acclimatize it in our southern departments. In the north it would not grow, owing to the uncertain and changing climate and to the temperature being too low. Besides these advantages as an article of human food, the husk serves as a very good fodder for horses and cows. The cheese made from the Japanese bean has a very delicate taste, much like Parmesan.

A Warning to Civil Service Reformers.

It behooves a man who expects to enter the competitive examinations in China to be sure of his physical condition as well as of his intellectual attainments. The annual provincial examinations were held this fall in Hangchow, whose streets are described as having literally swarmed with students of every age, from 15 to 80, and of all conditions. The examination "hall" was an inclosure of about eight acres, containing 10,000 cells for the competitors, each cell being 3 feet wide, 5 feet long and 7 feet high. The candidates went in on the eighth day of the eighth moon, and remained in two nights and one day. They returned on the eleventh, and went through the same ordeal, which was repeated again from the fourteenth to the sixteenth. A candidate is occasionally found dead in his cell.

A Big Black Bass Caught in a Muskrat Trap.

[Trenton Times.]

Henry Inkleman, an old sportsman of Mount Holly, set a trap in Rancocas creek last week for the purpose of catching muskrats. On Wednesday evening last he went to the trap and found therein the end of something that looked like a white-ash log. In the effort to raise the trap up on the bank it required nearly all the strength of both arms. The mystery was explained when he drew out of the water an immense black bass two feet long. Its head had been caught in the trap, and with its tail it had made such a commotion in the effort to get free that the creek all about the place was muddy.

Cholera Scattered by a Hurricane.

The captain-general of the Philippine Islands telegraphs from Manila, October 21, that a tremendous hurricane had almost entirely destroyed that town. In less than an hour from its commencement not a single native house and not a single wooden house was left standing. In a later telegram the captain-general says that the authorities of Balacan and the interior of the island report a similar destruction as caused by the hurricane, and 15,000 more persons are houseless. Singularly enough, on the first day after the hurricane not a single case of cholera occurred in Manila or the island.

Clerical Bridegrooms' Disappointment.

A convention of Baptist preachers was held at Pittsboro, N. C., a few days ago. On the opening day two young clergymen were married, and after the ceremonies the bridegrooms appeared before the committee of arrangements to be assigned to temporary "homes" in Pittsboro. The waggish members of the committee, learning that the brethren had been married that morning, assigned the brides to a home at one end of the town and their husbands to a home at the other end.

A Mule Team Runs Away with a Cow.

At Oxford, Ala., the other day, a cow climbed up into the front part of Mr. James Wright's wagon, which frightened the mules hitched to it, and they ran off at full speed. Mr. Wright, finding that there was not room on the front seat for both him and the cow, crawled to the hind end and tumbled out. The cow enlivened the scene by bellowing at a fearful rate, the mules responding in characteristic style. They ran a mile and halted, when the cow stepped down and out.

Delightful Trip to Mayence.

A curious canoe adventure is reported from Frankfort. Some members of the boat club in that city resolved to row to Mayence by night. They started at 12 o'clock and pulled away vigorously all night, enjoying the trip exceedingly. At sunrise it was discovered to their great chagrin that the anchor had not been weighed and that they had remained at the same spot where they had taken leave of their friends by whom they are known ae "the explorers."

Ninety Feet of Snow in One Season.

[Wood River (Idaho) Times.]

A gentleman who recently came down from Galena states that sixty-nine feet of snow fell at that place last season. The measurement was taken on a board projecting from the roof of a shed. The snow on the board was brushed off every twelve hours. This allowed the falling snow to settle at least one-third before being brushed off. It is therefore probable that the total snowfall reached ninety feet.

How Nick Riel Caught a Deer

[Sault Ste. Marie News.]

The other day Nick Riel of Detroit, seeing a large buck deer in the river, chased and caught him with his boat, and, having no weapons, grappled the deer by the horns, got him ashore and killed him with a stone.

A Charm Nearly as Old as Christianity.

[Elizabethtown News.]

Dr. P. C. Sulphin of Hart county has a silver coin made in the year 120. It has been a watch-chain charm for 500 years, and yet its face is perfectly legible.

"SLOW and steady wins the race." Steadily, but not slowly, Kidney-Wort is distancing all competition for universal popularity and usefulness. This celebrated remedy can now be obtained in the usual dry vegetable form, or in liquid form. It is put up in the latter way for the especial convenience of those who cannot readily prepare it. It will be found very concentrated and will act with equal efficiency in either form. Read advertisement.

CHECKERS.

CHARLES F. BARKER..................EDITOR

BOSTON, December 5, 1882.

All communications for this department must be addressed to Charles F. Barker, No. 8 Houghton street, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Chess and checker players' headquarters, No. 15 Pemberton square.

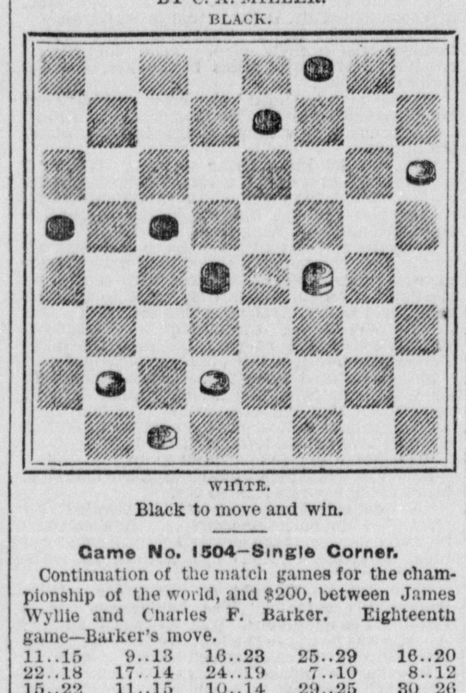
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Position No. 987.

BY C. A. MILLER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to move and win.

Game No. 1504—Single Corner.

Continuation of the match games for the championship of the world, and $200, between James Wyllie and Charles F. Barker. Eighteenth game—Barker's move.

11..15	9..13	16..23	25..29	16..20
22..18	17..14	24..19	7..10	8..12
15..22	11..15	10..14	29..25	30 26
25..18	29..25	22..18	21..17	15..19
8..11	1..5	13..17	23..26	23..16
24..19	23..19	18..9	11..8	12..19
9..13	7..10	5..14	26..30	2..6
28..24	14..7	19..15	8..4	32..27
10..15	3..10	17..22	22..26	26..31
19..10	25..22	15..10	31..22	27..23
6..22	4..8	22..25	25..18	31..27
26..17	27..23	10..7	17..13	23..18
13..22	8..11	14..18	12..16	20..24
30..26	23..18	7..3	4..8	19..28
5..9	11..16	18..22	18..23	6..10
26..17	18..11	3..7	10..15	13..9
				Drawn.

Game No. 1505—Whilter.

Nineteenth game—Wyllie's move.

11..15	28..19	12..16	15..11	31..27
23..19	11..16	5..9	26..22	9..14
9..14	17..14	23..27	11..8	27..24
22..17	10..17	10..6	20..27	14..9
7..11	21..14	27..32	8..3	19..15
25..22	16..20	6..1	24..27	8..12
11..16	19..15	16..19	5..9	16..19
26..23	7..11	1..6	27..31	1..6
5..9	23..19	32..27	9..13	15..11
17..13	20..24	6..10	31..26	6..10
3..7	14..10	8..12	14..9	24..20
29..25	9..14	9..14	22..18	10..7
1..5	18..9	12..16	3..8	11..8
31..26	11..25	13..9	18..15	12..3
8..11	10..1	19..23	10..19	2..11
22..17	5..14	9..5	23..16	9..14
4..8	30..21	23..26	21..17	20..24
25..22	14..18	5..1	26..23	3..8
16..20	1..5	26..30	17..14	11..16
23..18	18..23	1..5	30..26	13..17
14..23	26..22	27..23	14..10	24..27
27..18	24..27	22..18	26..31	17..22
20..27	19..15	16..20	10..6	16..20
32..23	27..31	18..15	23..19	8..11
15..24	15..10	31..26	6..1	20..24
				Drawn.

Game No. 1506—Single Corner.

Played at the Washington Checker and Chess Club rooms between James Wyllie and Dr. S. C. Bancroft—Bancroft's move.

11..15	8..12	1..5	23..16	15..10
22..18	21..17	23..19	20..11	14..17
15..22	12..19	20..24	26..31	7..2
25..18	17..14	19..16	11..7	17..21
8..11	10..17	24..27	30..26	2..6
24..19	25..22	16..11	7..2	13..17
11..16	17..26	27..31	26..23	5..9
29 25	30 16	11..7	2..6	17..22
4..8	[illegible]..14	31..27	31..27	10..15
27..24	18..9	7..2	6..9	21..17
16..20	5..14	27..23	27..24	6..10
31..27	16..12	2..6	9..13	17..21
7..11	11..15	14..18	24..19	9..14
19..16	12..8	10..14	13..17	22 17
12..19	7..10	17..21	19..15	15..19
24..15	8..3	6..10	17..22	17..22
10..19	14..17	21..25	23..19	10..15
23..7	3..7	28..24	22..17	21..25
2..11	10..14	25..30	19..16	14..18
26..23	7..10	10..15	17..13	22..26
6..10	15..18	18..22	16..11	19..24
23..19	27..23	24..20	13..17	25..30
3..7	18..27	22..26	11..7	15..19
19..16	32..23	15..19	17..13	B. wins.

Solution of Position No. 988.

BY J. H. HARRISON.

6.	23..19	2..6	6..10	10..15
31..	27..23	23..16	14..18	Drawn.

Checker News.

Previous to the match between Messrs. Wyllie and Barker, Mr. F. J. Feidler, the noted analyst and player of Greensburg, Ind., said that Mr. Wyllie would not defeat Mr. Barker, which brought forth the following abusive letter and conceited challenge from Mr. Wyllie:

BOSTON, November 6.

To the Editor Turf:

A certain F. J. Feidler, of some place in the West not particularly on the map, has been amusing himself reviewing my games in a weak and puerile manner. To prove whether or not Mr. Feidler is a competent critic of my games, I challenge him to play me sixty-six games, each of us to play both sides of all the openings and different games, for $100 a side, I to give him the odds of the draws. I think the players of the country would be glad to be relieved of the effusive bombast of this young man, and after a match such as I speak of he will most likely be heard of no more.

Yours, etc., JAMES WYLLIE.

The following comments, relating to the above challenge, are from the Cincinnati Commercial, being from the best players and able critics of the West:

The attempt of Wyllie to bulldoze F. J. Feidler for predicting that he could not defeat Charles F. Barker has raised a storm of indignation against Mr. Wyllie. Even his most sincere admirers characterize it as a mistake, and it is denounced from all sides. The following reply is from Mr. Feidler:

Checker Editor Cincinnati Commercial:

I see that Mr. Wyllie has made an utterly uncalled-for attack on me in the Eastern papers, simply because I truthfully prophesied that he could not beat C. F. Barker. Of course, I cannot pay any attention to such an insulting and ungentlemanly challenge—only worthy of emanating from some prize-fighter. But should he make a proper public apology, and during his travels come within a reasonable distance of Greensburg (any schoolboy can point it out to him on the map, or he may take a course in the primary schools himself), I may give him an opportunity to refurbish his fast-waning reputation, and will venture the second prophecy, that he will not beat me any more than he did Charlie Barker. Respectfully,

F. J. FEIDLER, Greensburg, Ind.

The champion of Kentucky writes as follows:

BELLEVUE, KY., November 21, 1882.

Checker Editor Cincinnati Commercial:

Mr. Wyllie's attack (for so I consider his challenge) on Mr. Feidler is unwarranted and uncalled for. The fact that Mr. Wyllie, in his second game with Barker, demonstrated Feidler to be correct in his judgment of Wyllie's abilities, is not sufficient reason for Wyllie to take Feidler as an object upon whom to vent his spleen.

Yours truly, A. NAGEL.

Mr. Charles Hefter, the representative player of the Northwest, writes under date of November 18 as follows:

Checker Editor Cincinnati Commercial:

Will you oblige the players in Chicago, and no doubt of the entire West, by stating that Mr. Wyllie's challenge to Mr. Feidler in Turf of this week is entirely uncalled for. It has exactly the opposite effect to that intended, and will only tend to destroy the little favor or popularity that Mr. Wyllie may still possess in the West. Mr. Feidler may be no Wyllie in playing checkers, but he is a gentleman, and deserves to be treated as such, and bulldozing by a champion will not lower him in the estimation of players who believe in free speech and thought. Very respectfully,

CHARLES HEFTER.

Under date of November 20, Mr. J. H. Ferguson expresses himself as follows: "The 'Old Vet.' seems to have got his back up, especially in his challenge to Mr. Feidler. I think it was a mistake in Mr. Wyllie to issue such a challenge. I hope Brother Feidler won't take the old man's withering sarcasm too much to heart. I have no doubt he feels aggrieved in not 'laying out Barker,' as he anticipated."

Mr. I. J. Brown of Richmond, Ind., under same date, writes: "I see in Commercial of 18th inst. a challenge from Wyllie to Mr. F. J. Feidler, the style of which sounds like coming from anybody but a gentleman. We are in a free country, and I hope such an interesting correspondent as Mr. Feidler will not be shut up by an old dotard."

Prof. A. Woods, the former checker editor of the Owenton Democrat, writes as follows:

COLLEGE CORNER, O., November 21, 1882.

Checker Editor Cincinnati Commercial:

I have read ex-Champion Wyllie's bombastic effusion, in which he makes a strenuous effort to place Mr. F. J. Feidler before the checker world as an object of derision, because he (Feidler) thought it a matter within the bounds of propriety to offer a few friendly criticisms upon some of his (Wyllie's) games. On behalf of the checker players here, I have the honor to inform Mr. Wyllie that we consider his action as a violation of checker etiquette, and devoid of that modesty that should characterize the language and actions, not only of him who has so long held the honorable title of "Checker Champion of the World," but of every lover of that interesting, harmless, mathematical, scientific and honorable game, in his intercourse in the game with his fellow-man.

Several weeks prior to the Barker-Wyllie contest for the championship of the world, Mr. Feidler, in a communication to the Commercial, gave it as his opinion that Mr. Wyllie would not have a walk-over, but that the Boston youth would prove a strong contestant, and possibly victor, and recited his reasons for his opinion. The result of the contest fully sustains Mr. Feidler's opinion. As to any criticism offered by Mr. Feidler upon Mr. Wyllie's games, the checker world has only to refer to game No. 2 of the Boston match to find that his (Feidler's) opinion is fully sustained.

As an analyst Mr. Feidler ranks high. His productions have found, and still do find place in those among the best checker periodicals published, and his productions will no doubt be gladly read by his many checker friends, and we venture the opinion that such means as Mr. Wyllie employs to belittle Mr. Feidler will prove most signal failures.

A. WOODS.

A match has been arranged, to commence on January 8, 1883, between Mr. John Busby and Mr. H. Z. Wright, both of Boston, for a stake of $50. The conditions of the match are the first eleven wins, Mr. Wright receiving as odds five games the start. Mr. Busby must win eleven games before Mr. Wright wins six in order to secure the match.

SCIPIO, N. Y., December 1, 1879.

I am the pastor of the Baptist Church here, and an educated physician. I am not in practice, but am my sole family physician, and advise in many chronic cases. Over a year ago I recommended your Hop Bitters to my invalid wife, who has been under medical treatment of Albany's best physicians several years. She has become thoroughly cured of her various complicated diseases by their use. We both recommend them to our friends, many of whom have also been cured of their various ailments by them.

REV. E. R. WARREN.

TO OUR READERS.

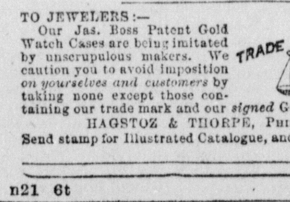
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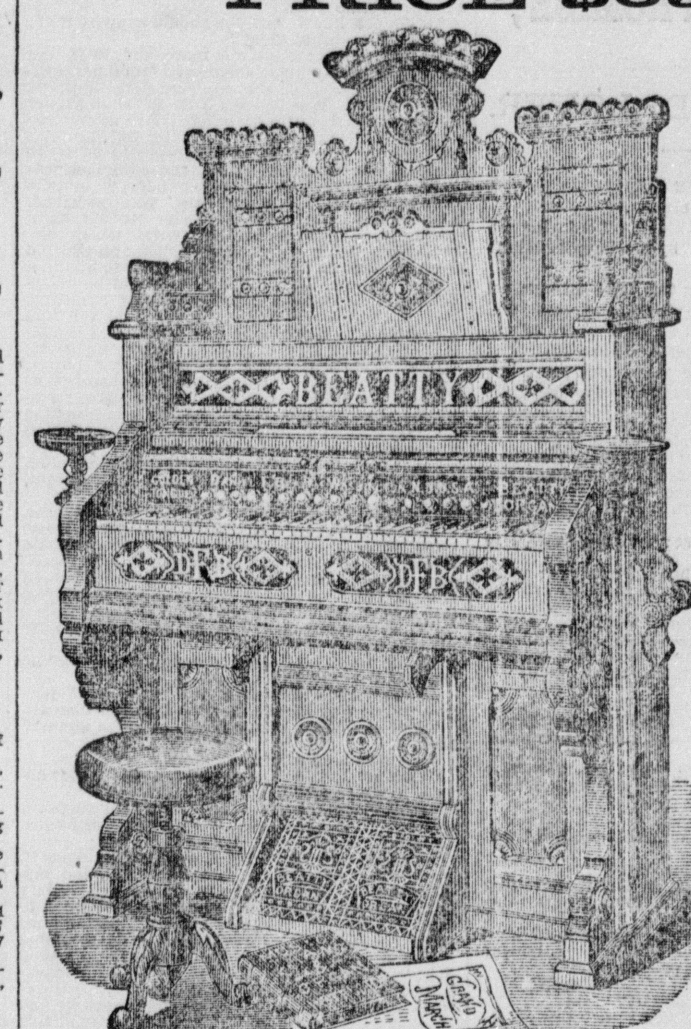
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